

# David Bowie, When The Boys Come Marching Home

WHEN THE BOYS COME MARCHING HOME

- CD single: Slow Burn + Everyone Says 'Hi' (part 3)

How to make amends for the things they said

The girls avoid the stormy sky

But I and my cloudy face

Will be gone, high-tailing out of here

Is the lights a-blazing in their lonely town?

I love the little cars at dawn

But I and my heathen heart

Will be lain upon some foreign shore

Here's the saddest Joe on the corner of the town

"Listen to the words!" he cries

I love him in his craziness, his tatters and his courage

He'll thumb his nose at the straight and true

When the boys come marching home

They'll fly his rags from the highest tree

When the boys come marching home

(when the boys come marching home)

(home, marching home)

Aching for some innocence and peace of mind

While the moon pulls up its net of souls

The sun presses down on my brave new world

But, in truth, i don't feel brave at all

Leave it all behind me to the townies and the wags

The kids who never learned to smile

While I and the cobbled nag I ride

Stumble down another weary mile

Here's to those who cluster,

Walking through the wars

The girls who never close 'til dawn

They rag upon the feeble

And they swan around the stronger

But their eyes are fixed on the edge of town

When the boys come marching home

They'll slide from view - tiny, two by two

When the boys come marching home

(home, marching home)

(home, marching home)

When the boys come marching home

(when the boys come marching home)

Boys come marching home

(home, marching home)

(home, when the boys come marching home)

(home, marching home)

(home)

(when the boys come marching home)