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

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

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Dm
                                 D
I looked at you and counted all the times we had laid
                             Gm
Pressing our love through the night
           Eb C
Knowing it s right, knowing it s right
             Вb
Now I m hoping some one will care
            Dm
Living on the breath of a hope to be shared
              D
Trusting on the sons of our love
                Eb
                       C
                                             Eb Dm Bb
That someone will care, someone will care, but now
       Ab
                       Gb
                                 F
We re today s scrambled creatures, locked in tomorrow s double feature
                          Gb
              Ab
Heaven s on the pillow, its silence competes with hell
                       Bb
                                      \mathbf{A}\mathbf{b}
                                                       Gb
It s a twenty four hour service, guaranteed to make you tell
And the streets are full of press men
                        Ab
Bent on getting hung and buried
                F
And the legendary curtains are drawn round Baby Bankrupt
Who sucks you while you re sleeping
                    C
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
                   C
                                     Вb
Oh dress yourself my urchin one, for I hear them on the stairs
          Gb
Because of all we ve seen
         {\tt Bb}
Because of all we ve said
          C D
We are the dead
         D C D
We are the dead
C D C D C
We are the dead
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OUTRO: Gm Bb F