

# Like a Rocket Man

David Bowie

Little wendy cocaine stumbles up the hill to pain  
Nothing stops the go-  
to girl, nothing takes the place of taking aim  
Little wendy's out there shaking hips and cuckoo eyes  
Crazy drives that dizzy crowd  
Moonlight strokes the highlights in her hair

She sells and moves and finds my hand  
And pulls me down and close so I can hardly stand  
As I lay like dead for her, I'm fed into my head I'm led, oh, I  
am sand  
I'm crawling from the window, crawling down the wall  
I'm happy screaming, yes, I am  
I'm jumping on her daisy chain  
I'm speeding through the dancehall like a rocket man

Now I wish today that yesterday was just tomorrow and  
I could squeeze her grabby hand  
Knowing that I never paid her for a gram

She's a drunken doxy off her trolly  
Sent before her time into this poxy world  
She's not fit for anything but dealing it  
While heaven sings, I have this girl  
She's got me eating rice and beans  
I have no shape nor color, I'm god's lonely man  
I don't want to die but I don't want to live  
I'm speeding like a rocket man

Like a rocket man  
Like a rocket man  
Like a rocket man