Candidate

David Bowie

I'll make you a deal, like any other candidate
We'll pretend we're walking home 'cause your future's at stake
My set is amazing, it even smells like a street
There's a bar at the end where I can meet you and your friend
Someone scrawled on the wall "I smell the blood of les tricoteuses"
Who wrote up scandals in other barsI'm having so much fun with the poisonous people
Spreading rumors and lies and stories they made up
Some make you sing and some make you scream
One makes you wish that you'd never been seen
But there's a shop on the corner that's selling pappier mache
Making bullet-proof faces, Charlie Manson, Cassius clay
If you want it, boys, get it here, thingSo you scream out of line
"I want you! I need you! Anyone out there? Any time?"
Tres butch little number whines, "Hey dirty, I want you
When it's good, it's really good, and when it's bad I go to pieces"
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing
Well, on the street where you live I could not hold up my head
For I put all I have in another bedOn another floor, in the back of a car
In the cellar like a church with the door ajar
Well, I guess we've must be looking for a different kind
But we can't stop trying 'till we break up our minds
'Til the sun drips blood on the seedy young knights
Who press you on the ground while shaking in frightI guess we could cruise down one more time
With you by my side, it should be fine
We'll buy some drugs and watch a band
Then jump in the river holding hands

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