

David Bowie

"Canidate"

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Candidate

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 walls "I smell the blood of les
tricoteuses"
Grown up scandals, and other bars
We're 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
maché
Making bullet-proof faces: Charles Manson, Cassius
Clay
If you want it, boys, get it here then
So you scream out of line
'I want you! I need you! Anyone out there? Any time?'
Travis butch little number say 'when you're 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, then
On the street where you live I could not hold up my
head,
for I put all I had in another bed
On another floor, in the back of a car
In a cellar like a church with the door ajar
Well, I guess we 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 can cruise down one more time,
with you by my side, it should be fine
We'll buy some drugs and watch a band
We'll jump in the river holding hands

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