

# Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud

David Bowie

Solemn faced  
The village settles down  
Undetected by the stars  
And the hangman plays the mandolin before he goes to sleep  
And the last thing on his mind  
Is the Wild Eyed Boy imprisoned  
'Neath the covered wooden shaft  
Folds the rope  
Into its bag  
Blows his pipe of smolders  
Blankets smoke into the room  
And the day will end for some  
As the night begins for one

Staring through the message in his eyes  
Lies a solitary son  
From the mountain called Freecloud  
Where the eagle dare not fly  
And the patience in his sigh  
Gives no indication  
For the townsmen to decide  
So the village Dreadful yawns  
Pronouncing gross diversion  
As the label for the dog  
Oh "It's the madness in his eyes"  
As he breaks the night to cry:

"It's really Me  
Really You  
And really Me  
It's so hard for us to really be  
Really You  
And really Me  
You'll lose me though I'm always  
really free"

And the mountain moved its eyes  
To the world of realize  
Where the snow had saved a place  
For the Wild Eyed Boy  
from Freecloud

And the village Dreadful cried  
As the rope began to rise  
For the smile stayed on the face  
Of the Wild Eyed Boy  
from Freecloud  
And the women once proud  
Clutched the heart of the crowd  
As the boulders smashed down from the mountain's hand

And the Magic in the stare  
Of the Wild Eyed Boy said  
"Stop, Freecloud  
They won't think to cut me down"  
But the cottages fell  
Like a playing card hell

And the tears on the face  
Of the Wise Boy  
Came tumbling down  
To the rumbling ground  
And the missionary mystic of peace/love  
Stumbled to cry among the clouds  
Kicking back the pebbles  
From the Freecloud mountain  
Track.