

## Baal's Hymn

David Bowie

Whilst his mother's womb contained the growing Baal  
Even then the sky was waiting quiet and pale  
Naked, young, immensely marvellous  
Like Baal loved it, when he came to us

That same sky remained with him in joy and care  
Even when Baal slept peaceful and unaware  
At night a lilac sky, a drunken Baal  
Turning pious as the sky grows pale

So through hospital, cathedral, whiskey bar  
Baal kept moving onwards and just let things go  
When Baal's tired, boys, Baal cannot fall far  
He will have his sky down there below

When the sinners congregate in shame together  
Baal lay naked, revelling in their distress  
Only sky, a sky that will go on forever  
Formed a blanket for his nakedness

And that lusty girl, the world, who'll laughing yield  
To the men who'll stand the pressure of her thighs  
Sometimes gave him love-bites, such as can't be healed  
Baal survived it, he just used his eyes

And when Baal saw lots of corpses scattered round  
He felt twice the thrill, despite the lack of room  
"Space enough" said Baal, "then I'll thicken the ground  
Space enough within this woman's womb"

Any vice for Baal has got its useful side  
It's the men who practice them, he can't abide  
Vices have their point, once you see it as such  
Stick to two for one will be too much

Slackness, softness are the sort of things to shun  
Nothing could be harder than the quest for fun  
Lots of strength is needed and experience too  
Swollen bellies can embarrass you

Under gloomy stars and this poor veil of tears  
Baal will graze a pasture till it disappears  
Once it's been digested to the forest's teeth  
Baal trod singing for a well earned sleep

Baal can spot the vultures in the stormy sky  
As they wait up there to see if Baal will die  
Sometimes Baal pretends he's dead, but vultures swoop  
Baal in silence dines on vulture-soup

When the dark womb drags him down to its prize  
What's the world still mean to Baal, he's overfed  
So much sky is lurking still behind his eyes  
He'll just have enough sky when he's dead

Once the Earth's dark womb engulfed the rotting Baal  
Even then the sky was up there, quiet and pale

Naked, young, immensely marvellous  
Like Baal loved it when he lived with us