

London Boys
David Bowie

F **Dm**
(A) bell strikes, another night
Eb **Cm**
Your eyes are heavy and your limbs all ache
F **Dm**
You ve bought some coffee, butter and bread
Eb **Cm**
You can t make a thing, cause the meter s dead
F **Ab**
You ve moved away
F **Ab**
Told you re folks you re gonna stay away
Eb **Ab**
Bright lights, Soho, Waldorff Street
F **Eb**
You hope you make friends with the guys that you meet
Bbm **Ab**
Somebody shows you round.
Db **Ab**
Now you ve met the London Boys
Db
Things seem good again
B E Gb Fm F
Someone cares about you

F **Dm**
Oh the first time that you try a pill
Eb **Cm**
You feel a little queasy, decidedly ill
F **Dm**
You re gonna be sick, but you mustn t lose face
Eb **Cm**
To let yourself down would be a big disgrace
F **Ab**
With the London Boys
F **Ab**
With the London Boys
Eb **Ab**
You re only seventeen, but you think you ve grown
F **Eb**
In the month you ve been away from you re parent s home
Bbm **Ab**
You take the pills too much
Db **Ab**
You don t give a damn about the job you ve got
Db B E Gb Fm F
So long as your with the London Boys

F **Dm**
 Ohh a London Boy, oo a London Boy
Eb **Cm**
 Your flashy clothes are your pride and joy
G **Em**
 A London Boy, yes a London Boy
F **D**
 You re crying out loud that your a London Boy
A **Gbm**
 You think you ve had a lot of fun
G **Em**
 But you ain t got nothing your on the run
E **Dbm**
 It s too late now cause you re out there boy
Gb **A**
 You ve got it made with the rest of the toys
E **Dbm**
 Now you wish you d never left your home
Gb **A**
 You ve got what you wanted but you re on your own
Db **Gb** **B**
 With the London Boys
Ab **Db** **Gb** **B**
 Now you ve met the London Boys
Ab **Db** **Gb** **B**
 Now you ve met the London Boys
Ab **Db** **Gb** **B**
 Now you ve met the London Boys