Little Bombardier (David Bowie)

Bm Cm C D G

G Em C D G
War made him a soldier, little Frankie Mear.
G Em C D G
Peace left him a loser, the little bombardier.

Em C D G
Lines of worry appeared with age, unskilled hands that knew no trade.
Bm Cm C D G
Spent his time in the picture house, the little bombardier.

C Cm G

G Em C D G
Frankie 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 bright eyes gazed longingly
Bm Cm C D G
At the ice-cream in the hand of the little bombardier.

Dm A

Dm A Dm A
Sunshine entered our Frankie's days. Gone his worries, his hopeless maze.
Bb D A
His life was fun and his heart was full of joy.

Dm A Dm A
Two young children had changed his aims, he gave them toffees and played their games.
Bb D A
He brought them presents with every coin he made.

BRIDGE:

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 the station before.
Bm Cm C D G
The hand of authority said «no more» to the little bombardier.

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 the town again, the little bombardier.