

# The Informer

David Bowie

I took the call, I packed the bag  
I ride the train to the pick-up point  
I'll be telling myself  
There was no other way  
That you brought it on yourself  
Now my heart's aflame  
At the end of your life  
It's the end of your life

I've got a pool of blood  
On this bathroom floor  
The mirror's broke  
There's a crack in the door  
There's a broken window  
That I'll be crawling through  
Then I'll change my life  
And we won't have you  
We won't have you  
No, we won't have you

Good or evil  
Saint or whore  
The mythical public  
I don't recall  
You were on the ledger  
Your name was double crossed  
You were a prime assignment  
So help me Christ

I've got major questions  
About the Lord above  
About Satan below  
About the way we love  
About the rule at the top  
And the people coming up  
And I still don't know  
What we were looking for  
But it wasn't you  
No, it wasn't you  
No, It wasn't you

It wasn't you  
No, it wasn't you