LIFE ON MARS? David Bowie

(It’s a) godawful small affair

(to the) girl with the mousy hair,

(but her) mummy is yelling ”no”,

(and her) daddy has told her to go.

(But her) friend is nowhere to be seen,

(as she) walks through her sunken dream,

(to the) seat with the clearest view,

(and she’s) hooked to the silver screen.

But the film is a sad’ning bore,

(Film is a bore)

For she’s lived it ten times or more

(lived ten or more.)

(She could) spit in the eyes of fools,

(as they ask her) to focus on sail(ors)

fighting in the dance hall.

Oh man! Look at those cavemen go.

It’s the freakiest show, (freakiest show.)

(Take a look at the) lawman

beating up the wrong guy.

Oh man! Wonder if he’ll ever know

he’s in the bestselling show.

Is there life on Mars?

(It’s on) Amerika’s tortured brow

(That Mickey) Mouse has grown up a cow,

(now the) workers have struck for fame,

(’cause) Lennon’s on sale again.

(See the) mice in their million hordes

(from I-) biza to the Norfolk Broads,

(Rule Bri-) tannia is out of bounds

(to my) mother, my dog, and clowns.

But the film is a sad’ning bore,

(Film is a bore,)

’cos I wrote it ten times or more,

(wrote ten or more.)

(It’s a-) bout to be writ again,

(as they ask her) to focus on sail(ors)

fighting in the dance hall.

Oh man! Look at those cavemen go.

It’s the freakiest show, (freakiest show.)

(Take a look at the) lawman

beating up the wrong guy.

Oh man! Wonder if he’ll ever know

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