

# Life on Mars?

Words & Music by David Bowie

♩ = 124

F Am/E Adim/E<sup>b</sup>

It's a God aw - ful small\_ af - fair to the  
*(Verse 2 see block lyric)*

D Gm B<sup>b</sup>/F

girl with the mou - sy hair. But her mum - my is yel - ling 'no'

C F

and her dad - dy has told\_ her to go. But her



friend is no - where to be seen, — now she walks through her sunk - en dream,






to the seat with the clear - est view and she's




hooked to the sil - ver screen. But the film is a sad - d'ning bore






for she's lived it ten times\_ or more. She could

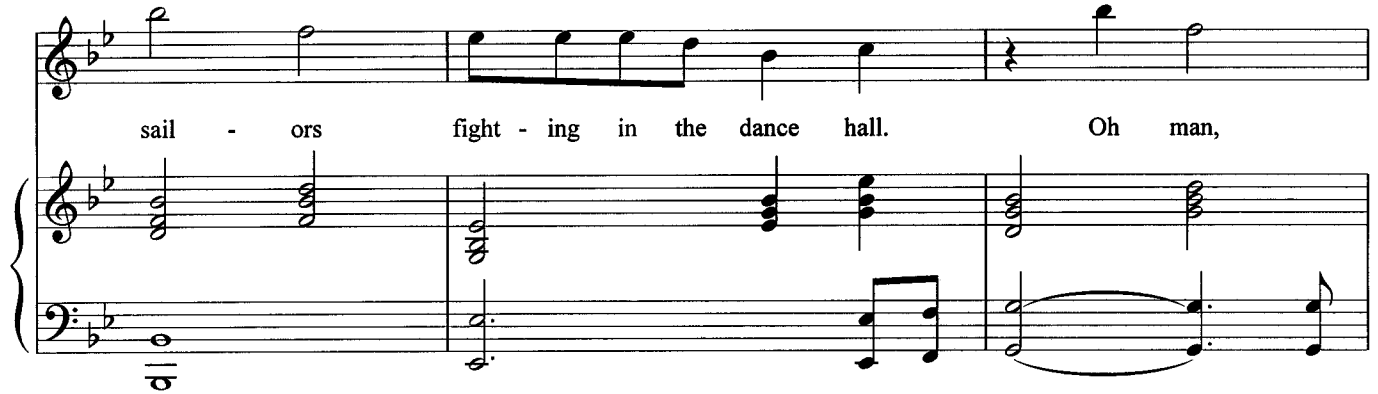
Aug  B<sup>b</sup>m  D<sup>b</sup>/C<sup>b</sup> 




spit in the eyes\_ of fools\_ as they ask her to fo - cus on



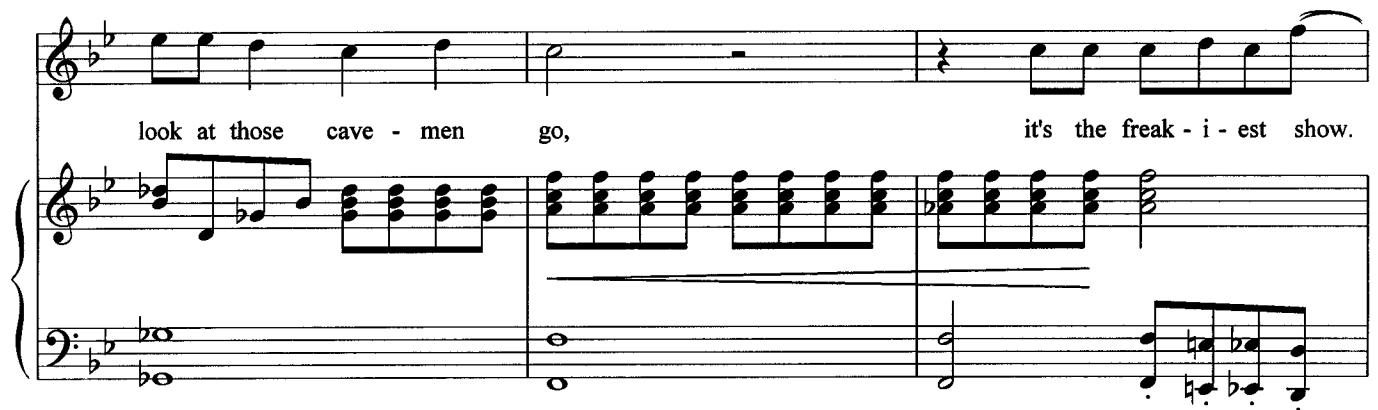
B<sup>b</sup>  E<sup>b</sup>  3fr Gm<sup>7</sup>  3fr

sail - ors fight - ing in the dance hall. Oh man,



G<sup>b</sup>aug  F  Fm 

look at those cave - men go, it's the freak - i - est show.



Cm<sup>7</sup>  3fr E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>  B<sup>b</sup> 

Take a look at the law - man



E<sup>b</sup> 3fr      Gm<sup>7</sup> 3fr      G<sup>b</sup>aug

beat - ing up the wrong guy.      Oh, man,      won - der if he'll ev - er know






F      Fm      Cm<sup>7</sup> 3fr


he's in the best sell - ing show.

E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>      Gm<sup>7</sup> 3fr      G<sup>b</sup>aug





Is there life on Mars?

B<sup>b</sup>/F      To Coda      E<sup>b</sup>m<sup>7</sup>(b5) 3fr      F


F#dim 
 Gm  3fr
 Ddim 
 Am 
 Bb 







*D.S. al Coda*     $\oplus$  Coda




Bbm 
 F 
 Em7(b5)  2fr
 F 


2. It's on A -



F#dim 
 Gm  3fr
 Bb/F 



rit.
 Eb 
 Ebm 
 Bb 



*Verse 2:*

It's on Amerika's tortured brow that Mickey Mouse has grown up a cow  
 Now the workers have struck for fame coz Lennon's on sale again  
 See the mice in their million hordes, from Ibiza to the Norfolk broads  
 Rule Britannia is out of bounds to my mother, my dog and clowns  
 But the film is a saddening bore coz I wrote it ten times or more  
 It's about to be writ again as I ask her to focus on.