

Wood Jackson

David Bowie

Jackson made twenty tapes in a day
To give away

A give away

And he play

The tunes they'd call creative when they're running out
of names

Heaven knows he's really torn it now

But the names it hurt poor jackson stopped the haters
in his way

Heaven knows he's for it

Sha-a-a-me!

Hey hey

He was never quite unsure but really sane

Wants to play

Jackson stole twenty souls in a day

To take away

A take away

He takes away

And no complaints

Heart's upon his sleeve and his blade

Wood jackson took the beating every day, given out,
passed away, another way

Hey hey

Just wants to play

And how he played

The mob they bleed and tremble when they're running
after life

Heaven knows he's really torn it now

The words that killed Wood jackson's friends were
written on the wall

Heaven knows he's for it

Shame!

Just wants to play

It's a shame

Shame

It's a shame

Wants to play

It's a shame

It's a shame

Just wants to play