

# David Bowie, Sweet Thing

It's safe in the city, to love in a doorway  
To wrangle some screens from the door  
And isn't it me, putting pain in a stranger?

Like a portrait in flesh, who trails on a leash  
Will you see that I'm scared and I'm lonely?  
So I'll break up my room, and yawn and I  
Run to the centre of things  
Where the knowing one says

[CHORUS]

Boys, boys, its a sweet thing  
Boys, boys, its a sweet thing, sweet thing  
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing  
'Cause hope, boys, is a cheap thing, cheap  
thing

I'm glad that you're older than me  
Makes me feel important and free  
Does that make you smile, isn't that me?  
I'm in your way, and I'll steal every moment

If his trade is a curse, then I'll bless you  
And turn to the crossroads, and hamburgers, and...

[CHORUS]