

# 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

