

Born In a UFO

David Bowie

Born in a UFO... born in a UFO

I pulled into the glade and watched the saucer land
She glided through the mist in an a-line skirt
Booting her shoes like hooves in the dirt
Her clutch back reflected the sun and steel
The 50s movie, the women squealed
There's no direction home, she pleads
She cornered me against the trees
I was home I thought, all life could start

She was not like the other girls, born under a stone
We were born with a single voice
She was born in a UFO... born in a UFO

My friends sit around at the end of town
With their heads in their hands in the cool twilight air
I can see by their eyes that they're bitching sore
I'd rather be dead than fool around here anymore
She was all crashed, geometric face
Electric skin plastic and lace
Silver hair trapezoid flares
I was so in love with her lavender vest

She was not like the other girls, born under a stone
We were born with a single voice
She was born in a UFO... born in a UFO... like outer space

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