

tin
machine



tin machine

1. Heaven's In Here (Bowie) (6:05)
2. Tin Machine (Bowie/Sales/Sales/Gabrels) (3:36)
3. Prisoner Of Love (Bowie/Sales/Sales/Gabrels) (4:50)
4. Crack City (Bowie) (4:36)
5. I Can't Read (Bowie/Gabrels) (4:53)
6. Under The God (Bowie) (4:06)
7. Amazing (Bowie/Gabrels) (3:04)
8. Working Class Hero (Lennon) (4:42)
9. Bus Stop (Bowie/Gabrels) (1:41)
10. Pretty Thing (Bowie) (4:38)
11. Video Crime (Bowie/Sales/Sales) (3:53)
12. Run (Bowie/Armstrong) (3:20)
13. Sacrifice Yourself (Bowie/Sales/Sales) (2:10)
14. Baby Can Dance (Bowie) (4:57)

Personnel:

David Bowie (vocals, guitar)

Reeves Gabrels (lead guitar)

Hunt Sales (drums, vocals)

Tony Sales (bass, vocals)

Kevin Armstrong (rhythm guitar, hammond b.3)

Produced by Tin Machine and Tim Palmer

Mixed by Tim Palmer and Tin Machine

Recorded at Mountain Studios, Switzerland &
Right Track Studios, New York City.

Digitally remastered at Abbey Road Studios



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1. Heaven's In Here

(David Bowie)

Baby I dream between the blade and the tongue
Of the rose on your cheek the wounded and dumb
We stumble and fall we stumble and fall
Skin on skin but there's heaven in...

CHORUS

Heaven's in here
Heaven's in here
Among the twilight and stars
Like a rocket to Mars
Heaven in here

The first and the last are telling it all
Telling you loud but selling it small
I'm taking a swing at this shadow of mine
Crucifix hangs an' my heart's in my mouth
But it's here

CHORUS

Heaven's in here
Among the twilight and stars
Rocket to Mars
Heaven's in here

Heaven in one sigh
Heaven in two eyes

Heaven lies between your marbled thighs
The rustle of your falling gown
We stumble and fall like tragedy falls
We stumble and twirl there's heaven in here
We stumble and fall uncertain we fall
Flesh on flesh but there's heaven in...
Heaven's in here

CHORUS

Heaven's in here
Among the twilight and stars
Like a rocket to Mars
Heaven in here

You'll dance to my tongue we'll dance
on the sun
We're the twilight and stars
There's heaven in here

2. Tin Machine

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

Tin machine
Tin machine

Take me anywhere
somewhere without alcohol
Or goons with muddy hair

Tin machine
Tin machine

Tin machine
Tin machine

The zombies that I pass
The guy that beats his baby up
The preachers and their past

Tin machine
Tin machine

Tin machine

Baby doll
Baby doll

Clarity and prayer
There's more than money moving here
There's mindless maggot glare
Working horrors-humping Tories
Spittle on their chins
Carving up my children's future
Read 'em pal and grin

Raging raging raging
Burning in my room
C'mon and get a good idea
C'mon and get it soon
I'm waiting on the fire escape
I'm not exactly well
I'm neither red nor black nor white
I'm grey and blown to hell

Tin machine
Tin machine

Make some new computer thing
That puts me on the moon
Not this psycho-time-bomb planet
Poised to meet its maker
Shake a leg

Tin machine
Tin machine

One sick deathless duty to remain endangered species
They reach right out to touch someone
Then wash their crusty hands

Tin machine
Tin machine
Baby doll
Baby doll

Blue suede tuneless wonders
Mass confusion-faithless blues
Night that spews out watchmen
Mopping up another fortune
Fractured words and branca-sonic
Anger trapped behind locked doors
And right between the eyes

3. Prisoner Of Love

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

Don't look back
Whatever it takes to save your life
I've believed I belonged to you for a long time
And my heart says no, no one but you
Like a rescue on a darkened street
Love walked into town
I was a victim of my own self-persecution
I'm a prisoner of love-but I'm coming up for air

CHORUS

Now don't be fooled by fools who promise you
The world and all that glitters more fool you

I'm such a hungry man that I beg you over and over and
over and over
And I might take any highway to be there
with you
Even the best men shiver in their beds
I'm loving you above everything I have

