

Ricochet

David Bowie

A A

D G
Like weeds on a rockface waiting for the scythe

Ab A
Ricochet - ricochet

D G
The world is on a corner waiting for jobs

D G
Ricochet - ricochet

E A
Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall

A
And who can bear to be forgotten

A
And who can bear to be forgotten

A
March of flowers, march of dimes

A
These are the prisons, these are the crimes

A
Men wait for news while thousands are still asleep

A
Dreaming of tramlines factories pieces of machinery

A
Mine shafts things like that

A
March of flowers, march of dimes

A
These are the prisons, these are the crimes

A
Sound of thunder, sound of gold

A
Sound of the devil breaking parole

E
Ricochet - it s not the end of the world

D
Sound of thunder, sound of gold

G
Sound of the devil breaking parole

E A

Ricochet - ricochet

D

These are the prisons, these are the crimes

G

Teaching life in a violent new way

D

G

Ricochet - ricochet

E

A

Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall

A

And who can bear to be forgotten

A

And who can bear to be forgotten

A

March of flowers, march of dimes

A

These are the prisons, these are the crimes

A

Early, before the sun, they struggle off to the gates

A

In their secret fearful places they see their lives

A

Unravelling before them

A

March of flowers - march of dimes

A

Sound of thunder, sound of gold

A

These are the prisons, these are the crimes

A

Sound of the devil breaking parole

E

Ricochet it s not the end of the world

A

But when they get home, damp eyed and weary

They smile and crush their children to their heaving chests

Making unfulfillable promises

For who can bear to be forgotten