

London
The Calling

Em

Em C

London calling to the faraway towns

G

Now that war is declared-and battle come down

Em C

London calling to the underworld

G

Come out of the cupboard, all you boys and girls

Em C

London calling, now don't look at us

G

All that phoney beatlemania has bitten the dust

Em C

London calling, see we ain't got no swing

G

cept for the ring of that truncheon thing

Chorus

Em G

The ice age is coming, the sun is zooming in

Em G

Engines stop running and the wheat is growing thin

Em G

A nuclear error, but I have no fear

Em D Em

London is drowning-and I live by the river

London calling to the imitation zone

Forget it, brother, and go it alone

London calling upon the zombies of death

Quit holding out-and draw another breath

London calling-and I don't wanna shout

But when we were talking-i saw you nodding out

London calling, see we ain't got no highs

Except for that one with the yellowy eyes

Chorus

For the outro just play the last line of the chorus.