

Bewlay Bros
David Bowie

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
#-----#

From alt.guitar.tab Mon Nov 29 19:16:15 1993
grumpy.cc.utexas.edu

OK, I just figured this one out. Not too hard.
In the second and third verses, another guitar comes in and solos
over the chords.

The Bewlay Brothers - David Bowie
off the CD Hunky Dory

[intro] **D D Em A7** x2
 D
And so the story goes they wore the clothes
 D **Em** **A**
They said the things to make it seem improbable
 D **D** **Em A**
The whale of a lie like they hope it was
 D
And the Goodmen of Tomorrow
 D
Had their feet in the wallow
 Em
And their heads of Brawn, were nicer shorn
 A **D** **D**
And how they bought their positions with saccharin and trust.
 Em **A** **D D**
The world was asleep to our latent fuss.
Em
Sighing the swirl through the streets
 A
Like the crust of the sun
Em
The Bewlay Brothers
 A
in our Wings that Bark
 G
Flashing teeth of Brass
 F#
Standing tall in the dark
 Em
Oh, We were Gone-----

G

Hanging out with your Dwarf Men

Em

We were so turned on

G

By your lack of Conclusions

D D Em A7

I was Stone and he was Wax
So he could scream and still relax, unbelievable
And we frightened the small children away
And our talk was old and dust would flow
Thru our veins and Lo! it was midnight
Back o the kitchen door
Like the grim face on the Cathedral floor
And the solid book we wrote
Cannot be found today
It was stalking time for the Moonboys
The Bewlay Brothers
With our backs on the arch
In the Devil-may-be-here
But He can t sing above that
Oh, We were Gone
Real Cool Traders
We were so Turned On
You thought we were Fakers

D D Em A7

Now the dress is hung, the ticket pawned
the Factor Max that proved the fact
is melted down,
And woven on the edging of my pillow
Now my Brother lays upon the Rocks
He could be dead. He could be not,
He could be You.
He s Camelian, comedian Corinthian and Caricature
Shooting-up Pie-in-the-Sky
The Bewlay Brothers
In the feeble and the Bad
The Bewlay Brothers
In the Blessed and Cold
In the Crutch-hungry dark
Was where we flayed our Mark
Oh, We were Gone
Kings of Oblivion
We were so Turned On
In the Mind-Warp Pavilion

Bm

A

Lay me Place and bake me Pie

G

Em

I m starving for me Gravy

Bm **A**

Leave my shoes, and door unlocked

G **Em**

I might just slip away

F

Just for the Day, Hey! [Repeat last 2 lines into fade]

Bm

Please come Away, Hey!

Edwin Ostrin University of Texas at Austin

Hofstadter s Law : It always takes longer than you expect, even when
you take into account Hofstadter s Law.

-- Douglas Hofstadter, _Godel,_Escher,_Bach_

--

Edwin Ostrin University of Texas at Austin

Hofstadter s Law : It always takes longer than you expect, even when
you take into account Hofstadter s Law.

-- Douglas Hofstadter, _Godel,_Escher,_Bach_