

Lions

Dire Straits

Intro: **Bm7 D A G Bm7 D A G Bm7 Bm7 Bm7 F# C9 (Stop)**

Bm7 D A G9

Red sun, go down way over dirty town

Bm7 D A E9

Starlings are sweeping around crazy shoals

Bm7 D A G9

Yes, and a girl is there, high heeling across the square

Bm7 D A E9

The wind it blows around in her hair, and the flags upon the poles

Em9

Waiting in the crowd to cross at the light

G F#m7 Bm7 F#m7 Bm7 F# C9

She looks around to find a face she can like.

Bm7 D A G9

Church bell, clinging on, trying to get a crowd, Evensong

Bm7 D A E9

Nobody cares to depend upon, the chime it plays

Bm7 D A G9

They re all in the station, praying for trains, the congregation s, late again

Bm7 D A E9

It s getting darker, all the time, these flagpole days

Em9

Drunk old soldier he gives her a fright

G F#m7 Bm7 F#m7 Bm7 F# C9

He s crazy lion howling for a fight.

Bm7 D A G9

Strap hanging, gunshot sound, door slamming on the, overground

Bm7 D A E9

The starlings are tough, but the lions are made of stone

Bm7 D A G9

Her evening paper is horror torn, but there s hope later for, capricorns

Bm7 D A E9

Her lucky stars give her just enough, ... to get her home

Em9

Then she s reading about a swing to the right

G F#m7 Bm7 F#m7 Bm7 F# C9

But she s thinking about a stranger in the night

G A G A

I m thinking about the lions, I m thinking about the lions

G A Bm7 F#m7 Bm7 F#m7 Bm7 F#m7 Bm7

A fade out

What happened to the lions, tonight (tonight) (tonight)