

Sweet Head

David Bowie

I try to break away from you
From the spics and blacks and the gum you chew
Where the posters are torn by the muggin' gangs...
By the faggy parks and burnt out va..ans

I've got ninety-nine years of layin' in the dark
and I'm far too young to lie
I've got ninety-nine ways to play my guitar
Its gonna play 'em in before I die

{Chorus}
So bob your sweet head
Brother Ziggy gonna play
I'm just a bob-a-lectic hear
Gonna rock-it in your head
Shazam! and come ball,
where my guitar-um is-a playin'
We can give you sweet head

I'm tough as glass and clean as night
Well, if looks can love, we can love alright
I'm your r-r-r-rubber peacock, angelic whore
I'm a wrought-iron face upon the wall...l..l

I've had ninety-nine tales of murder-come-life,
and I'm running away from it all
I got a bedroom, every mirror in town,
they're gonna claim me if I fall

{chorus}

Sweet head
Gonna give ya sweet head
(spoken: While ya down there)

See my eyes of blocked emotion
See my tremble, see my fall
Traumatic, stinkin' fast
Your faith in me can last
Besides, I'm numb to lay you,
rubbin' all

Look south the way your mother dwells
'Cause if she knew what's going on, she'd give you hell
I'm the kind of man she warned me of
Until there was rock, you only had God

You and I have a mutual vow
We both like gamery, and we both like loud
I got pretty shoes, and I'm kin and proud
I'm street-side-out, with my ear to the crowd

{chorus}

Move along, son
ca-cho, ca-cho
ca-cho, ca-cho

Woo!