

Janine

David Bowie

Oh my love, Janine
I'm helpless for your smile.
Like a Polish wanderer,
I travel onwards to your land.
And were it not just for the jewels I'd close your hand
Your strange demand
To 'collocate' my mind
Scares me into gloom.
You're too intense,
I'll have to keep you in your place.
I've no defence.
I've got to keep the veil on my face.
Janine, Janine, you'd like to know me well,
But I've got things inside my head
That even I can't face.
Janine, Janine, you'd like to crash my walls,
But if you take an axe to me
You'll kill another man
Not me at all.
You're fey, Janine,
A tripper to the last.
But if I catch you standing on my toes
I'll have a right to shout you down.
For you're a lazy stream
In which my thoughts would drown.
So stay, Janine
And we can glide along.
I've caught you for laughs,
I'm not obliged to read you statements of the year.
So take your glasses off
And don't act so sincere.
Janine, Janine, you'd like to know me well,
But I've got things inside my head
That even I can't face.
Janine, Janine, you'd like to crash my walls,
But if you take an axe to me
You'll kill another man
Not me at all.