

David Bowie

"Candidate Demo"

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Inside every teenage girl is a fountain
Inside every young pair of pants there's a mountain
Inside every mothers eyes is Tommy Tinkers bed
Inside every candidate waits a grateful dead
I make it a thing,
when I'm all alone 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 feel pleased with
myself
Yeah, and pretend I'm walking home
Took it so bad, I sat in a correction room
Took me a bath, and a kick in the moon
Well, I ain't gonna suck no radar wing,
because this tin is tin
Would you like techno-plate,
'cause I'm your candidate
It's a matter of life,
and the way you walk, you got a Brill Cream queen
It's a matter of tact,
and the things you talk, it keeps his passport clean
A matter of fact,
that cocking a cock on a twelve inch screen
So I'll pretend I'm walking home
Don't have to scream a lot
to keep an age in tune
Don't have to scream a lot
to predict monsoons
You don't have to paint my contract black
Now I've hustled a pair of jeans
Do I have to give your money back,
when I'm the fuehrer Allene?
I'll make you a deal,
I say I came from from Earth and my tongue is tape
I'll make you a deal,
you can set your kicks on the candidate
I'll make you a deal,
for your futures sake, I'm the candidate
Lets pretend we're walking home
uh-huh, uh-huh

I'm the candidate
I'm the candidate
Vote now for the candidate

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