

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