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 me coldI had no time to spare, I grabbed her golden hair
And threw her to the ground
Father, she caved my head, oh Lord, the things she said
My God, she should be toldI 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 tryingThen she took my head, smashed it up
Kept my young blood rising
Crushed me mercilessly, kept me going around
So she don't know I crave her soOh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh ohI'll give my 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

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