

Candidate

David Bowie

I'll make you a deal
Like any other candidate
We'll pretend we're walking home
'Cause your future's at stake
My set is amazing
It even smells like a street
There's a bar at the end
Where I can meet you and your friend
Someone scrawled on the wall
"I smell the blood of les tricoteuses"
Who wrote up scandals
In other bars

I'm having so much fun
With the poisonous people
Spreading rumors and lies
And stories they made up
Some make you sing
And some make you scream
One makes you wish
That you'd never been seen
But there's a shop on the corner
That's selling papier mache
Making bullet-proof faces
Charlie Manson, Cassius Clay
If you want it, boys,
Get it here thing

So you scream out of line
"I want you! I need you!
Anyone out there? Any time?"
Trés butch little number whines
"Hey dirty, I want you
When it's good
It's really good, and when it's
Bad I go to pieces"
If you want it, boys
Get it here thing

Well on the street where you live
I could not hold up my head
For I put all I have in another bed
On another floor in the back of a car
In the cellar like a church with the door ajar
Well I guess we've must be looking for a different kind
But we can't stop trying till we break up our minds
Till the sun drips blood on the seedy young knights
Who press you on the ground while shaking in fright
I guess we could cruise down one more time
With you by my side, it should be fine
We'll buy some drugs and watch a band
Then jump in a river holding hands