

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)