


# Tokyo Storm Warning

Words and Music by D P A MacManus and Cait O'Riordan

♩ = 148

## Percussion



D9  
fr4<sup>x</sup>



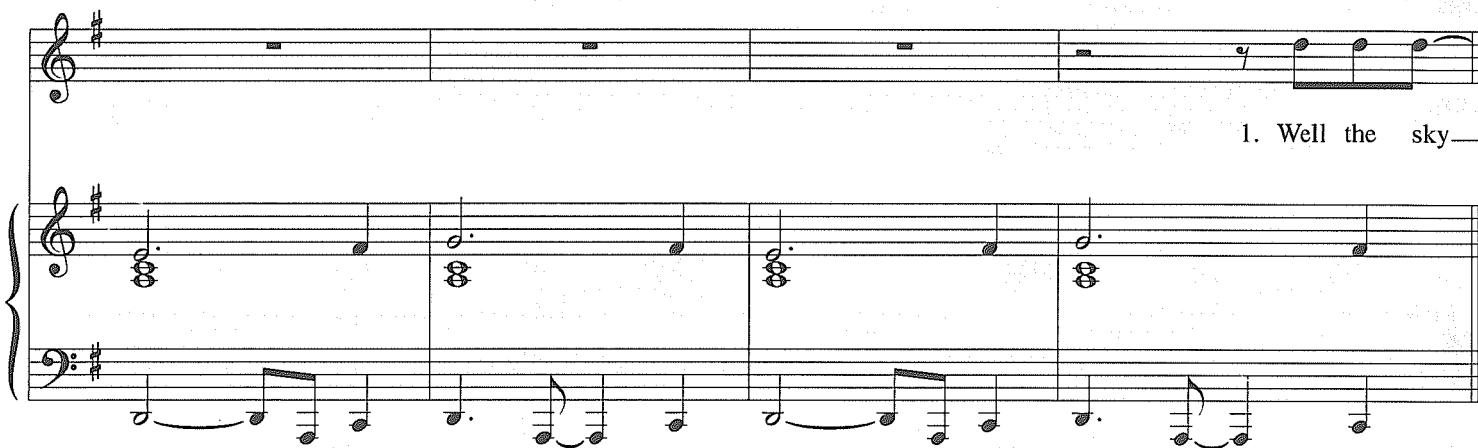
D11  
fr5<sup>x</sup>



D9  
fr4<sup>x</sup>



D11  
fr5<sup>x</sup>



1. Well the sky—

D9  
fr4<sup>x</sup>



D11  
fr5<sup>x</sup>







D9  
fr4<sup>x</sup>



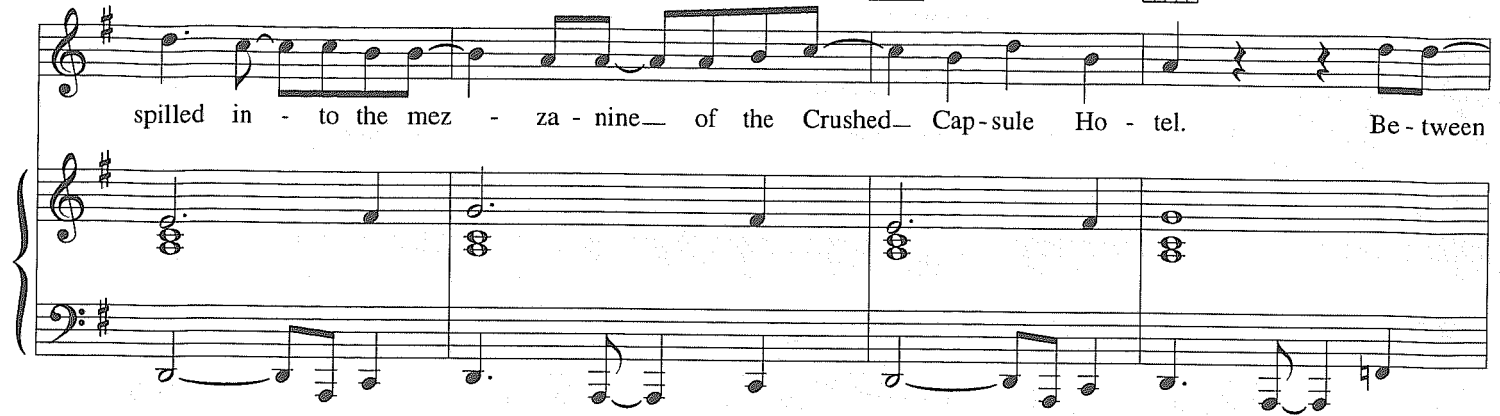
D11  
fr5<sup>x</sup>



— fell ov - er cheap— Ko-re - an mon - ster mo - vie sce - ne - ry— and  
(Verses 2, 3 and 4 see block lyric)

