

**Panic In Detroit**  
**David Bowie**

intro:

**Bm G A**

\ \ \ \ (just to give an idea of the accents)

riff 1 - played under the **D** below  
final chord going into the E rhythm

```
E|-----7-----|
B|-----5-----|
G|-7-5-4-----5-----|
D|-----7-5-4---4--5-----|
A|-----7-----7-----|
E|-----|
```

chords maintain same rhythm as before

D (5th pos.) w/riff 1                      E (7th pos.) chord only  
He looked a lot like Che Guevara. Drove a diesel van.

D (5th pos.) w/riff 1                      E (7th pos.) chord only  
Kept his gun in quiet seclusion. Such a humble man.

G                      A                      G                      A  
The only survivor of the National People s Gang.

D                      E D C D                      E                      D                      C                      D  
Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph

E                      D                      C                      D                      D                      E                      D                      C                      E  
He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone.

D w/riff 1                      E  
Panic in Detroit.

verse 2

(same as before)

He laughed at accidental sirens that broke the evening gloom.  
The police had warned of repercussions.  
They followed none too soon.  
A trickle of strangers were all that were left alive.

chorus

Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph  
He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone.  
Panic in Detroit.

D

C

Putting on some clothes I made my way to school

B                                  C                                  G  
and I found my teacher crouching in his overalls.

D C  
I screamed and ran to smash my favorite slot machine  
B C D  
and jumped the silent cars that slept at traffic lights.

```
riff 2 (/ = slide)
```

E		-----	
B		-----	
G		-5/7/5--7/9/7--8/9/8---	
D		-----	
A		-----	
E		-----	

back to intro rhythm

Bm G A

verse 3

Having scored a million dollars, made a run back home.  
Found him slumped across a table. A gun and me alone.  
I ran to the window. Looked for a plane or two.

Panic in Detroit. He d left me an autograph.  
Let me collect dust. I wish someone would phone.  
Panic in Detroit.