

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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