

The Next Day

David Bowie

"Look into my eyes", he tells her
"I'm gonna say goodbye", he says, yeah
"Do not cry", she begs of him goodbye, yeah
All that day she thinks of his love, yeah

They whip him through the streets and alleys there
The gormless and the baying crowd right there
They can't get enough of that doomsday song
They can't get enough of it all

Listen

"Listen to the whores", he tells her
He fashions paper sculptures of them
Then drags them to the river's bank in the cart
Their soggy paper bodies wash ashore in the dark
And the priest stiff in hate now demanding fun begin
Of his women dressed as men for the pleasure of that priest

Here I am, not quite dying
My body left to rot in a hollow tree
Its branches throwing shadows on the gallows for me
And the next day,
And the next,
And another day

Ignoring the pain of their particular diseases
They chase him through the alleys chase him down the steps
They haul him through the mud and they chant for his death
And drag him to the feet of the purple headed priest

First they give you everything that you want
Then they take back everything that you have
They live upon their feet and they die upon their knees
They can work with satan while they dress like the saints
They know god exists for the devil told them so
They scream my name aloud down into the well below

Here I am, not quite dying
My body left to rot in a hollow tree
Its' branches throwing shadows on the gallows for me
And the next day,
And the next,
And another day.