

David Bowie, The London Boys

Cow bell strikes another night
Your eyes are heavy and your limbs all ache
You've bought some coffee, butter and bread
You can't make a thing cause the meter's dead
You moved away
Hold your folks you're gonna stay away
Bright lights, Soho, Wardour street
You hope you make friends with the guys that you meet
Somebody shows you round
Now you've met the London boys
Things seem good again, someone cares about you
Oh, the first time that you tried a pill
You feel a little queasy, decidedly ill
You're gonna be sick, but you mustn't lose faith
To let yourself down would be a big disgrace
With the London boys, with the London boys
You're only seventeen, but you think you've grown
In the month you've been away from your parents' home
You take the pills too much
You don't give a damn about that jobs you've got
So long as you're with the London boys
A London boy, oh a London boy
Your flashy clothes are your pride and joy
A London boy, a London boy
You think you've had a lot of fun
But you ain't got nothing, you're on the run
It's too late now, cause you're out there boy
You've got it made with the rest of the toys
Now you wish you'd never left your home
You've got what you wanted but you're on your own
With the London boys
Now you've met the London boys
Now you've met the London boys
Now you've met the London boys