

Dire Straits - Lions

Bm	D	A	G7	x4
Em	%	%	G / F#7	
Bm	F#m	Bm	F#m / C7	

Red sun go down way over dirty town
 Starlings are sweeping around crazy shoals
 They send a girl is there high heeling across the square
 Wind blows around in her hair and the flags upon the poles
 Waiting in the crowd to cross at the light
 She looks around to find a face she can like

Church bell clinging on just to trying to get a crowd for Evensong
 Nobody cares to depend upon the chime it plays
 They're all in the station praying for trains the congregation late again
 It's getting darker all the time these flagpole days
 Drunk old soldier he gave her a fright he's crazy lion he's howling for a fight

Strap hanging gunshot sound doors slamming on the overground
 Starlings are tough but the lions are made of stone
 Her evening paper is horror torn but there's hope later Capricorns
 Lucky stars give her just enough to get her home
 Then she's reading about a swing to the right
 But she's thinking about a stranger in the night

Solo 4

I'm thinking about the lions, thinking about the loins
 What happened to the lions, to the lions, to the lions, to the lions