

David Bowie - Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed

Tom: F

Intro: A2 D A2 D

A2

Spy, spy, pretty girl

I see you see me through your window
Don't turn your nose up

Well, you can if you need to, you won't be the first or last

It must strain you to look down so far from your Father's house

And I know what a louse like me in his house could do for you

I'm the Cream of the Great Utopia Dream

And you're the gleam in the depths of your banker's spleen

I'm a phallus in pigtails

And there's blood on my nose

And my tissue is rotting

Where the rats chew my bones

And my eye sockets empty

See nothing but pain

I keep having this brainstorm

About twelve times a day

So now, you could spend the morning walking with me, quite amazed

As I'm Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed

C F C

I got eyes in my backside

That see electric tomatoes

On credit card rye bread

There are children in washrooms

Holding hands with a queen

And my heads full of murders

Where only killers scream

So now you could spend the morning talking with me quite amazed

And I'm raving mad and Somewhat Slightly Dazed

SOLO: F F C C
F F C C
G C

Now you run from your window

To the porcelain bowl

And you're sick from your ears

To the red parquet floor

And the Braque on the wall

Slides down your front

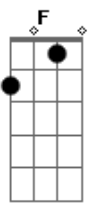
And eats through your belly

It's very catching

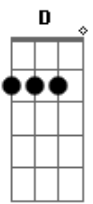
So now, you should spend the mornings lying to your Father quite amazed

About the strange Unwashed and Happily Slightly Dazed

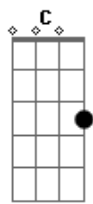
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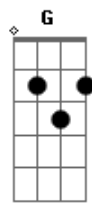
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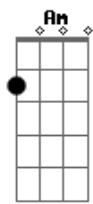
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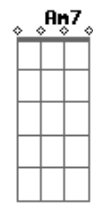
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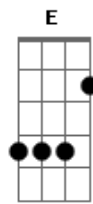
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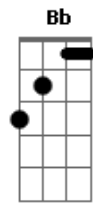
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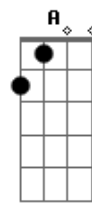
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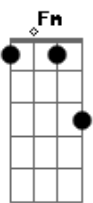
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