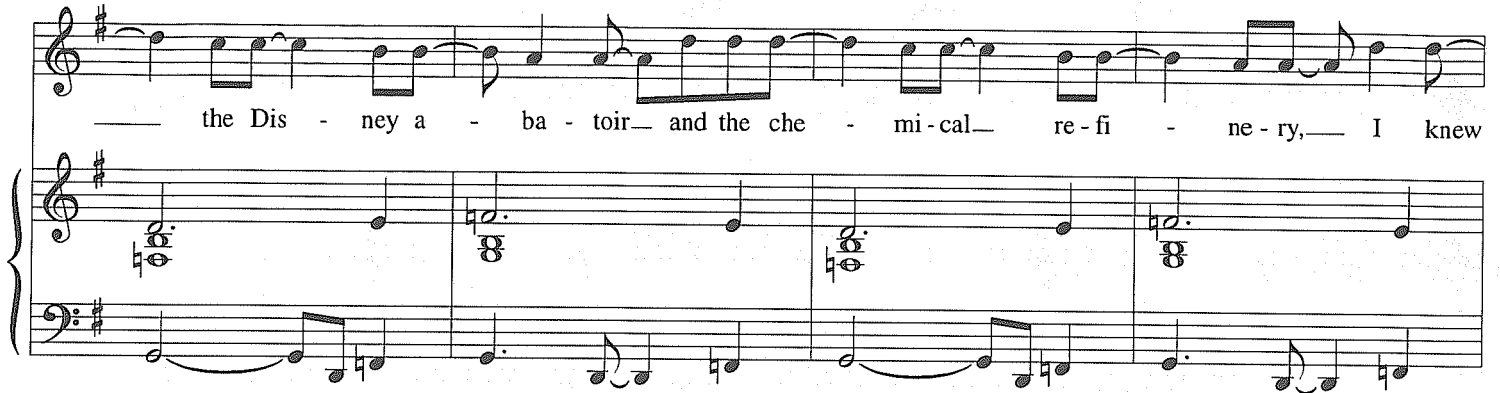









spilled in - to the mez - za - nine\_ of the Crushed\_ Cap - sule Ho - tel. Be - tween



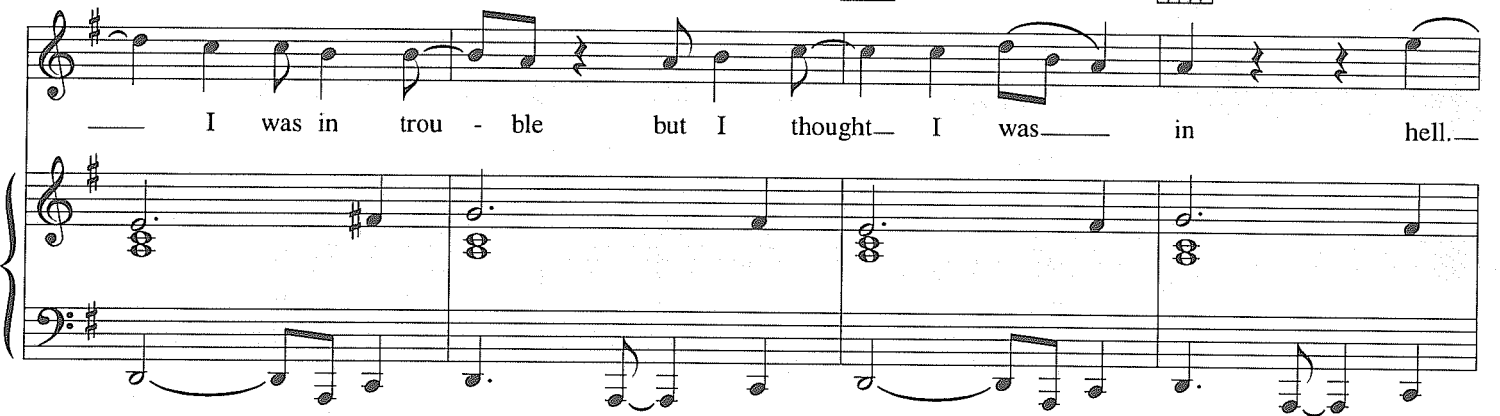






the Dis - ney a - ba - toir\_ and the che - mi - cal\_ re - fi - ne - ry, I knew









I was in trou - ble but I thought\_ I was\_ in hell.



