

Dirty Boys

David Bowie

Something like Tobacco Road
Living on a lonely road
I will pull you out of there
We will go to Finchley Fair I will buy a feather hat
I will steal a cricket bat
Smash some windows, make a noise
We will run with dirty boys When the sun goes down
When the sun goes down and the die is cast
When the die is cast and you have no choice
We will run with dirty boys We all want men we all want you
Me and the Boys we all go through
You've got to learn to hold your tongue
They said the moon was his burning son

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