

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 longingly
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 heart 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 coin he made
Then two gentlemen called on 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 and caught a train
Not to be seen in the town again
The little bombardier