

# David Bowie, Little Bombardier

War made him a soldier  
Little Frankie Mear  
Peace left him a loser  
The little bombardier  
Lines of worry appeared with age  
Unskilled hands that knew no trade

Spent his time in the picture house  
The little bombardier  
Frankie drank his money  
The little that he made  
Told his woes to no man  
Friendless, lonely days  
Then one day, in the ABC  
Four bright eyes gazed longinly  
At the ice-cream in the hand of  
The little bombardier  
Sunshine entered our Frankie's days

Gone his worries, his hopeless maze  
His life was fun and his life was full of joy  
Two young children had changed his aims  
He gave them toffees and played their games  
He brought them presents with every coins he made  
Then two gentlemen called him  
Asked him for his name  
Why was he friends with the children  
Were they just a game?  
Leave them alone or we'll get sore  
We've had blokes like you in the station before  
The hand of authority said "no more" to  
The little bombardier  
Packed his bags, his heart in pain  
Wiped a tear, caught a train  
Not to be seen in the town again