

All the Young Dudes

David Bowie

Well, Billy rapped all night about his suicide
How he'd kick it in the head when he was 25
Speed jive, don't want to stay alive
When you're 25

And Wendy's stealing clothes from Marks and Sparks
And Freddy's got spots from ripping off the stars from his face
Funky little boat race
Television man is crazy, saying we're juvenile delinquent wrecks
Oh, man, I need TV when I got T. Rex

Oh, brother

I'm a dude, man

All the young dudes

Carry the news

Boogaloo dudes

Carry the news
Now, Lucy looks 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, 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

Now I've drunk a lot of wine and I'm feeling fine

Got to race some cat to bed

Is there concrete all around, or is it in my head?

Yeah, I'm a dude, man

All the young dudes

Carry the news

Boogaloo dudes

Carry the news

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>