

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

