

Candidate

David Bowie

INTRO: Dm Am G x5

I ll make you a deal, like any other candidate
G
We ll pretend we re walking home cause your future s at stake
Dm Am
My set is amazing, it even smells like a street
G
There s a bar at the end where I can meet you and your friend
Dm Am
Someone scrawled on the wall I smell the blood of les tricoteuses
G
Who wrote up scandals in other bars
Dm Am
I m having so much fun with the poisonous people
G
Spreading rumours and lies and stories they made up
Dm Am
Some make you sing and some make you scream
G
One makes you wish that you d never been seen
Dm Am
But there s a shop on the corner that s selling papier mache
G
Making bullet-proof faces, Charlie Manson, Cassius Clay
Dm Am G
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing
Dm
So you scream out of line
Am G
I want you, I need you, Anyone out there, Any time
Dm Am
Tres butch little number whines hey dirty, I want you
G
When it s good, it s really good, and when it s bad I go to pieces
Dm Am G
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing
Dm Am
Well, on the street where you live I could not hold up my head
G
For I put all I have in another bed
Dm Am
On another floor, in the back of a car
G
In the cellar of a church with the door ajar

Dm

Am

Well, I guess we must be looking for a different kind

G

But we can't stop trying til we break up our minds

Dm

Am

Til the sun drips blood on the seedy young knights

G

Who press you on the ground while shaking in fright

Dm

Am

I guess we could cruise down one more time

G

With you by my side, it should be fine

Dm

Am

We'll buy some drugs and watch a band

G

Then jump in the river holding hands