

David Bowie, Janine

Oh my love, Janine
I'm helpless for your smile
Like a Polish wanderer
I travel ever onwards to your land
And were it not just for the jewels, I'd close your hand

Your strange demand
To 'collocate' my mind
Scares me into gloom
You're too intense
I'll have to keep you in your place
I've no defence
I've got to keep my veil on my face

Janine, Janine, you'd like to know me well
But I've got things inside my head
That even I can't face

Janine, Janine, you'd like to crash
my walls
But if you take an axe to me
You'll kill another man
Not me at all

You're fey, Janine
A tripper to the last
But if I catch you standing on my toes
I'll have a right to shout you down
For you're a lazy stream
In which my thoughts would drown

So stay, Janine
And we can glide along
I've caught your wings for laughs
I'm not obliged to read you statements of the year
So take your glasses off
And don't act so sincere

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