

The Dreamers

David Bowie

Black eyed ravens
They spiral down
They tilt his head back
To the flame filled sunset
Raise their guns high
As the darken falls
These are the days boys

Shallow man
Shallow man... and they
Eats in the doorway
With his head inclined
And he's always in decline
No-one heals anymore
So he shrinks as they ride
Under vermillion sky

So it goes
Just a searcher
A lonely soul
The last of the dreamers

Shallow man
Shallow man
Speaks to the shadows
Moves his trembling hands
And he's always a little late
For the dawning of the day

So it goes
Just a searcher
Lonely soul
The last of the dreamers