

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)