

God Knows I'm Good

David Bowie

Was walking through the counters of a national concern
And a cash machine was spitting by my shoulder

And I saw the multitude of faces, honest, rich and clean
As the merchandise exchanged and money roared
And a woman hot with worry slyly slipped a tin of stewing steak
Into the paper bag at her side
And her face was white with fear in case her actions were observed
So she closed her eyes to keep her conscience blind

Crying
"God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God may look the other way today

God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God may look the other way today"

Then she moved toward the exit clutching tightly at her paper bag
Perspiration trickled down her forehead
And her heart it leapt inside her as the hand laid on her shoulder
She was led away bewildered and amazed
Through her deafened ears the cash machines were shrieking on the counter
As her escort asked her softly
For her name
And a crowd of honest people rushed to help a tired old lady
Who had fainted to the whirling
Wooden floor

Crying
"God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
Surely God won't look
The other way

God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
God knows I'm good
Surely God won't look
The other way"