



He was a space oddity who rose
from stardust and fell to Earth.

He was loved by cat people and
diamond dogs, rebels and
genies, and all the young dudes.

A starman turned thin white
duke in blue jeans, among
China girls and young
Americans just dancing in
the streets of suffragette city.

His world was filled with
fashion and fame, heroes and
rock and roll suicides, modern
love and golden years.

A hunger for a life of grace
under pressure revealed endless
changes in his sound and
vision.

And now, he's gone back to the
labyrinth, ashes to ashes, Ziggy
to stardust.

So for him, let's dance one
more time under the
moonlight,
the serious moonlight.