

David Bowie - The Next Day

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Intro: G7 A7 G7 A7
                                                                And the next day
                                                                And the next
"Look into my eyes" he tells her
                                                                And another day
"I'm gonna say goodbye" he says yeah
                                                                ( G7 A7 G7 A7 )
"Do not cry" she begs of him goodbye yeah
All that day she thinks of his love yeah
                                                                Ignoring the pain of their particular diseases
                                                                They chase him through the alleys chase him down the steps
They whip him through the streets and alleys there
                                                                They haul him through the mud and they chant for his death
The gormless and the baying crowd right there
                                                                And drag him to the feet of the purple headed priest
They can't get enough of that doomsday song
They can't get enough of it all
                                                                First they give you everything that you want
                                                                Then they take back everything that you have
Listen
                                                                They live upon their feet and they die upon their knees
"Listen to the whores" he tells her
                                                                They can work with satan while they dress like the saints
He fashions paper sculptures of them
                                                                They know god exists for the devil told them so
Then drags them to the rivers bank in the cart
                                                                They scream my name aloud down into the well below
Their soggy paper bodies wash ashore in the dark
                                                               Here I am
And the priest stiff in hate now demanding fun begin
                                                                Not quite dying
Of his women dressed as men for the pleasure of that priest
                                                                My body left to rot in a hollow tree
Here I am
                                                                Its branches throwing shadows
Not quite dying
                                                                On the gallows for me
                                                                F7
                                                               And the next day
My body left to rot in a hollow tree
Its branches throwing shadows
                                                                And the next
                                                                E7
On the gallows for me
                                                                And another day
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Acordes

