

# How Does the Grass Grow?

David Bowie

There's a graveyard by the station  
Where the girls wear nylon skirts and  
Sandals from Hungary  
The boys ride their Riga 1's  
Upon the little hill  
Such sadness and grief  
The trees die standing  
That's where we made our trysts  
And struggled with our guns  
Would you still love me  
If the clocks could go backwards  
The girls would fill with blood and  
The grass would be green again  
Remember the dead  
They were so great  
Some of them

Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya  
Ya ya ya ya ya ya  
How does the grass grow  
Blood blood blood  
Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya  
Ya ya ya ya ya ya  
Where do the boys lie  
Mud mud mud  
How does the grass grow  
Blood blood blood

But I lived a blind life  
A white face in prison  
But you made a life out of nothing  
Now I ride my black horse  
I miss you more  
Than you'll ever ever know  
Waiting with my red eyes  
And my stone heart

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Mud mud mud  
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I gaze in defeat  
At the stars in the night  
The light in my life burnt away  
There will be no tomorrow  
Then you sigh in your sleep  
And meaning returns with the day

Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya  
Ya ya ya ya ya ya

Where do the boys lie  
Mud mud mud  
How does the grass grow  
Blood blood blood