

David Bowie, She Shook Me Cold

We met upon a hill, the night was cool and still
She sucked my dormant will
Mother, she blew my brain, I will go back again
My God, she shook me cold

I had no time to spare, I grabbed her golden hair
And threw her to the ground
Father, she craved my head, Oh Lord, the things she said
My God, she should be told

I was very smart, broke the gentle hearts
Of many young virgins

I was quick on the ball, left them so lonely
They'd just give up trying

Then she took my head, smashed it up
Kept my young blood rising
Crushed me mercilessly, kept me going around

So she didn't know I crave her so-o-o

I'll give my love in vain, to reach that peak again
We met upon a hill
Mother, she blew my brain, I will go back again
My God, she shook me cold