

Candidate (Intimacy mix)

David Bowie

I'll make you a deal like any other candidate.
We'll pretend were walking home cause your future's at stake
My set is amazing, it even smells like the street
There is a bar at the end where I could meet you and your friend.
Someone scrawled on the wall "I smell the blood of les tricoteuses"
Who wrote up scandals in other bars I am having so much fun with the poisonous people
Spreading rumors and lies and stories they made up
Some make you sing and some make you scream
One makes you wish that you never been seen
But there's a shop on the corner selling papier mache
Making bullet-proof faces Charles Manson, Cassius Clay
If you want it, boys get it here thing.
So you scream out of line
"I want you! I need you! Anyone out there? Anytime?
Tres butch little number whines "Hey girlie, I want you
When it's good it's really good and when it's bad I go to pieces"
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing
Well, on the street where you live I could not hold up my head
For I put all I have in another bed
On another floor, in the back of a car
In the cellar of a church with the door ajar.
Well, I guess we must be looking for a different kind
But we can't stop trying til we break up our minds
'Til the sun drips blood on the seedy young knights
Who press you on the ground while shaking in fright
I guess we could cruise down one more time
With you by my side, it should be fine
We'll buy some drugs and watch a band
Then jump in the river holding hands

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

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