

Dollar Days

David Bowie

Cash girls suffer me, I've got no enemies
I'm walking down
It's nothing to meet
It's nothing to see
If I'll never see the English evergreens I'm running to
It's nothing to meet
It's nothing to see

I'm dying too
Push their backs against the grain
And fool them all again and again
I'm trying to
We bitches tear our magazines
Oligarchs with foaming mouths come now and then
Can't believe I just run second, now I'm forgetting you
I'm trying to
I'm dying too

Dollar days 'til final checks, honest scratching tails the neck
s I'm falling down
It's nothing to meet
It's nothing to see
If I'll never see the English evergreens I'm running to
It's nothing to meet
It's nothing to see

I'm dying too
Push their backs against the grain
And fool them all again and again
I'm trying to
It's all gone wrong for on and on
The bitter nerve is never enough, I'm falling down
Don't believe in just one second round for getting you
I'm trying to
I'm dying too

I'm trying to
I'm dying too
I'm trying to
I'm dying too
I'm trying to
I'm dying too
I'm trying to
I'm dying too