

David Bowie - Wild-eyed Boy From Freecloud

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Tom: F
  D D D Bb
                           F7sus F7
                             D
Solemn faced the village settles down, undetected by the
                         Bhdim
And the hangman plays the mandolin before he goes to
Sleep, and the last thing on his mind
                    Bbdim
is the wild-eyed boy imprisoned 'neath the
                D D
                            D
covered wooden shaft,
                        folds the rope into it's bag.
                 Bbdim
Blows his pipe of smolders, blankets
             D D D
smoke into the room, and the day will end for some.
                     F
                                E7sus E7
As the night begins for one.
(Chords the same until they pick up again)
Staring through the message in his eyes lies a solitary son
from the mountain called the freecloud where the
eagle dare not fly, and the patience in his sigh
gives no indication for the
townsmen to decide, so the village dreadful groans
Pronouncing gross diversion as the
label for the dog. Ooo it's the madness in his eyes
As he breaks the night to cry
          D D D
                    D
                    really you and really me
                Bbdim
It's so hard for us to really
D D D
          D
                    Bh
        Really you, really me,
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You'll lose me though I'm always really
D D D D C C C C
free.
       C
                                       C7
And the mountain moved it's eyes to the world and realized
         Bb
                          Ab
          E7
Where the snow had saved a place for the wild-eyed boy from
free cloud
(Same chords)
And the village dreadful cried as the moat began to rise
For the smile stayed on the face of the wild-eyed boy from
freecloud.
And the women once proud clutched the heart of the crowd
as the boulders smashed down from the mountains hand.
And the magic in the stare of the wild-eyed boy said
                                     E7sus
"Stop Free Cloud, they won't think to cut me down, no, no,
But the cottages fell like a playing card hell
       Bb
and the tears on the face of the wise boy
came trembling down to the rumbling ground
       Bb
and the missionary mystic of peace/love
                D
                          D
Stumbled back to cry among the clouds
                A#sus
                                D
Kicking back the pebbles from the Free Cloud mountain's track.
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AЬ

Acordes

