

# 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

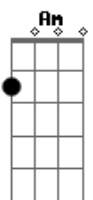
(Solo)  
 No lies he wouldn't compromise  
 No junk no bits of string  
 And all the lies we subsidise  
 That just don't mean a thing  
 I've got to say he passed away in obscurity  
 And now all the vultures are coming down from the tree  
 So he's going to be in the gallery

Am D Am D

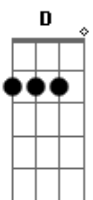
## Acordes



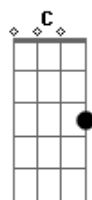
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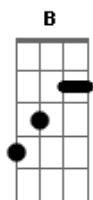
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