

Criminal World

David Bowie

You never told me of your other faces
You were the widow of a wild cat
And now I know about your special kisses
And I know you know where that is at I guess I recognize your destination
I think I see beneath your make-up
What you want is so separation
This is no ordinary, this is no ordinary What a criminal world
The boys are like baby-faced girls
What a criminal girl
She'll show you where to shoot your gun What a typical mother's son
The only thing that she enjoys
Is a criminal world
Where the girls are like baby-faced boys You've got a very heavy reputation
But no one knows about your low life
I know a way to find a situation
And hold a candle to your high life disguise You caught me kneeling at your sister's door
That was no ordinary stick-up
I'm well aware just what you're looking for
I am no ordinary, I am no ordinary What a criminal world
The boys are like baby-faced boys
What a criminal girl
She'll show you where to shoot your gun What a typical mother's son
The only thing that she enjoys
Is a criminal world
Where the girls are like baby-faced boys Baby-faced boys
Baby face
What a criminal world
What a criminal, criminal What a criminal world
What a criminal

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