

Teenage Wildlife

David Bowie

Well, how come you only want tomorrow
With its promise
of something hard to do
A real life adventure
worth more than pieces of gold
Blue skies above
and sun on your arms
strength in your stride
And hope in those squeaky clean eyes
You'll get chilly receptions
everywhere you go
Blinded with desire
- guess the season is on

So you train by shadow boxing,
search for the truth
But it's all, but it's all used up
Break open
your million dollar weapon
And you push , still you push,
still you push your luck

A broken nosed mogul are you
One of the new wave boys9

Same old thing in brand new drag
Comes sweeping into view, oh-oo
As ugly as a teenage millionaire
Pretending
it's a whizz kid world
You'll take me aside, and say
"Well, David, what shall I do?
They wait for me in the hallway"
I'll say "Don't ask me, I don't know any hallways"
But they move in numbers and they've got me in a corner
I feel like a group of one, no-no
They can't do this to me
I'm not some piece
of teenage wildlife

Those midwives to history put on their bloody robes

The word is that the hunted one is out there on his own
You're alone for maybe the last time
And you breathe for a long time
Then you howl like a wolf in a trap
And you daren't look behind

You fall to the ground
like a leaf from the tree
And look up one time
at that vast blue sky
Scream out aloud as they shoot you down
No no, I'm not a piece
of teenage wildlife
I'm not a piece
of teenage wildlife

And no one will have seen
and no one will confess
The fingerprints will prove
that you couldn't pass the test
There'll be others
on the line filing past,
who'll whisper low
I miss you he really had to go
Well each to his own, he was
Another piece of teenage wildlife, oh-oh-oh-ohh
Another piece of teenage wildlife, oh-oh-oh-ohh
Another piece of teenage wild...
Wild
Wild
Wild