

# All The Madmen

David Bowie

Day after day  
They send my friends away  
To mansions cold and grey  
To the far side of town  
Where the thin men stalk the streets  
While the sane stay underground

Day after day  
They tell me I can go  
They tell me I can blow  
To the far side of town  
Where it's pointless to be high  
'Cause it's such a long way down  
So I tell them that  
I can fly, I will scream, I will break my arm

I will do me harm  
Here I stand, foot in hand, talking to my wall  
I'm not quite right at all...am I?

Don't set me free, I'm as heavy as can be  
Just my librium and me  
And my E.S.T. makes three

'Cause I'd rather stay here  
With all the madmen  
Than perish with the sadmen roaming free

And I'd rather play here  
With all the madmen  
For I'm quite content they're all as sane as me

(Where can the horizon lie  
When a nation hides  
Its organic minds in a cellar...dark and grim  
They must be very dim)

Day after day  
They take some brain away  
Then turn my face around  
To the far side of town  
And tell me that it's real  
Then ask me how I feel

Here I stand, foot in hand, talking to my wall  
I'm not quite right at all  
Don't set me free, I'm as helpless as can be  
My libido's split on me  
Gimme some good 'ole lobotomy

'Cause I'd rather stay here  
With all the madmen  
Than perish with the sadmen  
Roaming free And I'd rather play here  
With all the madmen  
For I'm quite content  
They're all as sane as me

Zane, Zane, Zane Ouvre le Chien [rpt]