

# All The Young Dudes

Words & Music:  
David Bowie (Mott The Hoople)

D DM7  
Well, Billy rapped all night about his suicide  
Bm D  
How he'd kick it in the head when he was twenty-five.  
F#m A Asus4 A  
Speed jive, don't want to stay alive when you're twenty-five.  
And Wendy's stealing clothes from Marks and Sparks.  
And Freddie's got spots from ripping off the stars.  
From his face, funky little boat race.  
Em Em7 F# Bm  
The television man is crazy saying we're juvenile delinquent wrecks.  
G D A Asus4 A  
Oh, man, I need TV when I got T-Rex.  
A  
Oh brother you guessed I'm a dude now

CHORUS:

D DM7 Bm D A Am Am7 G F C G A  
All the young dudes, carry the news. Boogaloo dudes, carry the news.  
All the young dudes, carry the news. Boogaloo dudes, carry the news

Well, Billy's looking sweet 'cause he dresses like a queen.  
But he can kick like a mule it's a real mean team.  
But we can love, oh yes, we can love.  
And my brother's back at home with his Beatles and his Stones.  
He never got it off on that revolution stuff.  
What a drag, too many snags.  
Well I drunk a lot of wine and I'm feeling fine,  
I'm gonna race some cat to bed.  
Oh, is that concrete all around or is it in my head?  
Yeah, I'm a dude now

CHORUS: *[repeat and out]*