

David Bowie - 8 Line Poem

Tom: C

between her /

/ F / C F C

Paws / They've opened shops down on the/ Westside /

D / E E7 F C F C /

Will all the cacti find a/ home? / But the key to the /city is in/

F C / E / F

D / G F / C /

the sun that pins the branches to the/ sky oh

C F C F /

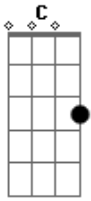
Tactful cactus by your / window / surveys the prairie of your/ room/

C (continued from above / F / C / C F C /

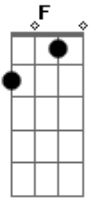
/ F / /

The mobile spins to its/ collision / Clara puts her head F C

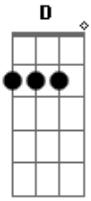
Acordes



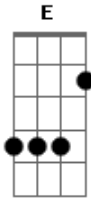
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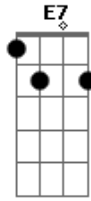
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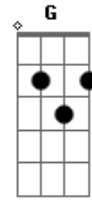
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