

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.,

