

# The Bewlay Brothers

David Bowie

And so the story goes  
They wore the clothes  
They said the things  
To make it seem improbable  
The whale of a lie  
Like they hope it was  
And the good men of tomorrow  
Had their feet in the wallow  
And their heads of brawn  
Were nicer shorn  
And how they bought their positions with saccharin and trust  
And the world was asleep  
To our latent fuss  
Sighing, the swirl through the streets  
Like the crust of the sun  
The Bewlay Brothers  
In our wings that bark  
Flashing teeth of brass  
Standing tall in the dark  
Oh, and we were gone  
Hanging out with your dwarf men  
We were so turned on  
By your lack of conclusions

I was stone and he was wax  
So he could scream,  
And still relax, unbelievable  
And we frightened the small children away  
And our talk was old  
And dust would flow  
Through our veins and lo!  
It was midnight  
Back o' the kitchen door  
Like the grim face  
On the Cathedral floor  
And the solid book we wrote  
Cannot be found today

And it was Stalking time  
For the Moonboys  
The Bewlay Brothers  
With our backs on the arch  
In the Devil-may-be-here  
But he can't sing about that  
Oh, and we were gone  
Real cool traders  
We were so turned on  
You thought we were fakers

Now the dress is hung,  
The ticket pawned  
The factor max that proved the fact  
Is melted down  
And woven on the edging of my pillow  
Now my Brother lays upon the Rocks  
He could be dead, he could be not  
He could be you

He's Camelian, Comedian, Corinthian and Caricature  
"Shooting-up Pie-in-the-Sky"  
The Bewlay Brothers  
In the feeble and the bad  
The Bewlay Brothers  
In the blessed and cold  
In the crutch-hungry dark  
Was where we flayed our mark  
Oh, and we were gone  
Kings of oblivion  
We were so turned on  
In the mind-warp pavilion

Lay me place and bake me pie  
I'm starving for me gravy  
Leave my shoes, and door unlocked  
I might just slip away  
Just for the day, hey!  
Please come away, hey! [repeat ad inf.]