

# David Bowie, Candidate

I'll make you a deal, like any other candidate

We'll pretend we're walking home 'cause your future's at stake  
My set is amazing, it even smells like a  
street

There's a bar at the end where I can meet you and your friend  
Someone scrawled on the wall "I smell the blood of les tricoteuses"  
Who wrote up scandals in other bars

I'm having so much fun with the poisonous people  
Spreading rumours and lies and stories they made up

Some make you sing and some make you scream  
One makes you wish that you'd never been seen  
But there's a shop on the corner that's selling papier mache  
Making bullet-proof faces, Charlie Manson, Cassius Clay  
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing  
So you scream out of line

"I want you! I need you! Anyone out there?  
Any time?"

Tres butch little number whines "Hey dirty, I want you  
When it's good, it's really good, and when it's bad I go to pieces"  
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing

Well, on the street where you live I could not hold up my head  
For I put all I have in another bed  
On another floor, in the back of a car  
In the cellar like a church with the door ajar  
Well, I guess we've must be looking for a different kind

But we can't stop trying 'til we break up our minds  
Til the sun drips blood on the seedy young knights  
Who press you on the ground while shaking in fright

I guess we could cruise down one more time

With you by my side, it should be fine

We'll buy some drugs and watch a band

Then jump in the river holding hands