

# David Bowie - After All

Tom: G

Please trip them gently, they don't like to fall  
 Oh by jingo  
 There's no room for anger, we're all very small  
 Oh by jingo  
 We're painting our faces and dressing in thoughts from the  
 skies  
 From paradise  
 They think that we're holding a secretive ball  
 Won't someone invite them  
 They're just smaller children, that's all, after all  
 Man is an obstacle, sad as the clown  
 Oh by jingo  
 So hold on to nothing and he won't let you down  
 Oh by jingo  
 Some people are marching together and some on their own  
 Quite alone  
 Others are running, the smaller ones crawl

But some sit in silence, they're just older children  
 That's all, after all

Interlúdio

Gbm B Bm Gbm G 2X

I sing with impertinence, shading impermanent chords  
 With my words  
 I've borrowed your time and I'm sorry I called  
 But the thought just occurred that we're nobody's children  
 at all after all  
 Live till your rebirth and do what you will  
 Oh by jingo  
 Forget all I said, please bear me no ill  
 Oh by jingo  
 After all  
 After all  
 After all

## Acordes

