

Bowie David

"Panic in Detroit"

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He looked a lot like Che Guevara
Drove a diesel van
Kept his gun in quiet seclusion.
Such a humble man
The only survivor
Of the national people's gang.
Panic in Detroit. I asked for an autograph
He wanted to stay home. I wish someone would phone
Panic in Detroit.
He laughed at accidental sirens
That broke the evening gloom
The police had warned of repercussions
They followed none too soon
A trickle of strangers
Were all that were left alive
Panic in Detroit. I asked for an autograph
He wanted to stay home. I wish someone would phone
Panic in Detroit
Putting on some clothes I made my way to school
An' found my teacher crouching in his overalls
I screamed and ran to smash my favourite slot
machine
An' jumped the silent cars that slept at traffic lights.
Having scored a trillion dollars,
Made a run back home.
Found him slumped across the table.
A fun and me alone.
I ran to the window.
Looked for a plane or two.
Panic in Detroit. He'd left me an autograph
"Let me collect dust". I wish someone would phone
Panic in Detroit

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