

# 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 your stride  
And hope in those squeaky clean eyes  
You'll get chilly receptions everywhere you go  
Blinded with desire I 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 push your luck, still you push, still you push your luck  
A broken nosed mogul are you one of the new wave boys? Same old thing in brand new drag comes sweeping  
into view  
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  
And 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  
Another piece of teenage wildlife, another piece of teenage wild  
Wild  
Wild  
...

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