

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.