Can you make it real
Make it more than real
More than just feel
We are on a ride
We're on it all the time
To the front of your mind
My stepfather looks just like David Bowie
He hates David Bowie
I think Bowie's cool
I think Lodger rules
I think my stepdad's a fool

Without me there's nothing
I'm the only thing that dies
If it came down to your life or mine
I would do the stupid thing
And let you keep on living

"I'm alright," said the man to his wife Waking up to a head full of bed Full of what she said She hadn't thought of it for a while And when she did She thought of it differently Than she thought she should be thinking Just the thought of it's enough To penetrate my comfort zone

Without me there's nothing
I'm the only thing that dies
If it came down to your life or mine
I would do the stupid thing
And let you keep on living
And let you keep on living