

David Bowie - Candidate

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Tom: Gb
                                                              A matter of fact
                                                                     Gb
Intro: Bm E A
                                                               That a cock ain't a cock on a twelve inch screen
                                                                                    E
                                                               So I'll pretend I'm walking home
Inside every teenage girl there's a fountain
                                                               (Bm E A)
Inside every young pair of pants there's a mountain
Inside every mother's eyes is Tommy Tinkrem's bed
                                                               You don't have to scream a lot to keep an age in tune
             Ε
                                       Gbm
                       Α
Inside every candidate waits a grateful dead
                                                               You don't have to scream a lot to predict monsoons
[Refrão]
                                                               You don't have to paint my contact black
                                                                                     Gbm
                      Gb
                                                              Now I've hustled a pair of jeans
I make it a thing, when I'm on my own to relieve myself
                                                               Bm
                      Gb
I make it a thing, when I gazelle on stage to believe in
                                                              Do I have to give your money back when I'm the Fuhrerling?
myself
                      Gb
                                                               [Refrão]
Bm
I make it a thing, to glance in window panes and look pleased
                                                               I'll make you a deal
Yeah, and pretend I'm walking home
                                                                     Gb
                                                               I'll say I came from Earth and my tongue is taped
(Bm E A)
                                                               I'll make you a deal
                                                               You can get your kicks on the candidate
I took it so bad, I sat in the correction room
Took me a fag, and a kick in the moon
                                                               I'll make you a deal
Well, I ain't gonna suck no radar wing
                                                               For your future's sake, I'm the candidate
                                                                               E
Because inside this tin is tin
                                                               Lets pretend we're walking home
                                                               [Final]
Would you like to techno-plate 'cause I'm your candidate, oh
yeah
                                                              Uh-huh, uhhh
[Refrão]
                                                              I'm the candidate
It's a matter of life
                                                                            Bm
                                                              Make way for the candidate
      Gb
And the way you walk, you've got a BrylCream queen
                                                                            Bm
                                                              Vote now for the candidate
It's a matter of tact
In the things you talk, that keeps his passport clean
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Acordes

