

David Bowie

"Neighbourhood Threat"

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(Musica Bowie/Gardner - Lyrics Pop)

Down where your paint is cracking
Look down your backstairs buddy
Somebody's living there and
He don't really feel the weather
And he don't share your pleasures
No he don't share your pleasures
Look at his eyes
Did you see his crazy eyes
You're so surprised he don't run to catch your ash
Everybody always wants to kiss your trash

You can't help him
Nobody can
Now that he knows
There's nothing to get
Will you still place your bet
On the neighbourhood threat

Somewhere a baby's bleeding
Somewhere a mother's needing
Outside a boy is lying
But mostly he is crying
And he just shouts in anger
You'll find him interesting
Look at his eyes
Did you see his crazy eyes
You're so surprised he doesn't build for you
Everybody always wants to run with you

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