

Lady grinning soul - David Bowie

Fa#m Sol La Sol Fa#m
She'll come, she'll go
She'll lay belief on you
Skin sweet with musky oil
The lady from another grinning soul
Cologne she'll wear
Silver and Americard
She'll drive a beetle car
And beat you down at cool Canasta
And when the clothes are strewn
Don't be afraid of the room
Touch the fullness of her breast
Feel the love of her caress
She will be your living end
Fa#m Sol La Sol#m Si
She'll come, she'll go
She'll lay belief on you
But she won't stake her life on you
How can life become point of view
And when the clothes are strewn
Don't be afraid of the room
Touch the fullness of her breast
Feel the love of her caress
She will be your living end
She will be your living end
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