1.   
 2. So you look\_



2, 3, 5.

Chorus

D11  
fr5<sup>x</sup>

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

ho - li - day. — What do we care — if the world — is a joke  
ques - tions. — (To - ky - o storm

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

warn - ing. —) we'll give it a big — kiss — we'll give —

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

— it a poke. — Death wears a big hat —  
(To - ky - o storm warn - ing. —)

D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0




D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0

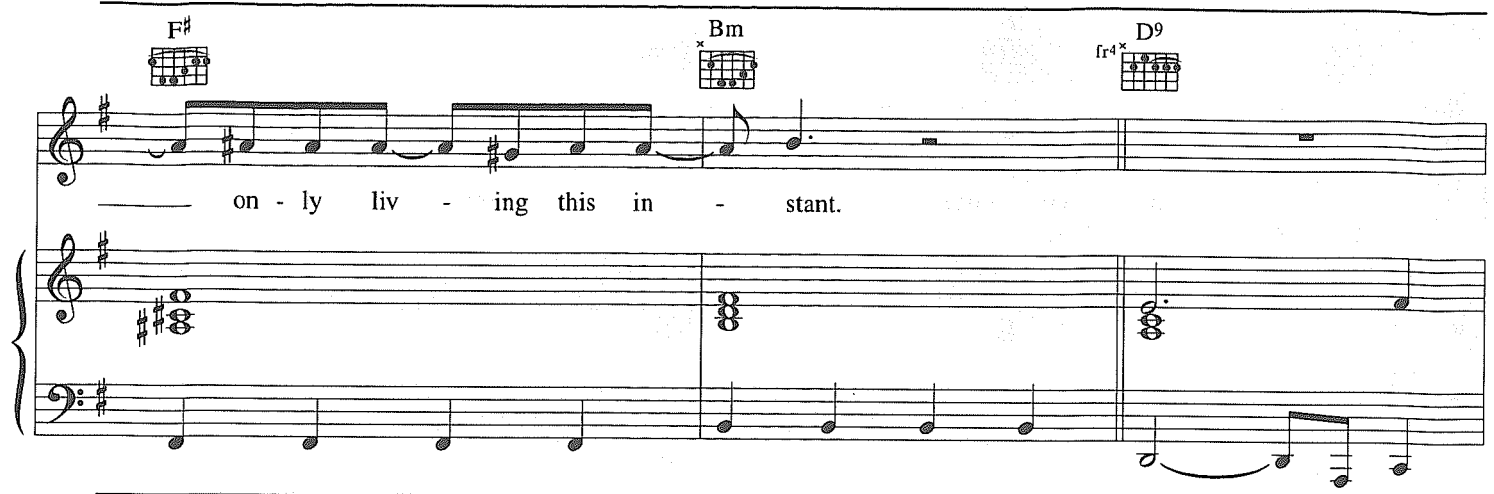
D  
xx0

Dsus4  
xx0




— 'cause he's — a big — bloke. — We're  
(To - ky - o storm warn - ing. —)

