

# Dead Against It

David Bowie

And when she drowns  
Within and in the fizzy gin,  
begins to sigh

"Good god" or "My"  
I cry and die and lie  
beside

She is the apple in my eye  
She talked to god  
I couldn't cope  
Or'd hope eloped  
A dope she roped  
This salty lie

## CHORUS

And when she's dreaming, I believe  
And when she's reading, I retreat  
Can't believe her  
Telling me she's dead again  
Telling me she's dead against it

And deep my wound  
Within for every second chance  
it was deign-torn

From deep within, despite the rain, my words are worn

She loves to talk into the phone  
No matter who  
No matter when  
No matter where  
No better than the faulty line

## CHORUS