

**In The Gallery**  
**Dire Straits**

**G#m** **C# G#m** **C# G#m G#m B C#**

Harry made a bareback rider proud and free upon a horse

**G#m C# C# G#m G#m B C#**

And a fine coalminer for the NCB that was

A fallen angel and Jesus on the cross

A skating ballerina you should have seen her do the skater s waltz

Some people have got to paint and draw

Harry had to work iin clay and stone

Like the waves coming to the shore

It was in his blood and in his bones

Ignored by all the trendy boys in London and in Leeds

**G#m C# F# B F#**

Refrao: He might as well have been making toys or strings of beads

**B B F# B slide C#**

He could nt be.. He could nt be. in the gallery

And then you get an artist says he doesn t want to paint at all

He takes an empty canvas and sticks it on the wall

The birds of a feather all the phonies and all of the fakes

While the dealers they get together

And they decide who gets the breaks

And who s going to be in the gallery

(Solo)

No lies he wouldn t compromise

No junk no bits of string

And all the lies we subsidise

That just don t mean a thing

I ve got to say he passed away in obscurity

And now all the vultures are coming down from the tree

So he s going to be in the gallery

**G#m C#/C G#m C#/C**