I'm a prisoner of love-just stay square

Like a sermon on a blues guitar
Love walked into town
I was drowning so slowly
One step in front of your shadow
I'm a prisoner of love but I'm coming up for air
CHORUS

Now don't be fooled by fools who promise you
The world and all that glitters more fool you

I smell the sickness sown in this city
It drives me to hide you, yea, even deceive you
I'm so afraid for you that
I'll break any thug that maps out your passage to ruin
Even the best men shiver in their beds
I'm loving you above everything I have
I'm a prisoner of love-just stay square

4. Crack City

(David Bowie)

Oh come all you children
Don't grab that scabby hand
It belongs to Mr. Sniff and Tell
It belongs to the candyman

Don't whore your little bodies
To the worms of paradise
Like Everest it's fatal
Its peaks are cold as ice
They're riding on the subways
They're riding on the streets
They'll ride you down to the gutters
They'll ride you off your feet

CHORUS

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

Piss on the icon monsters
Whose guitars bequeath you pain
They'll face you down to their level
With their addictions and their fast lanes

Corrupt with shaky visions
And crack and coke and alcohol
They're just a bunch of a-----



With buttoles for their brains

You can't keep on riding
The pain you know so well
They'll ride you down to the gutter
They'll ride you down to hell

CHORUS

Gonna hit Crack City
Hit Crack City

And you the master dealer
May death be on your brow
May razors slash your mainline
I'm calling you out right now

May all your vilest nightmares
Consume your shrunken head
May the ho-ho-hounds of paranoia
Dance upon your stinking bed

Don't look at me you f-----
This nation's turning blue
Its stink it fouls the highways
Its filth it sticks like glue

CHORUS

Hit Crack City

They'll bury you in velvet
And place you underground
The hatred of yourself
And the sufferings that conspire
To take your little body and throw it to
the fools
And the hounds that rip your flesh
Only your mind can take you out of this
Only your mind or death

I'm riding on the subway
The subway down to hell
I've finished with this journey
I seem to know it well

CHORUS

Hit Crack City

5. I Can't Read

(David Bowie/Reeves Gabrels)

I can't read and I can't write down
I don't know a book from countdown
I don't care which shadow gets me
All I've got is someone's face

Money goes to money heaven
Bodies go to body hell
I just cough, catch the chase
Switch the channel watch the police car

I can't read s--- anymore
I just sit back and ignore
I just can't get it right, can't get it right
I can't read s--- I can't read s---

When you see a famous smile
No matter where you run your mile
To be right in that photograph
Andy where's my fifteen minutes

I can't read s--- anymore
I just sit back and ignore
I just can't get it right, can't get it right
I can't read s--- I can't read s---

6. Under The God

(David Bowie)

Skin dance back-a-the condo
Skin heads getting to school
Beating on Blacks with a baseball bat
Racism back in rule

White trash picking up Nazi flags
While you was gone, there was war
This is the West, get used to it
They put a swastika over the door

Under the God
Under the God
One step over the red line
Under the God
Under the God
Ten steps into the crazy

Washington heads in the toilet bowl
Don't see supremacist hate
Right wing dicks in their boiler suits
Picking out who to annihilate
Toxic jungle of Uzi trails
Tribesmen just wouldn't live here
Fascist flare is fashion cool
Well, you're dead - you just ain't buried (yet)

Under the God
Under the God
One step over the red line
Under the God
Under the God
Ten steps into the crazy

As the walls came tumbling down
So, the secrets that we shared
I believed you by the palace gates
Now the savage days are here

Under the gods
Crazy eyed man with a shot gun
Hot headed creep with a knife
Love and peace and harmony
Love you could cut with a life

Under the God
Under the God
One step over the red line
Under the God
Under the God
Ten steps into the crazy

7. Amazing

(David Bowie/Reeves Gabrels)

I'm lazy
You're crazy, girl
Stay by my side

I'm scared you'll
Meet someone
In whom you'll confide

Life's still a dream
Your love's amazing
Since I found you

My life's amazing

I pledge you
You'll never be blue
There's too much at stake to be down

My nightmare
Rooted here watching you go
Divine in both, our lives

Life's still a dream
Your love's amazing
Since I found you

My life's a roll
Go go go
And it's amazing

8. Working Class Hero

(John Lennon)

As soon as you're born they make you feel small
By giving you no time instead of it all
Till the pain is so big you feel nothing at all
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

