

# Betty Wrong

David Bowie

Till the sun blisters and sprays  
And every lamb ceases to graze  
When the kiss of the comb  
Tears my face from the bone

CHORUS

I'll be your light  
When the shadows fall down the walls  
Then life will be done  
And it just won't matter at all

I was carved from a hand  
Nurtured on grime, goodwill and screams  
Now your breath fills my step  
Now there is you till life is gone

CHORUS

I'll roll your ball  
Till the stars  
can't make me cry  
Then life will be done  
And it just won't matter at all  
Not at all

When the kiss of the comb  
Tears my face