

# When The Boys Come Marching Home

David Bowie

How to make amends  
for the things they said  
The girls avoid the stormy sky  
But I and my cloudy face  
Will be gone, high-tailing out of here  
Is the lights a-blazing  
in their lonely town?  
I love the little cars  
at dawn  
But I and my heathen heart  
Will be lain  
upon some foreign shore  
Here's the saddest Joe  
on the corner of the town  
"Listen to the words!" he cries  
I love him in his craziness,  
his tatters and his courage  
He'll thumb his nose  
at the straight and true

When the boys come marching home  
They'll fly his rags from the highest tree  
When the boys come marching home  
(when the boys come marching home)  
(home, marching home)

Aching for some innocence  
and peace of mind  
While the moon pulls up its net of souls  
The sun presses down  
on my brave new world  
But, in truth, i don't feel brave at all.  
Leave it all behind me  
to the townies and the wags  
The kids who never learned  
to smile  
While I and the cobbled nag  
I ride  
Stumble down  
another weary mile  
Here's to those who cluster,  
Walking through the wars  
The girls who never close  
'til dawn  
They rag upon the feeble  
And they swan around the stronger  
But their eyes are fixed  
on the edge of town  
When the boys come marching home  
They'll slide from view - tiny, two by two  
When the boys come marching home  
(home, marching home)  
(home, marching home)  
When the boys come marching home  
(when the boys come marching home)  
Boys come marching home  
(home, marching home)

(home, when the boys come marching home)  
(home, marching home)  
(home)  
(when the boys come marching home)