

# Dire Straits - Lions

Tom: D  
Intro: Bm D A G Bm D A G Bm Bm Bm Gb C (Stop)  
Bm D A G  
Red sun, go down way over dirty town  
Bm D A E  
Starlings are sweeping around crazy shoals  
Bm D A G  
Yes, and a girl is there, high heeling across the square  
Bm D A  
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 Gbm Bm Gbm Bm Gb C  
She looks around to find a face she can like.  
Bm D A G  
Church bell, clinging on, trying to get a crowd, Evensong  
Bm D A E  
Nobody cares to depend upon, the chime it plays  
Bm D A  
G  
They're all in the station, praying for trains, the congregation's, late again  
Bm D A E  
It's getting darker, all the time, these flagpole days  
Em

Drunk old soldier he gives her a fright  
G Gbm Bm Gbm Bm Gb C  
He's crazy lion howling for a fight.  
Bm D A G  
Strap hanging, gunshot sound, door slamming on the, overground  
Bm D A E  
The starlings are tough, but the lions are made of stone  
Bm D A E G  
Her evening paper is horror torn, but there's hope later for, capricorns  
Bm D A E  
Her lucky stars give her just enough, ... to get her home  
C Em  
Then she's reading about a swing to the right  
G Gbm Bm Gbm Bm 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 Bm Gbm Bm Gbm Bm Gbm  
Bm  
A fade out  
What happened to the lions, tonight (tonight)  
(tonight)

## Acordes

