

## Alternative Candidate

David Bowie

Inside every teenage girl there's a fountain  
Inside every young pair of pants there's a mountain  
Inside every mother's eyes is Tommy Tinkrem's bed  
Inside every candidate waits a grateful dead

I make it a thing, when I'm on my own to relieve myself  
I make it a thing, when I gazelle on stage to believe in myself  
I make it a thing, to glance in window panes and look pleased with myself  
Yeah, and pretend I'm walking home

I took it so bad, I sat in the correction room  
Took me a fag, and a kick in the moon  
Well, I ain't gonna suck no radar wing  
Because inside this tin is tin  
Would you like to techno-plate 'cause I'm your candidate, oh yeah

It's a matter of life  
And the way you walk, you've got a BrylCream queen  
It's a matter of tact  
In the things you talk, that keeps his passport clean  
A matter of fact  
That a cock ain't a cock on a twelve inch screen  
So I'll pretend I'm walking home

You don't have to scream a lot to keep an age in tune  
You don't have to scream a lot to predict monsoons  
You don't have to paint my contact black  
Now I've hustled a pair of jeans  
Do I have to give your money back when I'm the Fuhrerling?

I'll make you a deal  
I'll say I came from Earth and my tongue is taped  
I'll make you a deal  
You can get your kicks on the candidate  
I'll make you a deal  
For your future's sake, I'm the candidate  
Let's pretend we're walking home

Uh-huh, uh  
I'm the candidate  
Make way for the candidate  
Vote now for the candidate