

## She Shook Me Cold

David Bowie

We met upon a hill, the night was cool and still  
She sucked my dormant will  
Mother, she blew my brain, I will go back again  
My God, she shook my cold  
I had no time to spare, I grabbed her golden hair  
And threw her to the ground  
Father, she caved, Oh Lord, the things she said  
My God, she should be told.  
I was very smart, broke the gentle hearts  
Of many young virgins  
I was quick on the ball, left them so lonely  
They'd just give up trying  
Then she took my head, smashed it up,  
Left my young blood rising,  
Crushed me mercilessly, kept me going around  
So she didn't know how I crave her so  
I'll give me love in vain, to reach that peak again  
We met upon a hill  
Mother, she blew my brain, I will go back again  
My God, she shook me cold.