

## Please Mr. Gravedigger

David Bowie

There's a little churchyard just along the way  
It used to be Lambeth's finest array  
Of tombstones, epitaphs, wreaths, flowers all that jazz  
Til the war come along and someone dropped a bomb on the lot

And in this little yard, there's a little old man  
With a little shovel in his little bitty hand

He seems to spend all his days puffing fags and digging graves  
He hates the reverend vicar and he lives all alone in his home  
"Ah-choo, excuse me"  
Please Mr. Gravedigger, don't feel ashamed  
As you dig little holes for the dead and the maimed  
Please Mr. Gravedigger, I couldn't care  
If you found a golden locket full of some girl's hair

And you put it in your pocket  
"God, it's pouring down"  
Her mother doesn't know about your sentimental joy  
She thinks it's down below with the rest of her toys  
And Ma wouldn't understand, so I won't tell  
So keep your golden locket all safely hid away in your pocket  
Yes, Mr. GD, you see me every day  
Standing in the same spot by a certain grave  
Mary-Ann was only 10 and full of life and oh so gay

And I was the wicked man who took her life away  
Very selfish, oh God  
No, Mr. GD, you won't tell  
And just to make sure that you keep it to yourself  
I've started digging holes myself  
And this one here's for you  
"Lifted our girl, she apparently doesn't know of it  
Hello misses, thought she'd be a little girl  
Bloody obscene, catch pneumonia or something in this rain"