

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 trolley
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

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