

# 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  
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

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