

**We Are The Dead**  
**David Bowie**

WE ARE THE DEAD from Diamond Dogs

INTRO: **Gm Bb F**  
**Gm Bb F**

**Gm Bb F**  
Something kind of hit me today, I looked at you and  
**Dm D Eb Bb**  
Wondered if you saw things my way  
**F D Gm**  
People will hold us to blame  
**Gm7 Eb C F**  
It hit me today, it hit me today  
**Gm Bb F**  
We re taking it hard all the time  
**Dm D Eb Bb**  
Why don t we pass it by, just reply you ve changed your mind  
**F D Gm**  
We re fighting with the eyes of the blind  
**Gm7 Eb C F Eb Dm Bb**  
Taking it hard, taking it hard, yet now  
**Ab Gb F C**  
We feel that we are paper, choking on you nightly  
**Bb Ab Gb F**  
They tell me son, we want you, be elusive, but don t walk far  
**C Bb Ab Gb**  
For we re breaking in the new boys, deceive your next of kin  
**F C Bb Ab**  
For you re dancing where the dogs decay, defecating ecstasy  
**Gb F**  
You re just an ally of the leecher  
**C Bb Ab Gb**  
Locator for the virgin King, but I love you in your fuck me pumps  
**F C**  
And your nimble dress that trails  
**Bb Ab Gb F**  
Oh, dress yourself, my urchin one, for I hear them on the rails  
**C Bb Ab**  
Because of all we ve seen, because of all we ve said  
**Gb D C D C**  
We are the dead

**Gm Bb F**  
One thing kind of touched me today

I looked at you and counted all the times we had laid

Pressing our love through the night

Knowing it s right, knowing it s right

Now I m hoping some one will care

Living on the breath of a hope to be shared

Trusting on the sons of our love

That someone will care, someone will care, but now

We re today s scrambled creatures, locked in tomorrow s double feature

Heaven s on the pillow, its silence competes with hell

It s a twenty four hour service, guaranteed to make you tell

And the streets are full of press men

Bent on getting hung and buried

And the legendary curtains are drawn round Baby Bankrupt

Who sucks you while you re sleeping

It s the theater of financiers

Count them, fifty round a table

White and dressed to kill

Oh caress yourself, my juicy

For my hands have all but withered

Oh dress yourself my urchin one, for I hear them on the stairs

Because of all we ve seen

Because of all we ve said

We are the dead

We are the dead

We are the dead

OUTRO: **Gm Bb F**