

# 'Tis a Pity She Was a Whore

David Bowie

Man, she punched me like a dude  
Hold your mad hands, I cried  
'Tis a pity she was a whore  
'Tis my curse, I suppose  
That was patrol  
That was patrol  
This is the war

Black struck the kiss, she kept my cock  
Smote the mistress, drifting on  
'Tis a pity she was a whore  
She stole my purse, with rattling speed  
That was patrol  
This is the war  
'Tis a pity she was a whore

'Tis a pity she was a whore

Man, she punched me like a dude  
Hold your mad hands, I cried  
'Tis a pity she's was a whore  
'Tis my face, I suppose  
That was patrol  
That was patrol  
'Tis a pity she was a whore