

Dire Straits - Lions

Tom: D
 Intro: Bm7 D A G Bm7 D A G Bm7 Bm7 Bm7 Gb C
 (Stop)
 Bm7 D A G
 Red sun, go down way over dirty town
 Bm7 D A E
 Starlings are sweeping around crazy shoals
 Bm7 D A G
 Yes, and a girl is there, high heeling across the square
 Bm7 D A
 E
 The wind it blows around in her hair, and the flags upon the poles
 Em
 Waiting in the crowd to cross at the light
 G Gbm7 Bm7 Gbm7 Bm7 Gb
 C
 She looks around to find a face she can like.
 Bm7 D A G
 Church bell, clinging on, trying to get a crowd, Evensong
 Bm7 D A E
 Nobody cares to depend upon, the chime it plays
 Bm7 D A
 G
 They're all in the station, praying for trains, the congregation's, late again
 Bm7 D A E

It's getting darker, all the time, these flagpole days
 Em
 Drunk old soldier he gives her a fright
 G Gbm7 Bm7 Gbm7 Bm7 Gb C
 He's crazy lion howling for a fight.
 Bm7 D A G
 Strap hanging, gunshot sound, door slamming on the, overground
 Bm7 D A E
 The starlings are tough, but the lions are made of stone
 Bm7 D A
 G
 Her evening paper is horror torn, but there's hope later for, capricorns
 Bm7 D A E
 Her lucky stars give her just enough, ... to get her home
 Em
 Then she's reading about a swing to the right
 G Gbm7 Bm7 Gbm7 Bm7
 Gb C
 But she's thinking about a stranger in the night
 G A G A
 I'm thinking about the lions, I'm thinking about the lions
 G A Bm7 Gbm7 Bm7 Gbm7 Bm7
 Gbm7 Bm7
 A fade out
 What happened to the lions, tonight (tonight)
 (tonight)

Acordes

