

Conversation Piece

David Bowie

I took this walk to ease my mind
To find out what's gnawing at me
Wouldn't think to look at me,
that I've spent a lot of time in education
It all seems so long ago
I'm a thinker, not a talker
I've no-one to talk to, anyway

I can't see the road
for the rain in my eyes
Ahhh ...

I live above the grocers store,
owned by an Austrian
He often calls me down to eat
And he jokes about his broken English,
tries to be a friend to me
But for all my years of reading conversation,
I stand without a word to say

I can't see the bridge
for the rain in my eyes
Ahhh...

And the world is full of life
Full of folk who don't know me
And they walk in twos or threes or more
While the light that shines above the grocer's store
Investigates my face so rudely
And my essays lying scattered on the floor
Fulfill their needs just by being there
And my hands shake, my head hurts,
my voice sticks inside my throat
I'm invisible and dumb,
And no-one will recall me

And I can't see the water
for the tears in my ey-y-yes