

## **David Bowie - Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed**

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Intro: A2 D A2 D
                                                               I got eyes in my backside
Spy, spy, pretty girl
                                                               That see electric tomatoes
I see you see me through your window
                                                               On credit card rye bread
Don't turn your nose up
                                                       D A2 There are children in washrooms
Well, you can if you need to, you won't be the first or last
                                                               Holding hands with a queen
                                                               And my heads full of murders
It must strain you to look down so far from your Father's
                                                               Where only killers scream
                                                               So now you could spend the morning talking with me quite
And I know what a louse like me in his house could do for you
                                                               amazed
I'm the Cream of the Great Utopia Dream
                                                                                     Fm
                                                               And I'm raving mad and Somewhat Slightly Dazed
And you're the gleam in the depths of your banker's spleen
                                                                           C C
C F C
                                                                     G C
I'm a phallus in pigtails
                                                               Now you run from your window
And there's blood on my nose
                                                               To the porcelain bowl
And my tissue is rotting
                                                               And you're sick from your ears
Where the rats chew my bones
                                                               To the red parquet floor
And my eye sockets empty
                                                               And the Braque on the wall
See nothing but pain
                                                               Slides down your front
I keep having this brainstorm
                                                               And eats through your belly
About twelve times a day
                                                               It's very catching
       G
                                                                      G
So now, you could spend the morning walking with me, quite
                                                               So now, you should spend the mornings lying to your Father
amazed
As I'm Unwashed and Somewhat Slightly Dazed
                                                               About the strange Unwashed and Happily Slightly Dazed
Acordes
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