

Lions

Dire Straits

Intro: Bbm7 C# G# F# Bbm7 C# G# F# Bbm7 Bbm7 Bbm7 F B9 (Stop)

Bbm7 C# G# F#9

Red sun, go down way over dirty town

Bbm7 C# G# Eb9

Starlings are sweeping around crazy shoals

Bbm7 C# G# F#9

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

Bbm7 C# G# Eb9

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

Ebm9

Waiting in the crowd to cross at the light

F# Fm7 Bbm7 Fm7 Bbm7 F B9

She looks around to find a face she can like.

Bbm7 C# G# F#9

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

Bbm7 C# G# Eb9

Nobody cares to depend upon, the chime it plays

Bbm7 C# G# F#9

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

Bbm7 C# G# Eb9

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

Ebm9

Drunk old soldier he gives her a fright

F# Fm7 Bbm7 Fm7 Bbm7 F B9

He s crazy lion howling for a fight.

Bbm7 C# G# F#9

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

Bbm7 C# G# Eb9

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

Bbm7 C# G# F#9

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

Bbm7 C# G# Eb9

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

Ebm9

Then she s reading about a swing to the right

F# Fm7 Bbm7 Fm7 Bbm7 F B9

But she s thinking about a stranger in the night

F# G# F# G#

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

F# G# Bbm7 Fm7 Bbm7 Fm7 Bbm7 Fm7 Bbm7

A fade out

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