

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)