

# Dollar Days

David Bowie

Cash girls suffer me, I've got no enemies  
I'm walking down  
It's nothing to meet  
It's nothing to see  
If I'll never see the English evergreens I'm running to  
It's nothing to meet  
It's nothing to see

I'm dying too  
Push their backs against the grain  
And fool them all again and again  
I'm trying to  
We bitches tear our magazines  
Oligarchs with foaming mouths come now and then  
Can't believe I just run second, now I'm forgetting you  
I'm trying to  
I'm dying too

Dollar days 'til final checks, honest scratching tails the neck  
s I'm falling down  
It's nothing to meet  
It's nothing to see  
If I'll never see the English evergreens I'm running to  
It's nothing to meet  
It's nothing to see

I'm dying too  
Push their backs against the grain  
And fool them all again and again  
I'm trying to  
It's all gone wrong for on and on  
The bitter nerve is never enough, I'm falling down  
Don't believe in just one second round for getting you  
I'm trying to  
I'm dying too

I'm trying to  
I'm dying too  
I'm trying to  
I'm dying too  
I'm trying to  
I'm dying too  
I'm trying to  
I'm dying too