## 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 Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone

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