

David Bowie, Diamond Dogs

As they pulled you out of the oxygen tent
You asked for the latest party

With your silicone hump and your ten inch stump
Dressed like a priest you was
Todd Browning's freak you was

Crawling down the alley on your hands and knee
I'm sure you're not protected, for it's plain to see
The Diamond Dogs are poachers and they hide behind trees
Hunt you to the ground they will,
mannequins with kill appeal

[CHORUS]

(Will they come?) I'll keep a friend serene
(Will they come?) Oh baby, come unto me
(Will they come?)
Well, she's come, been and gone.

Come out of the garden, baby
You'll catch your death in the fog
Young girl, they call them the Diamond Dogs

The Halloween Jack is a real cool cat
And he lives on top of Manhattan Chase

The elevator's broke, so he slides down a rope
Onto the street below, oh Tarzie, go man go

Meet his little hussy with his ghost town approach
Her face is sans feature, but she wears a Dali brooch
Sweetly reminiscent, something mother used to bake

Wrecked up and paralyzed, Diamond Dogs are sableized

[CHORUS]

In the year of the scavenger, the season of the bitch
Sashay on the boardwalk, scurry to the Ditch
Just another future song, lonely little kitsch
(There's gonna be sorrow) try and wake up tomorrow

[CHORUS]

Ooh, call them the Diamond Dogs [x2]
Bow-wow, woof woof, bow-wow, wow
Call them the Diamond Dogs [ad lib]

Keep cool - Diamond Dogs rule, OK
Beware of the Diamond Dogs [repeat]