

Janine (BBC Radio Session D.L.T. Show)

David Bowie

My love, Janine
I'm helpless for your smile like a Polish wanderer
I travel ever onwards to your land
And were it not just for the jewels, I'd close your hand Your strange demand
To collocate my mind scares me into gloom
You're too intense I keep my veil across my face
I've no defense I've got to keep you in your place Janine, Janine, you'd like to know me well
But I've got things inside my head that even I can't face
Janine, Janine, you'd like to crash my walls
But if you take an ax to me
You'll kill another man, not me at all You're fey, Janine a tripper to the last
But if I catch you standing on my toes
I'll have the right to shout you down
For you're a lazy stream in which my thoughts would drown So stay, Janine and we can glide along
I've caught your wings for laughs
I'm not obliged to read you statements of the year
So take your glasses off and don't act so sincere Janine, Janine, you'd like to know me well
I've got things inside my head that even I can't face
Janine, Janine, you'd like to crash my walls
If you take an ax to me
You'll kill another man not me at all Oh yeah, see the bricks fall

Songwriters

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