

My Death

David Bowie

My death waits like an old roué
so confident I'll go his way
whistle to him and the passing time...
My death waits like a bible truth
at the funeral of my youth
weep loud for that -
and the passing time...
My death waits like
a witch at night
as surely as our love is bright
let's not think about the passing time

But whatever lies behind the door
there is nothing much to do...
angel or devil, I don't care
for in front of that door...
there is you.

My death waits like a beggar blind
who sees the world through an unlit mind
throw him a dime
for the passing time...
My death waits there between your thighs
your cool fingers will close my eyes
lets think of that and the passing time
My death waits to allow my friends
a few good times before it ends
so let's drink to that and the passing time

But what ever lies behind the door,
there is nothing much to do
angel or devil I don't care
for in front of that door... there is you

My death waits there among the leaves
in magicians mysterious sleeves
rabbits and dogs and the passing time
my death waits there among the flowers
where the blackest shadow, blackest shadow cowers
let's pick lilacs for the passing time

My death waits there, in a double bed
sails of oblivion at my head
so pull up the sheets
against the passing time

But whatever lies behind the door
there is nothing much to do
angel or devil...i dont care
for in front of that door
there is... [audience shout, "Me"]

Thank you.