

**Panic**  
**The Smiths**

Intro.: D E C G

A F#m  
Panic on the streets of London  
A F#m  
Panic on the streets of Birmingham  
D E C G  
I wonder to myself  
A F#m  
Could life ever be sane again  
A F#m  
On the Leeds side streets that you slip down  
D E C G  
I wonder to myself.

A F#m  
Hope s may rise under Grasmere  
A F#m  
But honeypie, you re not safe here  
D  
So you run down  
E C G  
To the safety of the town.  
A F#m  
But there s panic on the streets of Carlisle,  
A F#m  
Dublin, Dundee, Humberside  
D E  
I wonder to myself.

C G F#m C#m E  
C G F#m C#m E

A F#m  
Burn down the disco,  
A F#m  
Hang the blessed D.J.,  
D E  
Because the music that they constantly play,  
A F#m  
It says nothing to me about my life,  
A F#m  
Hang the blessed D.J.,  
D E C G  
Because the music that they constantly play,  
A F#m  
On the Leeds side streets that you slip down,

**A**

**F#m**

On the provincial towns you jog round,

**D**

**E**

Hang the D.J., hang the D.J., hang the D.J.

**D**

**E**

Hang the D.J., hang the D.J., hang the D.J.

**D**

**E**

Hang the D.J., hang the D.J., hang the D.J.

**C G A**

**F#m**

Hang the D.J., hang the D.J.,

**A**

**F#m**

Hang the D.J., hang the D.J.,

**D**

**E**

Hang the D.J., hang the D.J., hang the D.J.

**C G A**

**F#m**

Hang the D.J., hang the D.J.,