

David Bowie "Shopping For Girls"

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(Bowie/Gabrels)

Between the dead ring ash
of extreme defence
The lonely groups of company boys
Snapping pictures of scrawny limbs
and toothy grins
These are children riding naked
on their tourist pals

While the hollows that pass for eyes
swell from withdrawal
And he lies on a mattress
in a rat infested room

Talking 'bout his family
and the cold back home

CHORUS

Between the dull cold eyes
and the mind unstable
None over here reads the papers
pal
'tween the dull cold eyes
and the mind unstable
He's a clean trick
and he's shopping for girls

A small black someone jumps over the crazy white
guard

Cranking up the volume
of a Michael Jackson song

CHORUS

Where the frangipani scents the air
She mouths a word
that breaks his stare

He grunts his reply
in a garrulous croak
"That's a mighty big word

for a nine year old"

CHORUS

Shopping for girls, shopping for girls

You gaze down into her eyes for a million miles
You wanna give her a name and a clean rag doll

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