

# A Small Plot of Land

David Bowie

Poor soul  
Spit upon that  
Poor soul  
He never knew what hit him  
And it hit him so

Poor dunce  
He pushed back the pigmen  
The Barbs laughed  
The fool is dead

Poor dunce  
He's less than within us  
The brains talk  
But the will to live is dead  
And prayer can't travel so far these days  
The talk of your life  
Standing so near  
To innocent eyes  
Poor dunce

Swings through the tunnels  
And claws his way  
Is small life so manic  
Are these really the days

Poor dunce  
Poor dunce

Poor soul  
Poor soul  
Poor soul