

Even an undertaker  
Can never get his hands out clean  
A smile, we can fake it, we're so mean  
So who you really wanna please?  
And what do you really want from me?  
'Cause all I really got right now, it fits to a tee

Oh, the places we'll go  
With all the life I hold  
On our way, soon we'll know  
Before my hands turn cold

Heaven knows no place for junk like me  
I'm flown away and gone to waste  
Heaven has no space for what I need  
I'm flown away and gone to waste  
I'll blow the way, I'm chained in fantasy

Even the stars are dead now  
And people taken by machine  
Last in a mystic skyline, Bowie's dreams  
So what's the point of livin' clean  
When you're hidin' dirt beneath your feet?  
That all I really got right now fits to a tee

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