

Neighborhood Threat

David Bowie

Down where your paint is cracking
Look down you backstair buddy
Somebody's living there and
He don't really feel the weather
And he don't share your pleasures
No he don't share your pleasures
Look at his eyes

Did you see his crazy eyes You're so surprised he don't run to catch your ash

Everybody always wants to kiss your trash Ah you can't help him

Nobody can

Now that he knows

There's nothing to get

Will you still place your bet

On the neighborhood threat Somewhere a baby's bleeding

Somewhere a mother's needing

Outside a boy is lying

But mostly he is crying

And he just shouts in anger

You'll find him interesting

Look at his eyes

Did you see his crazy eyes

You're so surprised he doesn't build for you

Everybody always wants to run with you Ah you can't help him

Nobody can

Now that he knows

There's nothing to get

Will you still place your bet

On the neighborhood threat You're so surprised he don't run to catch your ash

'Cause everybody always wants to kiss your trash Ah you can't help him

Nobody can

Now that he knows

There's nothing to get

Will you still place your bet

On the neighborhood threat

On the neighborhood threat (a night in your face)

Don't place your bets (a night in your place)

On the neighborhood threat (will you still place your bets)

Don't place your bets (when the neighbor comes)

On the neighborhood threat (neighborhood threat)

Don't place your bets
On the neighborhood threat

Songwriters

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