F#  Bm  D9 

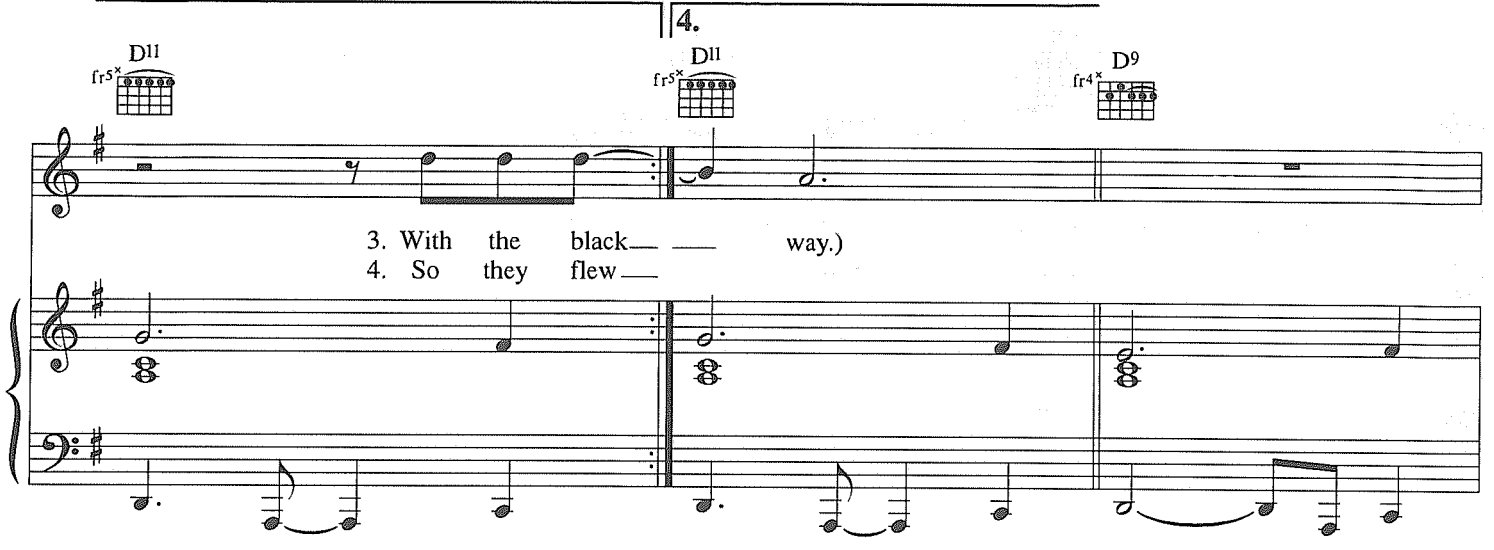
on - ly liv - ing this in - stant.







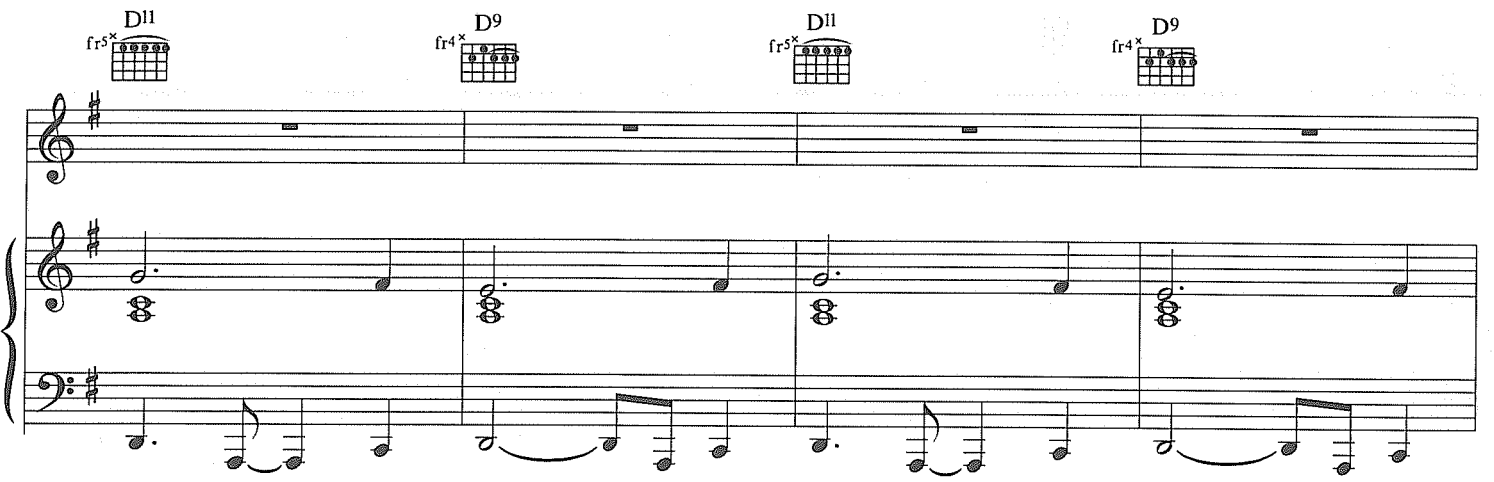
4.




