

# Ricochet

David Bowie

Like weeds on a rock face waiting for the scythe  
Ricochet - ricochet  
The world is on a corner waiting for jobs  
Ricochet - ricochet  
Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall

And who can bear to be forgotten  
And who can bear to be forgotten

March of flowers, march of dimes  
These are the prisons, these are the crimes

Men wait for news while thousands are still asleep  
Dreaming of tramlines factories pieces of machinery  
Mine shafts things like that

March of flowers, march of dimes  
These are the prisons, these are the crimes  
Sound of thunder, sound of gold  
Sound of the devil breaking parole  
Ricochet - it's not the end of the world

Sound of thunder, sound of gold  
Sound of the devil breaking parole  
Ricochet - ricochet  
These are the prisons, these are the crimes  
Teaching life in a violent new way  
Ricochet - ricochet  
Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall

And who can bear to be forgotten  
And who can bear to be forgotten

March of flowers, march of dimes  
These are the prisons, these are the crimes

Early, before the sun, they struggle off to the gates  
In their secret fearful places they see their lives  
Unraveling before them

March of flowers, march of dimes  
These are the prisons, these are the crimes  
Sound of thunder, sound of gold  
Sound of the devil breaking parole  
Ricochet - it's not the end of the world

But when they get home, damp eyed and weary  
They smile and crush their children to their heaving chests  
Making unfulfillable promises  
For who can bear to be forgotten