

Betty Wrong

David Bowie

Till the sun blisters and sprays
And every lamb ceases to graze
When the kiss of the comb
Tears my face from the bone

CHORUS

I'll be your light
When the shadows fall down the walls
Then life will be done
And it just won't matter at all

I was carved from a hand
Nurtured on grime, goodwill and screams
Now your breath fills my step
Now there is you till life is gone

CHORUS

I'll roll your ball
Till the stars
can't make me cry
Then life will be done
And it just won't matter at all
Not at all

When the kiss of the comb
Tears my face