

# David Bowie, Teenage Wildlife

Well, how come you only want tomorrow  
With its promise  
of something hard to do  
A real life adventure  
worth more than pieces of gold  
Blue skies above  
and sun on your arms  
strength in your stride  
And hope in those squeaky clean eyes  
You'll get chilly receptions  
everywhere you go  
Blinded with desire  
- guess the season is on

So you train by shadow boxing,  
search for the truth  
But it's all, but it's all used up  
Break open  
your million dollar weapon  
And you push , still you push,  
still you push your luck

A broken nosed mogul are you  
One of the new wave boys9

Same old thing in brand new drag  
Comes sweeping into view, oh-oooh  
As ugly as a teenage millionaire  
Pretending  
it's a whizz kid world  
You'll take me aside, and say  
"Well, David, what shall I do?  
They wait for me in the hallway"  
I'll say "Don't ask me, I don't know any hallways"  
But they move in numbers and they've got me in a corner  
I feel like a group of one, no-no  
They can't do this to me  
I'm not some piece  
of teenage wildlife

Those midwives to history put on their bloody robes

The word is that the hunted one is out there on his own  
You're alone for maybe the last time  
And you breathe for a long time  
Then you howl like a wolf in a trap  
And you daren't look behind

You fall to the ground  
like a leaf from the tree  
And look up one time  
at that vast blue sky  
Scream out aloud as they shoot you down  
No no, I'm not a piece  
of teenage wildlife  
I'm not a piece  
of teenage wildlife

And no one will have seen  
and no one will confess  
The fingerprints will prove  
that you couldn't pass the test  
There'll be others  
on the line filing past,

who'll whisper low  
I miss you he really had to go  
Well each to his own, he was  
Another piece of teenage wildlife, oh-oh-oh-ohh  
Another piece of teenage wildlife, oh-oh-oh-ohh  
Another piece of teenage wild...  
Wild  
Wild  
Wild