

# Eight Line Poem

David Bowie

The tactful cactus by your window  
Surveys the prairie of your room  
The mobile spins to its collision  
Clara puts her head between her paws  
They've opened shops down West side  
Will all the cacti find a home  
But the key to the city  
Is in the sun that pins the branches to the sky

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>