

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