

David Bowie, Panic In Detroit

He looked a lot like Che Guevara,
drove a diesel van
Kept his gun in quiet seclusion,
such a humble man
The only survivor of the National People's Gang
Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph
He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone

Panic in Detroit

He laughed at accidental sirens that broke the evening
gloom
The police had warned of repercussions

They followed none too soon
A trickle of strangers were all that were left alive
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Panic in Detroit

Putting on some clothes I made my way to school
And I found my teacher
crouching in his overalls

I screamed and ran to smash my favorite slot machine
And jumped the silent cars that slept at traffic lights

Having scored a trillion dollars,
made a run back home

Found him slumped across the table.
A gun and me alone
I ran to the window. Looked for a plane or two
Panic in Detroit.
He'd left me an autograph
"Let me collect dust."
I wish someone would phone

Panic in Detroit