

# Sweet Thing

David Bowie

It's safe in the city to love in a doorway  
To wrangle some screams from the dawn  
And isn't it me, putting pain in a stranger?  
Like a portrait in flesh who trails on a leash Will you see that I'm scared and I'm lonely?  
So I'll break up my room and yawn  
And I run to the center of things  
Where the knowing one says "Boys, boys, it's a sweet thing  
Boys, boys, it's a sweet thing, sweet thing"  
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing  
'Cause hope boys is a cheap thing, cheap thing I'm glad that you're older than me  
Makes me feel important and free  
Does that make you smile, isn't that me?  
I'm in your way, and I'll steal every moment  
If this trade is a curse, then I'll bless you  
And turn to the crossroads of Hamburg, as in

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