

He Thought Of Cars Blur

Bm
Moscow s still red
F#
The young mans dead
D
Gone to heaven instead
C Em C Em
The evening news says he was confused
Bm F#
The motorways will all merge soon
D
Lottery winner buys the moon
C Em
They ve come to save us
C Em
The space invaders are here

A
He thought of cars
Em
And where, where to drive them
Bm
And who to drive them with
A F#
And there, there was no one, no one

Bm A G#m G
Bm A G#m G

Bm F#
There s panic at London Heathrow
D C Em
Everybody wants to go up into the blue
C Em
But there s a ten year queue
Bm F#
Columbia is in top gear
D
It shouldn t snow at this time year
C Em
Now Americas shot gone
C Em
And done the lot

A
He thought of planes and where,
Em

Where to fly to

Bm

And who to fly there with

A

F#

And there, there was no one, no one

Bm A G#m G

La, la la la la... La, la la la la, la la

Bm A G#m G

La, la la la la... La, la la la la, la la

C Em C Em C Em A

A

He thought of cars

Em

And where, where to drive them

Bm

And who to drive them with

A

F#

And there, there was no one, no one

Bm A G#m G

La, la la la la... La, la la la la, la la