

Panic In Detroit (1999 Digital Remaster)

David Bowie

OohHe looked a lot like Che Guevara, drove a diesel van
Kept his gun in quiet seclusion, such a humble man
The only survivor of the National People's Gang
Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph
He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone
Panic in DetroitHe laughed at accidental sirens that broke the evening gloom
The police had warned of repercussions, they followed none too soon
A trickle of strangers were all that were left alive
Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph
He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone
Panic in Detroit
Putting on some clothes, I made my way to school
I found my teacher crouching in his overalls
I screamed and ran to smash my favorite slot machine
And jumped the silent cars that slept at traffic lights
Having scored a trillion dollars, made a run back home
Found him slumped across the table, a gun and me alone
I ran to the window, looked for a plane or two
Panic in Detroit, he'd left me an autograph
"Let me collect dust," I wish someone would phone
Panic in Detroit
Panic in Detroit
Panic in DetroitOw

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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