**All the young dudes.**

**David Bowie**

[Verse]

D D/C#

Billy rapped all night about his suicide, how he

Bm Bm7/A

kick it in the head when he was twenty-five.

F#m A

Don't wanna stay alive when your twenty five.

D D/C#

Wendy's stealing clothes from unlocked cars and

Bm Bm7/A

Freddy's got spots from ripping off stars

F#m A

from his face - a funky little boat race.

[Bridge]

Em G

The television man is crazy sayin' we're

F# Bm

juvenile deliquent wrecks.

G D

Well, man, I need a TV when I've got

A A7

T. Rex. Hey, brother, ya guessed - I'm a dude.

[Refrain]

D D/C#

All the young dudes

Bm Bm7/A

Carry the news

Am Am7

Boogaloo dudes

F C

Carry the news

G // C // A

[Verse]

Now Lucy's looking sweet, though he dresses like a queen, he can

kick like a mule, its a real mean team.

We can love, we can love.

And my brother's back at home with his Beatles and his Stones we

never got it off on that revolution stuff.

What a drag - too many snags.

[Bridge]

Well I drunk a lotta wine and I'm feelin' fine -

gonna race some cat to bed. Is this

concrete all around or is it

in my head? Oh, Brother, ya guessed - I'm a dude.

[Refrain]

D D/C#

All the young dudes

Bm Bm7/A

Carry the news

Am Am7

Boogaloo dudes

F C

Carry the news

G // C // A