

Panic by The Smiths (1986) (G)

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C D Bb F

G Em

Panic on the streets of London

G Em

Panic on the streets of Birmingham

C D Bb F

I wonder to myself

G Em

Could life ever be sane again

G Em

On the Leeds side streets that you slip down

C D Bb F

I wonder to myself.

G Em

Hope's may rise under Grasmere

G Em

But honeypie, you're not safe here

C

So you run down

D Bb F

To the safety of the town.

G Em

But there's panic on the streets of Carlisle,

G Em

Dublin, Dundee, Humberside

C D Bb F

I wonder to myself.

Em

Bb5 B5 C#5 D5 Em

Bb5 B5 C#5 D5

G Em

Burn down the disco,

G Em

Hang the blessed D.J.,

C D

Because the music that they constantly play,

G Em

It says nothing to me about my life,

G Em

Hang the blessed D.J.,

C D Bb F

Because the music that they constantly play,

G Em

On the Leeds side streets that you slip down,

G Em

On the provincial towns you jog round,

C D

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

C D

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

C D

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

Bb F G Em

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

G Em

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

C D

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

Bb F G Em

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