

Sue (Or in a Season of Crime)

David Bowie

Sue, I got the job
We'll buy the house
You'll need to rest
But now we'll make it

Sue, the clinic called
The x-ray's fine
I brought you home
I just said home

Sue, you said you wanted writ
"Sue the virgin" on your stone
For your grave

Why too dark to speak the words?
For I know that you have a son
Oh, folly, Sue

Ride the train I'm far from home
In a season of crime none need atone
I kissed your face

Sue, I pushed you down beneath the weeds
Endless faith in hopeless deeds
I kissed your face
I touched your face
Sue, Good-bye

Sue, I found your note
That you wrote last night
It can't be right
You went with him

Sue, I never dreamed
I'm such a fool
Right from the start
You went with that clown