

## 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.