

Spacehead "Crack City"

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(Live at Coney Island High, NYC; David Bowie)

Oh come all you children
Don't grab that scabby hand
It belongs to Mr. Sniff and Tell
It belongs to the candyman

Don't whore your little bodies
To the worms of paradise
Like Everest it's fatal
Its peaks are cold as ice

They're riding on the subways
They're riding on the streets
They'll ride you down to the gutters
They'll ride you off your feet

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

Piss on the icon monsters
Whose guitars bequeath you pain
They'll face you down to their level
With their addictions and their fast lanes

Corrupt with shaky visions
And crack and coke and alcohol
They're just a bunch of assholes
With buttoholes for their brains
You can't keep on riding
The pain you know too well
They'll ride you down to the gutter
They'll ride you down to hell

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

And you the master dealer
May death be on your brow
May razors slash your mainline
I'm calling you out right now

May all your vilest nightmares
Consume your shrunken head
May the ho-ho-hoounds of paranoia
Dance upon your stinking bed

Don't look at me you fuckhead
This nation's turning blue
Its stink it fouls the highways
Its filth it sticks like glue

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

They'll bury you in velvet
And we'll place you underground
With the hatred of yourself
And the sufferings that conspire

To take your little body And throw it to the fools
Only your mind can take you out of this
Only your mind can prove

I'm riding on the subway
The subway down to hell
I'll see you on my journey
See you bid me well

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

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