

The Next Day
David Bowie

Intro: **G7 A7 G7 A7**

E7

Look into my eyes he tells her

E7

I m gonna say goodbye he says yeah

E7

Do not cry she begs of him goodbye yeah

E7

All that day she thinks of his love yeah

G7

They whip him through the streets and alleys there

C7

G7

C7

The gormless and the baying crowd right there

E7

They can t get enough of that doomsday song

E7

They can t get enough of it all

E7

Listen

G7

C7

Listen to the whores he tells her

G7

C7

He fashions paper sculptures of them

G7

A7

Then drags them to the rivers bank in the cart

G7

A7

Their soggy paper bodies wash ashore in the dark

G7

A7

And the priest stiff in hate now demanding fun begin

Bm7

C#7

Of his women dressed as men for the pleasure of that priest

E7

Here I am

E7

Not quite dying

E7

My body left to rot in a hollow tree

E7

Its branches throwing shadows

E7

On the gallows for me

E7

And the next day

E7

And the next

E7

And another day

(**G7 A7 G7 A7**)

E7

Ignoring the pain of their particular diseases

E7

They chase him through the alleys chase him down the steps

E7

They haul him through the mud and they chant for his death

E7

And drag him to the feet of the purple headed priest

G7

C7

First they give you everything that you want

G7

C7

Then they take back everything that you have

G7

A7

They live upon their feet and they die upon their knees

G7

A7

They can work with satan while they dress like the saints

G7

A7

They know god exists for the devil told them so

Bm7

C#7

They scream my name aloud down into the well below

E7

Here I am

E7

Not quite dying

E7

My body left to rot in a hollow tree

E7

Its branches throwing shadows

E7

On the gallows for me

E7

And the next day

E7

And the next

E7

And another day