

David Bowie

"Sweet Thing/Candidate/Sweet Thing"

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It's safe in the city to love in a doorway
Wrangle some screams from the dawn
And isn't it me, putting pain in a stranger?
Like a portrait in flesh, trails on a leash
Will you see that I'm scared and I'm lonely?
So I'll break up my room, and yawn and I'll
Run to the center of things
Where the knowing one says:

Boys, boys, its a sweet thing
Boys, boys, its a sweet thing, sweet thing
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing
'Cause hope, boys, is a cheap thing, cheap thing"

I'm glad that you're older than me
Makes me feel important and free
Does that make you smile, isn't that me?
I'm in your way, and I'll steal every moment
If this trade is a curse, then I'll bless you
And turn to crossroads and hamburgers

Boys, boys, its a sweet thing
Boys, boys, its a sweet thing, sweet thing
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing
'Cause hope, boys, is a cheap thing, cheap thing"

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 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

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 of 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 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

[Part Three: Sweet Thing (Reprise)]

"If you want it, boys, get it here, thing
'Cause hope, boys, is a cheap thing, cheap thing"

Is it nice in your snow storm, freezing your brain?
Do you think that your face looks the same?
Then let it be, it's all I ever wanted
It's a street with a deal, and a taste
It's got claws, it's got me, it's got you ...

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