

David Bowie - My Death

Tom: C
Intro: Em Em Em Em

Em Em Em
My death waits like
Em Em Em
an old roué
Em Em
So confident
Em
I'll go his way

Em Em
Whistle to him
Em D D D
and the passing time
G A
My death waits like
G C
a Bible truth
F Am Am
at the funeral of my youth
F
oh we drank for that
G
and the passing time

Abm Gb
My death waits like
Abm
a witch night
Gb Abm
as surely as our love is bright
Gb B
let's not think about the passing time

Em D C
But whatever lies behind the door
B
there is nothing much to do
Em D C C\B
Angel or Devil I don't care
Am Am\G B
For in front of that door there is you
Bb Db Gm
Gm
My death waits like
a beggar blind
who sees the world through an unlit mind
F
throw him a dime for the passing time

Bb Db Bb
My death waits there between your thighs
Ab Cm
Your cold fingers will close my eyes
Ab
Let's think of that
Bb
And the passing time

Bm A
My death waits

Bm
to allow my friend
A
a few good times
Bm
before it ends
A
so let's drink to that
Gb
and the passing time

G F Eb
but whatever lies behind the door
D G
there is nothing much to do
F Eb
Angel or Devil I don't care
for in front of that door
D
there is you

Gm
My death waits there
among the leaves
in magicians mysterious sleeves
rabbits and dogs
F
and the passing time

Bb Db
My death waits there
Bb
among the flowers
Ab Dbm
where the blackest shadow cowers
Ab Bb
Let's pick lilacs for the passing time

Bm A
My death waits there
Bm
in a double bed
A
sails of oblivion
Bm
at my head
A
so pull up your seats against
Gb
the passing time

Gm F Eb
But whatever lies behind the door
D Gm
there is nothing much to do
F
Angel or Devil
Eb
I don't care
for in front of that door, there is...

Acordes



