

Little Bombadier
David Bowie

Bm Cm C D G

G Em C D G
War made him a soldier, little Franky Mear
G Em C D G
Peace left him a loser, the little bombradier.
Em C D G
Lines of worry appeared with age, unskilled hands that knew no trade
Bm Cm C D G (C Cm G)
Spent his time in a picture(?) house, the little bombradier.

G Em C D G
Franky drank his money, the little that he made
G Em C D G
Told his woes to no man, friendless lonely days.
Em C D G
Then one day in the ABC, four small eyes gazed longingly
Bm Cm C D G
At the ice cream in the hand of the little bombradier.

Dm A Dm A

Dm A
Sunshine entered our Franky s days
Dm A
Gone his sorrows his hopeless maze
Bb D A
His life was fun and his heart was full of joy
Dm A
Two young children had changed his his aims,
Dm A
He bought the toffees and played their games
Bb D A
He bought them presents with every coin he made.

G Em C D G G Em C D G Em C D G Bm Cm C D G

G Em C D G
Then two gentlemen called on him, asked him for his name
G Em C D G
Why was he friends with the children, were they just a game
Em C D G
Leave them alone or we ll get sore, we ve had blokes like you in this nation
before
Bm Cm C D G
The hand of authority said no more to the little bombradier.
Em C D G

Packed his bags, his heart in pain, wiped a tear and caught a train

Bm

Cm

C

D

G

Not to be seen in this town again, the little bombradier.