

All The Young Dudes

David Bowie

(intro)

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D Dmaj7

Billy rapped all night about his suicide

Bm

Bm7

How he'd kick it in the head when he was twenty-five

F#m

A

Speed jive, don't wanna stay alive when I'm twenty-five

D

Dmaj7

And Wendy's stealing clothes from unlocked cars

Bm

Bm7

And Freddy's got scars from ripping the stars

F#m

A

From his face, funky little boat race

Em

Oh! the television man is crazy

F#

Bm

Saying we're all juvenile delinquent wrecks

G

D

A

Oh but man, I need TV now there's no T Rex

A7sus4

Brother you guessed... I'm a dude, yeah!

Refrão (2x)

D Dmaj7

Bm Bm7

All the Young Dudes

Carry the News

Am Am7

F

C

G C A D

Boogaloo Dudes

Carry the News

Now Mary looks sweet, cos he dresses like a queen

But he can kick like a mule; it's a real mean team

We can love, we can love

And my brother's back at home with his Beatles and his Stones

We never got it off on the revolution stuff

What a drag ? too many snags

Em

Well I drunk a lot of wine and I'm feeling fine

F#

Bm

Gotta race some cat to bed

G

D

A

Is this concrete all around or is it in my head?

A7sus4

Brother you've guessed, that I'm a dude yeah!

Refrão...