They hurt you at home and they hit you at school
They hate you if you're clever and they despise a fool
Till you're so f----- crazy you can't follow their rules
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

When they've tortured and scared you for 20 odd years
Then they expect you to pick a career
When you can't really function you're so full of fear
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be
Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV
And you think you're so clever and classless and free
But you're still f----- peasants as far as I can see
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

There's room at the top they are telling you still
But first you must learn how to smile as you kill
If you want to be like the folks on the hill

A working class hero is something to be
If you want to be a hero well just follow me
If you want to be a hero well just follow me

9. Bus Stop

(David Bowie/Reeves Gabrels)

There's a cry that is heard in the city
From Vivian at Pentecost Lane
A shriekin' and dancing till 4 a.m.
Another night of muscles and pain
I love you despite your convictions
That God never laughs at my jokes

CHORUS

I'm a young man at odds with the Bible
But I don't pretend faith never works
When we're down on our knees
Prayin' at the bus stop

Now Jesus he came in a vision
And offered you redemption from sin
I'm not sayin' that I don't believe you
But are you sure that it really was him
I've been told that it couldn't've been blue cheese
Or the meal that we ate down the road
Hallelujah

CHORUS

I'm a young man at oods with the Bible
But I don't pretend faith never works
When we're down on our knees
Prayin' at the bus stop

10. Pretty Thing

(David Bowie)

Think about the good things
Think about the bad things
Think about a reason to see you tonight
Something getting hard when you rock it up
Something getting hot when you rock it up
Pretty little girl let your sweet thing sway
Never gonna treat you wrong
Tie you down pretend you're Madonna
Never gonna treat you wrong





Oh you pretty thing
Shake your pretty thing
Gimmee that pretty thing

Think about the love thing
Think about the sex thing
Think about you holding me, taking me
down
Something getting hard when you rock it up
Something getting hot when you rock it up
Pretty little girl let your sweet thing sway
Never gonna do you wrong
Strip you down and take you to pieces
Always gonna love this song

Oh you pretty thing
Feel that pretty thing
Suck that pretty thing

11. Video Crime

(David Bowie/Tony Sales/Hunt Sales)

Ain't got room for charity
(this skeleton's mine)
Me, I'm crawling with no cash
(chop it up)
Me, I'm looking for hot flesh
(chop it up)

Blood on video-video crime
Video crime
Needles and pins and video crime
Video crime
I've got dollars-I've got sense
Wonder where the Third World went

Ain't got time for honeymoon
(chop it up)
Trash Time Bundy, Death Row Chic
(chop it up)
Haunt this street from half past ten
(chop it up)

Blood on video-video crime
Video crime
Needles and pins and video crime
Video crime

Late pretty things
Just can't tear my eyes away

Ain't got room for charity (this skeleton's
mine)
Ain't got room for Hollywood (chop it up)
Me, I'm crawling with no cash (chop it up)
Blood on video-video crime
Video crime
Needles and pins and video crime
Video crime
I've got dollars I've got sense
Wonder where the Third World went

12. Run

(David Bowie/Kevin Armstrong)

Wish I were a sailor
Crossing an azure sea
Under leaden skies
Under your eyes

But I can't see too far
With these animal eyes
Can't hold my breath
Without your voice

An' I'm danger-prone
I'll be bound
I'll be fast as hell
Without your touch
An' I'll run run run run run
An' I'll run run run run run
Without your love

I'm a goldman
I'm in a soaring tower
And it's cold in here
Without your love

Trouble in here-trouble out there
Mainline problems til you no longer care
Get a long-low life-it's duty bound
No hope-no life-no you-ah ha

And I run run run
Run run run

Without your love

I duck the shots-tilt the world
I talk myself crazy-shoot the breeze
Shout to live-shoot to kill
Double up in pain-I'm on my knees

13. Sacrifice Yourself

(David Bowie/Tony Sales/Hunt Sales)

Some days he feels so empty
Just a talking head
Married to a Klingon
Who could cream him in the press

God could detonate him
God's the one we pick to curse us
And 35 years pass him
Like an evening at the circus

CHORUS
Don't sacrifice yourself
Sacrifice yourself
Surprise yourself
Don't sacrifice yourself

There it is, the look, the winner you
Once talked of being
Give her one last kiss and
Dive right out the window screaming
No truth decent,
It was summer from the waist down
She blew the troops right off your feet
She tells you she's God's grammy

