Up In Heaven (Not Only Here)
The Clash

Bb Eb Bb

The towers of London, these crumbling rocks

Eb G

Reality estates that the hero s got

Cm G#

And every hour s marked by the chime of a clock

Bb Bb

And whatcha gonna do when the darkness surrounds?

Bb Eb

You can piss in the lifts which have broken down

Gm Bb/E Eb

You can watch from the debris the last bedroom light

Gm Eb Eb/E Bb Eb Gm Eb

We re invisible here just past midnight

The wives hate their husbands and their husbands don t care Their children daub slogans to prove they lived there A giant pipe organ up in the air You can t live in a home which should not have been built By the bourgeoise clerks who bear no guilt When the wind hits this building this building it tilts One day it will surely fall to the ground...

Fear is just another commodity here
They sell us peeping holes to peek when we hear
A bang on the door resoundingly clear
Who would really want to move in here?
The children play faraway, the corridors are bare
This room is a cage its like captivity

Bb Eb

How can anyone exist in such misery?

Eb Bb Eb Bb Eb Cm G#

It has been said not only here

Bb Eb

Allianza dollars are spent

Bb Eb

To raise the towering buildings

Bb Eb

For the weary bones of the workers

Cm G# Bb

To go back in the morning

To be strong in the morning

Bb Eb Bb Eb Cm G#

Tablature Page | Sandinista! | London s