

Chilly Down

David Bowie

When the sun goes down
And the bats are back to bed
The brothers come 'round
I get out of my dirty bed

I shake my pretty little head
Tap my pretty little feet
Feeling brighter than sunlight
Louder than thunder
Bouncing like a yo-yo

Don't got no problems
Ain't got no suitcase
Ain't got no clothes to worry about
Ain't got no real estate or jewelry
Or gold mines to hang me up

I just throw in my hand
With the chilliest bunch in the land
They don't look much
They sure chilly chilly
They positively glow, glow

Chilly down with the fire gang
Think small with the fire gang
Bad hep with the fire gang
When your thing gets wild
Chilly down

Chilly down with the fire gang
Act tall with the fire gang
Good times, bad food
When your thing gets wild
Chilly down, chilly down

Drive you crazy, really lazy
Eye rollin', funky strollin'
Ball playin', hip swayin'
Trouble makin', booty shakin'

Tripping, passing, jumping, bouncing
Drivin', stylin', creeping, pouncing
Shoutin', screamin', double dealin'
Rockin', rollin' and a reelin'
With the mackin' sex appealin'
Can you dig our groovy feelin'?

So when things get too tough
And your chin is dragging on the ground
And even down looks up
Bad luck

We can show you a good time
And we don't charge nothin'
Just strut your nasty stuff
Wiggle in the middle yeah
Get the town talkin', fire gang

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