

# Five Years (2012 Remastered Version)

David Bowie

Pushing through the market square  
So many mothers sighing  
News had just come over  
We had five years left to cry in  
News guy wept and told us  
Earth was really dying  
Cried so much his face was wet  
Then I knew he was not lying  
I heard telephones  
opera house  
favorite melodies  
I saw boys  
toys  
electric irons and TV's  
My brain hurt like a warehouse  
It had no room to spare  
I had to cram so many things to store everything in there  
And all the fat, skinny people  
and all the tall, short people and all the nobody people  
and all the somebody people  
Never thought I'd need so many people  
A girl my age went off her head  
hit some tiny children  
If the black hadn't pulled her off  
I think she would have killed them  
A soldier with a broken arm  
fixed his stare to the wheels of a Cadillac  
A cop knelt and kissed the feet of a priest  
And the queer threw up at the sight of that  
I think I saw you in an ice cream parlor  
drinking milk shakes cold and long  
smiling and waving and looking so fine  
Don't think you knew you were in this song  
And it was cold and it rained  
so I felt like an actor  
And I thought of ma  
and I wanted to get back there  
Your face  
your race  
the way that you talk  
I kiss you  
you're beautiful  
I want you to walk  
We've got five years  
stuck on my eyes  
Five years  
What a surprise

We've got five years  
My brain hurts a lot  
Five years  
That's all we've got  
We've got five years  
What a surprise  
Five years  
stuck on my eyes  
We've got five years  
My brain hurts a lot  
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That's all we've got  
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My brain hurts a lot  
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That's all we've got  
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Five years  
Five years  
Five years

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>