

When I'm Five

David Bowie

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When I'm five

I will wash my face and hands all by myself

When I'm five

I will chew and spit tabacco like my grandfather
Jones

'Cause I'm only four and five is far away

When I'm five

I will read the magazines in mummy's drawer

When I'm five

I will walk behind the soldiers in the May Day
parade

'Cause I'm only four and grown-ups walk too fast

Yesterday was horrid day, 'cause Raymond kicked
my shin

And mummy says if I am good, she'll let me go to
school in August

Daddy shouted loud at mummy and I dropped my
toast at breakfast

And I laughed when Bonzo licked my face, because
it tickled

I wonder why my daddy cries and how I wish that I
was nearly five

When I'm five

I will catch a butterfly and eat it and I won't be sick

When I'm five

I will jump in puddles, laugh in church and marry
my mum

And I'll let my daddy do the washing up

If I close one eye, the people on that side can't see
me

I get headaches in the morning and I rode on
Freddie's tricycle

And everywhere was funny, when I ran down to the
sweetshop

Then I fell and bled—up my knee and everybody
sopped me

I saw a photograph of Jesus and I asked him if he'd
make me five

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When I'm five

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When I'm oah... (yawning)

