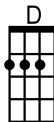


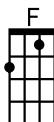
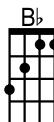
Panic – The Smiths

Intro - C D Bb F

(G)Panic on the streets of (Em)London
(G)Panic on the streets of (Em)Birmingham
I (C)wonder to (D)my self (Bb)(F)
(G)Could life ever be (Em)sane again
On the (G)Leeds side streets that you (Em)slip down
I (C)wonder to (D)myself. (Bb)(F)

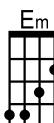
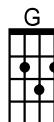


(G)Hope's may rise under (Em)Grasmeres
(G)But honey pie, you're not (Em)safe here
So you run (C)down
To the safety of the (D)town. (Bb)(F)
But there's (G)panic on the streets of (Em)Carlisle,
(G)Dublin, Dundee, (Em)Humberside
I (C)wonder to (D)myself. (Bb)(F)



Em Bm D

(G)Burn down the (Em)disco,
(G)Hang the blessed (Em)D.J.,
Because the (C)music that they constantly (D)play,
It says (G)nothing to me about (Em)my life,
(G)Hang the blessed (Em)D.J.,



Because the (C)music that they constantly (D)play, (Bb)(F)
On the (G)Leeds side streets that you (Em)slip down,
On the (G)provincial towns you (Em)jog round,
Hang the (C)D.J., hang the D.J., hang the (D)D.J.
Hang the (C)D.J., hang the D.J., hang the (D)D.J.
Hang the (C)D.J., hang the D.J., hang the (D)D.J.
(Bb)Hang (F)the (G)D.J., hang the (Em)D.J.,
Hang the (G)D.J., hang the (Em)D.J.,
Hang the (C)D.J., hang the D.J., hang the (D)D.J.
(Bb)Hang (F)the (G)D.J., hang the (Em)D.J.,

