

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, an 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.