

## The London Boys

David Bowie

Bow Bells strike another night  
Your eyes are heavy and your limbs all ache  
You've bought some coffee, butter and bread  
You can't make a thing cause the meat is dead  
You moved away  
Told your folks you're gonna stay away

Bright lights, Soho, Wardour street  
You hope you make friends with the guys that you meet  
Somebody shows you round  
Now you've met the London boys  
Things seem good again, someone cares about you

Oh, the first time that you tried a pill  
You feel a little queasy, decidedly ill  
You're gonna be sick, but you mustn't lose face  
To let yourself down would be a big disgrace  
With the London boys, with the London boys

You're only seventeen, but you think you've grown  
In the month you've been away from your parents' home  
You take the pills too much  
You don't give a damn about the job you've got  
So long as you're with the London boys

A London boy, oh a London boy  
Your flashy clothes are your pride and joy  
A London boy, a London boy  
You think you've had a lot of fun  
But you ain't got nothing, you're on the run  
It's too late now, cause you're out there boy  
You've got it made with the rest of the toys  
Now you wish you'd never left your home  
You've got what you wanted but you're on your own  
With the London boys

Now you've met the London boys  
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