

## Conversation Piece

David Bowie

I took this walk to ease my mind  
To find out what's gnawing at me  
Wouldn't think to look at me,  
that I've spent a lot of time in education  
It all seems so long ago  
I'm a thinker, not a talker  
I've no-one to talk to, anyway

I can't see the road  
for the rain in my eyes  
Ahhh ...

I live above the grocers store,  
owned by an Austrian  
He often calls me down to eat  
And he jokes about his broken English,  
tries to be a friend to me  
But for all my years of reading conversation,  
I stand without a word to say

I can't see the bridge  
for the rain in my eyes  
Ahhh...

And the world is full of life  
Full of folk who don't know me  
And they walk in twos or threes or more  
While the light that shines above the grocer's store  
Investigates my face so rudely  
And my essays lying scattered on the floor  
Fulfill their needs just by being there  
And my hands shake, my head hurts,  
my voice sticks inside my throat  
I'm invisible and dumb,  
And no-one will recall me

And I can't see the water  
for the tears in my ey-y-yes