

David Bowie - Candidate

Tom: Gb

m
Intro: Bm E A

Inside every teenage girl there's a fountain
Inside every young pair of pants there's a mountain
Inside every mother's eyes is Tommy Tinkrem's bed
Inside every candidate waits a grateful dead

[Refrão]

I make it a thing, when I'm on my own to relieve myself
I make it a thing, when I gazelle on stage to believe in myself
I make it a thing, to glance in window panes and look pleased with myself
Yeah, and pretend I'm walking home

(Bm E A)

I took it so bad, I sat in the correction room
Took me a fag, and a kick in the moon
Well, I ain't gonna suck no radar wing
Because inside this tin is tin
Would you like to techno-plate 'cause I'm your candidate, oh yeah

[Refrão]

It's a matter of life
And the way you walk, you've got a BrylCream queen
It's a matter of tact
In the things you talk, that keeps his passport clean

A matter of fact
That a cock ain't a cock on a twelve inch screen
So I'll pretend I'm walking home
(Bm E A)
You don't have to scream a lot to keep an age in tune
You don't have to scream a lot to predict monsoons
You don't have to paint my contact black
Now I've hustled a pair of jeans
Do I have to give your money back when I'm the Fuhrerling?

[Refrão]

I'll make you a deal
I'll say I came from Earth and my tongue is taped
I'll make you a deal
You can get your kicks on the candidate
I'll make you a deal
For your future's sake, I'm the candidate
Lets pretend we're walking home

[Final]

Uh-huh, uh-huh
I'm the candidate
Make way for the candidate
Vote now for the candidate
(Bm E A)

Acordes

