

# David Bowie - We Are The Dead

Tom: G

Intro: Gm Bb F  
Gm Bb F

Gm Bb F  
Something kind of hit me today, I looked at you and  
Dm D Eb Bb  
Wondered if you saw things my way  
F D Gm  
People will hold us to blame  
Gm Eb C F  
It hit me today, it hit me today  
Gm Bb F  
We're taking it hard all the time  
Dm D Eb Bb  
Why don't we pass it by, just reply you've changed your mind  
F D Gm  
We're fighting with the eyes of the blind  
Gm Eb C F Eb Dm Bb  
Taking it hard, taking it hard, yet now  
Ab Gb F C  
We feel that we are paper, choking on you nightly  
Bb Ab Gb F  
They tell me son, we want you, be elusive, but don't walk far  
C Bb Ab Gb  
For we're breaking in the new boys, deceive your next of kin  
F C Bb Ab  
For you're dancing where the dogs decay, defecating ecstasy  
Gb F  
You're just an ally of the leecher  
C Bb Ab Gb  
Locator for the virgin King, but I love you in your fuck me  
pumps  
F C  
And your nimble dress that trails  
Bb Ab Gb F  
Oh, dress yourself, my urchin one, for I hear them on the  
rails  
C Bb Ab  
Because of all we've seen, because of all we've said  
Gb D C D C  
We are the dead

Gm Bb F  
One thing kind of touched me today  
Dm D Eb Bb  
I looked at you and counted all the times we had laid  
F D Gm  
Pressing our love through the night  
Gm Eb C F

Knowing it's right, knowing it's right  
Gm Bb F  
Now I'm hoping some one will care  
Dm D Eb Bb  
Living on the breath of a hope to be shared  
F D Gm  
Trusting on the sons of our love  
Gm Eb C F Eb Dm Bb  
That someone will care, someone will care, but now  
Ab Gb F  
We're today's scrambled creatures, locked in tomorrow's double  
feature  
C Ab Gb F  
Heaven's on the pillow, its silence competes with hell  
C Bb Ab Gb  
It's a twenty four hour service, guaranteed to make you tell  
F C  
And the streets are full of press men  
Bb Ab  
Bent on getting hung and buried  
Gb F C Bb  
And the legendary curtains are drawn round Baby Bankrupt  
Ab Gb  
Who sucks you while you're sleeping  
F C  
It's the theater of financiers  
Bb Ab  
Count them, fifty round a table  
Gb F  
White and dressed to kill  
C Bb  
Oh caress yourself, my juicy  
Ab Gb  
For my hands have all but withered  
F C Bb Ab  
Oh dress yourself my urchin one, for I hear them on the stairs  
Gb F  
Because of all we've seen  
C Bb  
Because of all we've said  
D C D  
We are the dead  
C D C D  
We are the dead  
C D C D C  
We are the dead  
[Final] Gm Bb F

## Acordes

