

How Does the Grass Grow?

David Bowie

There's a graveyard by the station
Where the girls wear nylon skirts and
Sandals from Hungary
The boys ride their Riga 1's
Upon the little hill
Such sadness and grief
The trees die standing
That's where we made our trysts
And struggled with our guns
Would you still love me
If the clocks could go backwards
The girls would fill with blood and
The grass would be green again
Remember the dead
They were so great
Some of them

Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya
How does the grass grow
Blood blood blood
Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya
Where do the boys lie
Mud mud mud
How does the grass grow
Blood blood blood

But I lived a blind life
A white face in prison
But you made a life out of nothing
Now I ride my black horse
I miss you more
Than you'll ever ever know
Waiting with my red eyes
And my stone heart

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How does the grass grow
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I gaze in defeat
At the stars in the night
The light in my life burnt away
There will be no tomorrow
Then you sigh in your sleep
And meaning returns with the day

Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya

Where do the boys lie
Mud mud mud
How does the grass grow
Blood blood blood