

David Bowie, Sweet Thing

It's safe in the city, to love in a doorway
To wrangle some screens from the door
And isn't it me, putting pain in a stranger?

Like a portrait in flesh, who trails on a leash
Will you see that I'm scared and I'm lonely?
So I'll break up my room, and yawn and I
Run to the centre of things
Where the knowing one says

[CHORUS]

Boys, boys, its a sweet thing
Boys, boys, its a sweet thing, sweet thing
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing
'Cause hope, boys, is a cheap thing, cheap
thing

I'm glad that you're older than me
Makes me feel important and free
Does that make you smile, isn't that me?
I'm in your way, and I'll steal every moment

If his trade is a curse, then I'll bless you
And turn to the crossroads, and hamburgers, and...

[CHORUS]