

# Candidate

David Bowie

I'll make you a deal  
Like any other candidate  
We'll pretend we're walking home  
'Cause your future's at stake  
My set is amazing  
It even smells like a street  
There's a bar at the end  
Where I can 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'm 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'd never been seen  
But there's a shop on the corner  
That's selling papier mache  
Making bullet-proof faces  
Charlie 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? Any time?"  
Trés butch little number whines  
"Hey dirty, 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 like a church with the door ajar  
Well I guess we've must be looking for a different kind  
But we can't stop trying till we break up our minds  
Till 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 a river holding hands