

David Bowie - Little Bombadier

Tom: C

Bm Cm C D G

G Em C D G
 War made him a soldier, little Franky Mear
 G Em C D G
 Peace left him a loser, the little bombradier.
 Em C D G
 Lines of worry appeared with age, unskilled hands that knew no trade
 Bm Cm C D G (C
 Cm G)
 Spent his time in a picture(?) house, the little bombradier.

G Em C D G
 Franky drank his money, the little that he made
 G Em C D G
 Told his woes to no man, friendless lonely days.
 Em C D G
 Then one day in the ABC, four small eyes gazed longingly
 Bm Cm C D G
 At the ice cream in the hand of the little bombradier.

Dm A Dm A

Dm A
 Sunshine entered our Franky's days
 Dm A

Gone his sorrows his hopeless maze
 Bb D A
 His life was fun and his heart was full of joy
 Dm A
 Two young children had changed his his aims,
 Dm A
 He bought the toffees and played their games
 Bb D A
 He bought them presents with every coin he made.

G Em C D G G Em C D G Em C D G Bm Cm C D G

G Em C D G
 Then two gentlemen called on him, asked him for his name
 G Em C D G
 Why was he friends with the children, were they just a game
 Em C D
 G
 Leave them alone or we'll get sore, we've had blokes like you
 in this nation
 before
 Bm Cm C D G
 The hand of authority said "no more" to the little bombradier.
 Em C D G
 Packed his bags, his heart in pain, wiped a tear and caught a train
 Bm Cm C D G
 Not to be seen in this town again, the little bombradier.

Acordes

