

# Maid Of Bond Street

David Bowie

1. This girl is made of lipstick  
Powder and paint  
Sees the pictures of herself  
Every magazine on every shelf

2. This girl is maid of Bond Street  
Hailing cabs,  
lunches with executives  
Gleaming teeth sip aperitifs

R: This girl is a lonely girl  
Takes the train from Paddington to Oxford Circus  
Buys the Daily News  
But passengers don't smile at her, oh no, don't smile at her

3. This girl is made of loneliness  
A broken heart  
For the boy that she once knew  
Doesn't want to know her any more

R: And this girl is a lonely girl  
Every thing she wants is hers  
But she can't make it with the boy she really wants to be with  
All the time, to love, all the time

4. This boy is made of envy  
Jealousy  
He doesn't have a limousine  
Really wants to be a star himself

R: This girl, her world is made of flashlights and films  
Her cares are scraps on the cutting room floor

\*: And maids of Bond Street drive round in chauffeured cars  
Maids of Bond Street picture clothes, eyes of stars  
Maids of Bond Street shouldn't have worldly cares  
Maids of Bond Street shouldn't have love affairs