

Slow Burn
David Bowie

[Intro] F Am F Am
F Am F Am

F Am
Here shall we live in this terrible town
F
Where the price for our eyes
Am
Shall squeeze them tight like a fist
F
And the walls shall have eyes
Am
And the doors shall have ears
F
But we ll dance in their dark
Am
And they ll play with our lives

Dm
Like a slow burn
F
Leading us on and on and on
Dm
Like a slow burn
F
Turning us round and round and round
Bb
Hark who are we
Gm
So small in times such as these
F Am
Slow burn
F Am
Slow burn

[Solo] F Am F Am

F
Oh, these are the days
Am
These are the strangest of all
F
These are the nights
Am
These are the darkest to fall
F
But who knows?

Am

Echoes in tenement halls

F

Who knows?

Am

Though the years snare them all

Dm

Like a slow burn

F

Leading us on and on and on

Dm

Like a slow burn

F

Twirling us round and round and upside down

Bb

There s fear overhead

Gm

There s fear overground

F

Am

Slow burn

F

Am

Slow burn

Dm

Like a slow burn

F

Leading us on and on and on

Dm

Like a slow burn

F

Turning us round and round and round

Bb

And here are we

Gm

At the center of it all

F

Am

Slow burn

F

Am

Slow burn

F

Am

Slow burn