

David Bowie "Candidate"

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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 rumours 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?"

Tres 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 '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

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