

# Queen Bitch

David Bowie

Intro: [C] [G] [F] [C] [G] [F] x 4

[C] I'm up on the eleventh floor and I'm [F] watching the cruisers [C] below [G] [F]  
[C] [G] [F]

He's [C] down on the street and he's [F] trying hard to pull sister [C] Flo [G] [F]  
[C] [G] [F]

Oh my [C] hearts in the basement, my [F] weekend's at an all time [C] low [G] [F]  
[C] [G] [F]

Cos she's [C] hoping to score so I [F] can't see her letting him go

[C] Walk out of her [E] heart, walk out of her [Am] mind, no not her

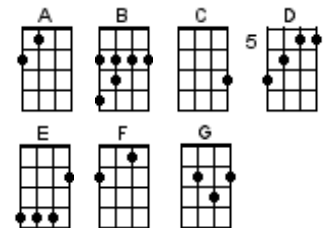
Chorus:

She's so [B] swishy in her satin and [D] tat,

In her [B] frock coat and bipperty boppity [D] hat

Oh God [B] I could do better than [C] that [G] [F]

[C] [G] [F] [C] [G] [F] [C] [G] [F]



She's an [C] old time ambassador of [F] sweet talking, night walking [C] games [G] [F]  
[C] [G] [F]

And she's [C] known in the darkest clubs for [F] pushing ahead of the [C] dames [G] [F]  
[C] [G] [F]

If she say [C] she can do it, then she can [F] do it, she don't make false [C] claims [G] [F]  
[C] [G] [F]

For she's a [C] queen and such are queens that your [F] laughter is sucked in their [E] brains

But now she's leading him [F] on and she'll lay him right [C] down

Now she's leading him [F] on and she'll lay him right [E] down

But it could have been me [F] yes it could have been [C] me

Why didn't I [E] say why didn't I [A] say, no, no, no

Chorus

So I [C] lay down a while and I [F] gaze at my hotel [C] wall [G] [F]

[C] [G] [F]

Oh the [C] cot is so cold, it [F] don't feel like no bed at [C] all [G] [F]

[C] [G] [F]

Yeah I [C] lay down a while [F] look at my hotel [C] wall [G] [F]

[C] [G] [F]

But he's [C] down on the street, so I throw [F] both his bags down the [E] hall,

And I'm phoning a [F] cab 'cos my stomach feels [C] small

There's a taste in my [F] mouth and it's no taste at [E] all

It could have been [F] me, yes it could have been [C] me

Why didn't I [E] say, why didn't I [A] say, no, no, no

Chorus

[C] [G] [F] [C] [G] [F] [C] [G] [F] [C] [G] [F] [C]

