Oh! You Pretty Things

Words & Music by David Bowie.

Wake up you sleepy head,
put on some clothes, shake up your bed,
put another log on the fire for me.
I've made some breakfast and coffee.
Look out my window, what do I see?
A crack in the sky, and a hand reaching down to me,
All the nightmares came today.

And it looks as though they're here to stay.

What are we coming to?
No room for me, no fun for you.
I think about a world to come, where the
books were found by the Golden Ones,
written in pain, written in awe, by a
puzzled man who questioned what we were here for.
All the strangers came today,
and it looks as though they’re here to stay.
Oh! You pretty things, don't you know you're driving your

mas and papas insane? Oh! You pretty things.

don't you know you're driving your mas and papas insane? Let me make it plain.

gotta make way for the Homo Superior. Look out at your children.
2:
Look out at your children
See their faces in golden rays
Don’t kid yourself they belong to you
They’re the start of the coming race.

The earth is a bitch
We’ve finished our news
Homo sapiens have outgrown their use.
All the strangers came today
And it looks as though they’re here to stay.

Oh! You pretty things etc.