

# David Bowie, Criminal World

You never told me of your other faces  
You were the widow of a wild cat  
And now I know about your special kisses  
And I know you know where that's at  
I guess I recognize your destination  
I think I see beneath your make-up  
What you want is sort of separation  
This is no ordinary  
This is no ordinary  
(ah, ah, ah)  
What a criminal world  
The boys are like baby-faced girls  
What a criminal girl  
She'll show you where to shoot your gun  
What a typical mother's son  
The only thing that she enjoys  
Is a criminal world  
Where the girls are like baby-faced boys

You've got a very heavy reputation  
But no one knows about your low-life  
I know a way  
to find a situation  
And hold a candle  
to your high life disguise  
You caught me kneeling  
at your sister's door  
That was no ordinary stick-up  
I'm well aware just  
what you're looking for  
I am no ordinary  
I am no ordinary  
(ah, ah, ah)  
What a criminal world  
The boys are like baby-faced girls  
What a criminal girl  
She'll show you where to shoot your gun  
What a typical mother's son  
The only thing that she enjoys  
Is a criminal world  
Where the girls are like baby-faced boys