

David Bowie - London Boys

Tom: D

(A) bell strikes, another night

Your eyes are heavy and your limbs all ache

You've bought some coffee, butter and bread

You can't make a thing, 'cause the meter's dead

You've moved away

Told you're folks you're gonna stay away

Bright lights, Soho, Waldorff Street

You hope you make friends with the guys that you meet

Somebody shows you 'round.

Now you've met the London Boys

Things seem good again

Someone cares about you

Oh the first time that you try a pill

You feel a little queasy, decidedly ill

You're gonna be sick, but you mustn't lose face

To let yourself down would be a big disgrace

With the London Boys

With the London Boys

You're only seventeen, but you think you've grown

In the month you've been away from you're parent's home

You take the pills too much

You don't give a damn about the job you've got

So long as your with the London Boys

Ohh a London Boy, oo a London Boy

Your flashy clothes are your pride and joy

A London Boy, yes a London Boy

You're crying out loud that your a London Boy

You think you've had a lot of fun

But you ain't got nothing your on the run

It's too late now 'cause you're out there boy

You've got it made with the rest of the toys

Now you wish you'd never left your home

You've got what you wanted but you're on your own

With the London Boys

Now you've met the London Boys

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Acordes

