

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