

It's a <u>god-awful</u> small affair	[Verse]
To the <u>girl</u> with the mousy hair	F Am Cm D7
But her <u>mummy</u> is yelling no	Gm A# C7 C7
And her <u>daddy</u> has told her to <u>go</u>	
But her <u>friend</u> is nowhere to be seen	
Now she <u>walks</u> through her sunken dream	[Pre- Chorus]
To the <u>seat</u> with the clearest view	G# G#
And she's <u>hooked</u> to the silver screen	Fm F#
But the <u>film</u> is a saddening bore	C# F7
(For she's <u>lived</u> it ten times or more	A#m C#7
She could <u>spit</u> in the eyes of <u>fools</u>)	
As (they <u>ask</u> her) to focus on	[Chorus]
	(A# D#
<u>Sailors</u> <u>fighting</u> in the dance hall	Gm7 D#m
Oh, man, <u>look</u> at those cavemen <u>go</u>	F Fm
It's the freakiest show	Cm7 D#m7 x2)
Take a look at the	Gm7 F#
<u>Lawman</u> <u>beating</u> up the wrong guy	Bb C
Oh, man, <u>wonder</u> if he'll ever know	
He's in the best selling show	[Instru]
Is there life on <u>Maaaaars</u>	F D7 Gm E7
	Am A# A#m7 X
It's on <u>America's</u> tortured brow	
That <u>Mickey Mouse</u> has grown up a cow	
Now the <u>workers</u> have struck for fame	
'Cause <u>Lennon's</u> on sale again	
See the <u>mice</u> in their million hordes	
From <u>Ibiza</u> to the Norfolk <u>Broads</u>	
Rule <u>Britannia</u> is out of bounds	
To my <u>mother</u> , my dog and <u>clowns</u>	[Pre- Chorus]
(Because I <u>wrote</u> it ten times or more	[Cho- rus]
It's <u>about</u> to be writ again) (I <u>ask</u> you)	

Life on Mars? David Bowie
