

# Tin Machine, Shopping For Girls

(David Bowie/Reeves Gabrels/Hunt Sales/Tony Sales)

The last days were the meanest

Leanest days of our lives

You threw me the pieces

I started the fire

One thing led to a dead end

One shot put her away hey-hey

Look out on a green world

Windows and wives

No bedroom to run to

No miracle jive-no conversation

Then nothing meant nothing

Ten dollars tore us apart

One thing led to a dead end

One shot put her away

Hot love is the dearest

No money can buy

She burnt like a spitfire

One shot put her away

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