

Dire Straits - In The Gallery

Tom: G

Am D Am D Am Am
 C D Harry made a bareback rider proud and free upon a horse
 Am D And a fine coalminer for the NCB that was
 A fallen angel and Jesus on the cross
 A skating ballerina you should have seen her do the skater's waltz

Some people have got to paint and draw
 Harry had to work in clay and stone
 Like the waves coming to the shore
 It was in his blood and in his bones
 Ignored by all the trendy boys in London and in Leeds

G Am D G C
 Refrao: He might as well have been making toys or strings
 of beads

C C G C slide D
 He could'nt be.. He could'nt be. in the gallery

And then you get an artist says he doesn't want to paint at all
 He takes an empty canvas and sticks it on the wall
 The birds of a feather all the phonies and all of the fakes
 While the dealers they get together
 And they decide who gets the breaks
 And who's going to be in the gallery

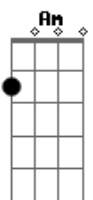
(Solo)
 No lies he wouldn't compromise
 No junk no bits of string
 And all the lies we subsidise
 That just don't mean a thing
 I've got to say he passed away in obscurity
 And now all the vultures are coming down from the tree
 So he's going to be in the gallery

Am D Am D

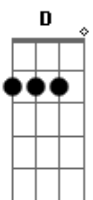
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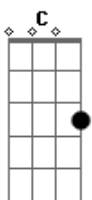
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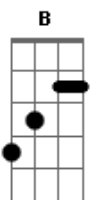
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