

David Bowie, Criminal World

You never told me of your other faces
You were the widow of a wild cat
And now I know about your special kisses
And I know you know where that's at
I guess I recognize your destination
I think I see beneath your make-up
What you want is sort of separation
This is no ordinary
This is no ordinary
(ah, ah, ah)
What a criminal world
The boys are like baby-faced girls
What a criminal girl
She'll show you where to shoot your gun
What a typical mother's son
The only thing that she enjoys
Is a criminal world
Where the girls are like baby-faced boys

You've got a very heavy reputation
But no one knows about your low-life
I know a way
to find a situation
And hold a candle
to your high life disguise
You caught me kneeling
at your sister's door
That was no ordinary stick-up
I'm well aware just
what you're looking for
I am no ordinary
I am no ordinary
(ah, ah, ah)
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