The Clash - Up In Heaven (Not Only Here)

Tom: D

D Α The towers of London, these crumbling rocks D Gbm Reality estates that the hero's got G Bm And every hour's marked by the chime of a clock Α And whatcha gonna do when the darkness surrounds? D Α You can piss in the lifts which have broken down Α Gbm D You can watch from the debris the last bedroom light Gbm D D A D Gbm D We're invisible here just past midnight The wives hate their husbands and their husbands don't care

The wives have their husbands and their husbands don't care Their children daub slogans to prove they lived there A giant pipe organ up in the air You can't live in a home which should not have been built

By the bourgeoise clerks who bear no guilt When the wind hits this building this building it tilts

Acordes



One day it will surely fall to the ground...

Fear is just another commodity here They sell us peeping holes to peek when we hear A bang on the door resoundingly clear Who would really want to move in here? The children play faraway, the corridors are bare This room is a cage its like captivity Α How can anyone exist in such misery? ΑD D A D Bm G It has been said not only here D "Allianza dollars are spent Α To raise the towering buildings Α D For the weary bones of the workers

Bm G A To go back in the morning To be strong in the morning" A D A D A D Bm G

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