

# 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  
 Now you've met the London Boys  
 Now you've met the London Boys

## Acordes