

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