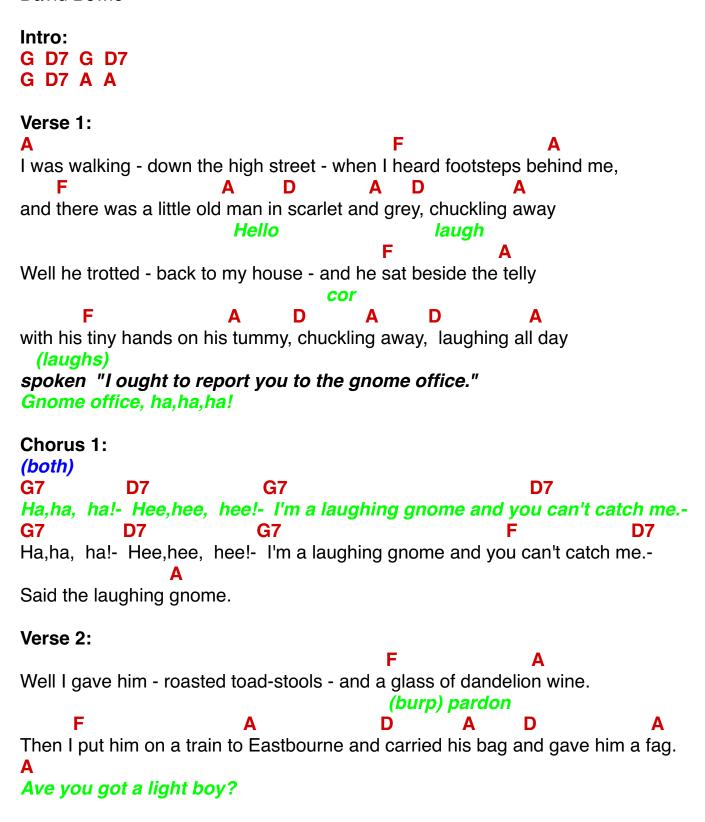
**David Bowie** 



| Ere! Where do you come from?                 |                             |                    |              |
|--|-----------------------------|--------------------|--------------|
| Gnome-man's land.                            |                             |                    |              |
| Oh,really.?                                  |                             |                    |              |
| Verse 3:                                     |                             |                    |              |
| A  | F                           |                    | A            |
| In the morning- when I woke up- he wa        | s sitting on the            | edge of my b       | bed-         |
| with his brother whose name was Fred  A      | . He'd brought              | him along- to      | o sing me a  |
| song<br>A                                    |                             |                    |              |
| Alright let's hear it?, Ere! what's that cli | cking noise?                |                    |              |
| That's Fred. He's a metrognome."             |                             |                    |              |
| Chorus 2:                                    |                             |                    |              |
| (both)                                       |                             |                    |              |
| G7 D7 G7                                     |                             | D7                 |              |
| Ha,ha, ha!- Hee,hee, hee!- I'm a lau         | ıghing gnome                | and <u>y</u> ou ca |              |
| G7 D7 G7                                     |                             | F                  | <b>D7</b>    |
| Ha,ha, ha!- Hee,hee, hee!- I'm a lauç        | ghing gnome ar              | nd you can't o     | catch me     |
| Verse 4:                                     |                             |                    |              |
| Hold up, im a gnome aint i?                  |                             |                    |              |
| A  |                             |                    |              |
| Ain't you got a gnome to go to?"             |                             |                    |              |
| No! We're gnomads.                           |                             |                    |              |
| Didn't they teach you to get your 'air       | cut at school?              | ? You look li      | ke a rolling |
| gnome.                                       |                             |                    |              |
| Not at the London school of Ecogno           | mics."                      |                    |              |
| A  | F                           |                    | A            |
| Now they staying - up the chimney - an       | d we're living o<br>hooray! | n caviar and       | honey-       |
| F A  | D A                         | . D                | A            |
| 'cause they're earning me lots of mone       | y, writing come             | dy prose for       | radio shows. |

It's the er- it's the gnome service, of course.

## Chorus 2:

(both)

G7 D7 G7 D7

Ha,ha, ha!- Hee,hee, hee!- I'm a laughing gnome and you can't catch me.-

## Repeat:

one more time

## Chorus 2:

(both)

G7 D7 G7 D7

Ha,ha, ha!- Hee,hee, hee!- I'm a laughing gnome and you can't catch me.-

## End:

(acapella)

Said the laughing gnome