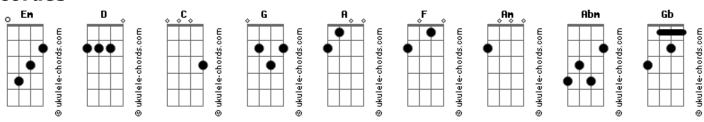


David Bowie - My Death

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Intro: Em Em Em Em
                                                              to allow my friend
         Fm
                                                               a few good times
      My death waits like
          Em
                                                               before it ends
      an old roué
                                                               so let's drink to that
 Fm
           Em
So confident
                                                                   Gb
                                                               and the passing time
I'll go his way
                                                              but whatever lies behind the door
                Fm
      Whistle to him
                        D D
       D
                                                               there is nothing much to do
     and the passing time
                                                               Angel or Devil I don't care
     My death waits like
                                                               for in front of that door
a Bible truth
                                                               there is you
at the funeral of my youth
oh we drank for that
                                                              My death waits there
and the passing time
                                                              among the leaves
                                                               in magicians mysterious sleeves
     My death waits like
                                                               rabbits and dogs
a witched night
                                                               and the passing time
                      Abm
as surely as our love is bright
let's not think about the passing time
                                                              My death waits there
                                                                   Bb
                                                               among the flowers
But whatever lies behind the door
                                                                     Ab
                                                               where the blackest shadow cowers
there is nothing much to do
                                                                     Ab
                                  C\B
                                                               Let's pick lilacs for the passing time
         D
Angel or Devil I don't care
          \mathsf{Am}
                 Am\G
For in front of that door there is you
                                                              My death waits there
   Db Gm
                                                               in a double bed
My death waits like
                                                               sails of oblivion
a beggar blind
                                                               at my head
who sees the world through an unlit mind
                                                               so pull up your seats against
throw him a dime for the passing time
                                                               the passing time
My death waits there between your thighs
                                                               But whatever lies behind the door
    Ab
                           Cm
Your cold fingers will close my eyes
                                                                            D
                                                               there is nothing much to do
Let's think of that
                                                              Angel or Devil
   Bb
And the passing time
                                                              I don't care
My death waits
                                                               for in front of that door, there is...
```

Acordes



Eb