CHORUS
Don't sacrifice yourself
Sacrifice yourself
Surprise yourself
Don't sacrifice yourself

Her, the only game in town, a queen of
competence
Blind in front of mirrors, proving nothings
says a lot
Wham bam thank you Charlie
Vanity is all

You wander lonely to the scene
A crawling up the walls

CHORUS
Don't sacrifice yourself
Sacrifice yourself
Surprise yourself
Don't sacrifice yourself

14. Baby Can Dance

(David Bowie)

I'm rolling out of the ferris wheel
No one looks and no one feels
But the baby can the baby can

The way it feels just feeling you
Holding out and falling out
But the baby can the baby can

CHORUS
I'm the jumping man
I'm the jumping man
But baby can float
Baby can drown
Baby can touch her toes
Toss her hair
Makes you feel you're going nowhere
Baby can dance
Baby can dance
Baby can walk around the town
Attract a man and cut him down

I'm the shadow man the jumping jack
The man who can and don't look back
But the baby can the baby can

I'm rolling out of the ferris wheel
No one looks and no one feels
But the baby can the baby can

CHORUS
I'm the jumping man
I'm the jumping man
But baby can float
Baby can drown
Baby can touch her toes

Toss her hair
Makes you feel you're going nowhere
Baby can dance
Baby can dance
Baby can walk around the town
Attract a man and cut him down

And the way it feels
I'm feeling you

Everyday is far away
Everyday, everyday
It's over now
It's over now

CHORUS
I'm the jumping man
I'm the jumping man
But baby can float
Baby can drown
Baby can touch her toes
Toss her hair
Makes you feel you're going nowhere
Baby can dance
Baby can dance
Baby can walk around the town
Attract a man and cut him down



prisoner of love

tin machine







The David Bowie Series

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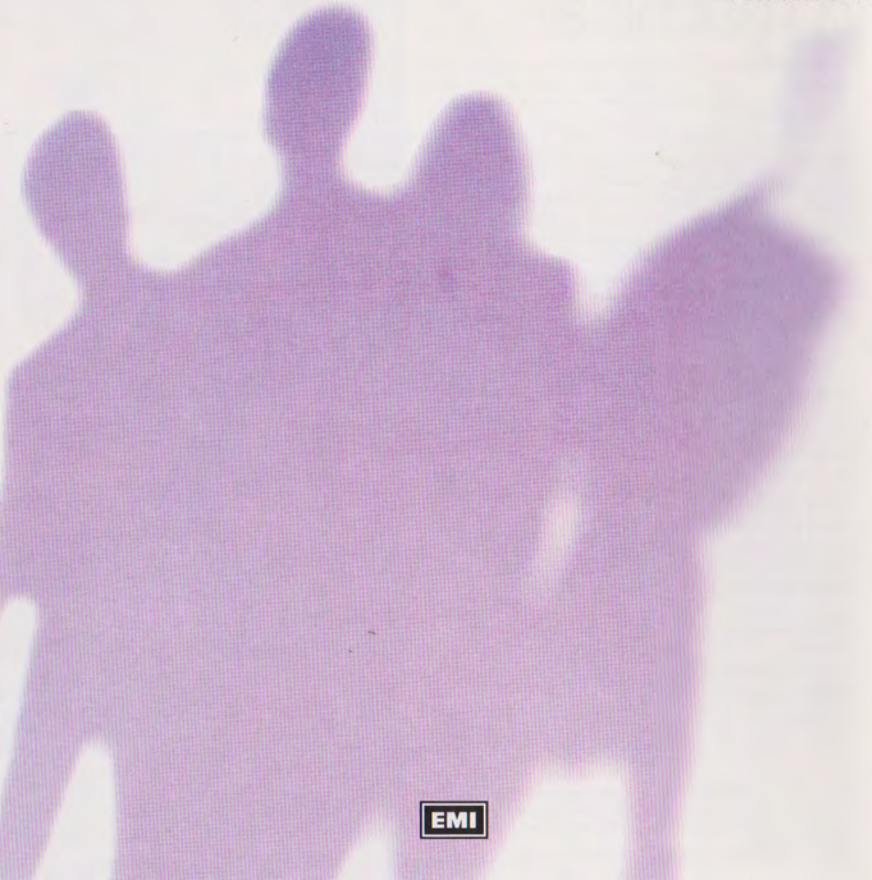
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