D11  D11  D9 

3. With the black — way.)  
4. So they flew —

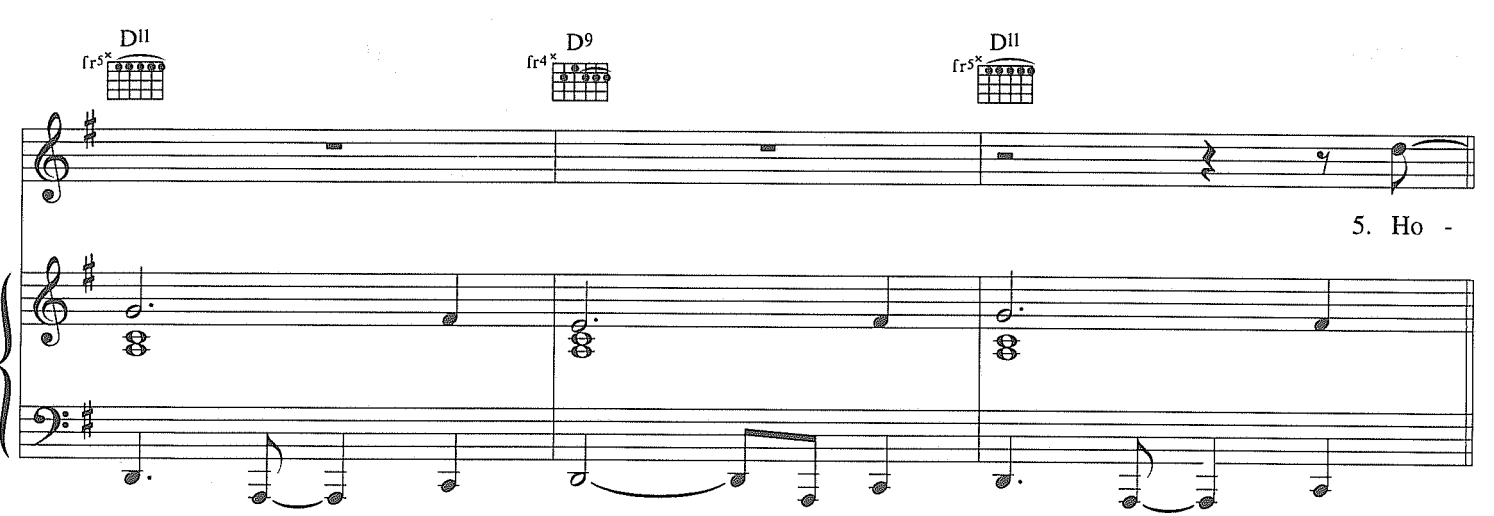






D11  D9  D11  D9 




D11  D9  D11 

5. Ho -



- li - days - are dirt - cheap in - the Cos - ta del - Mal - vi - nas in the Ho -  
*(Verses 6 and 7 see block lyric)*









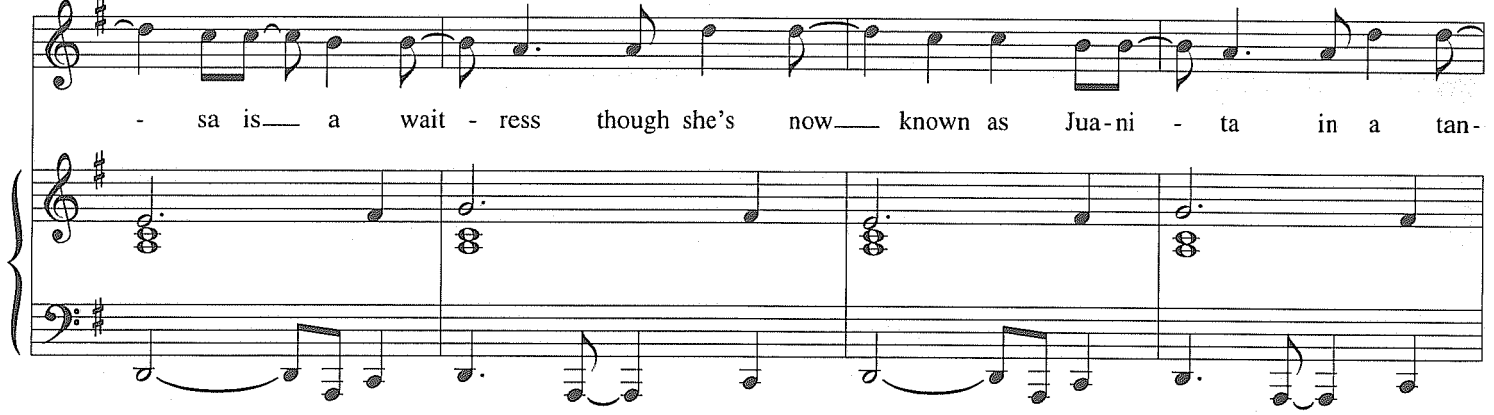







- tel Ar - gen - ti - na, they can hard - ly tell - be - tween - us for Te - re -



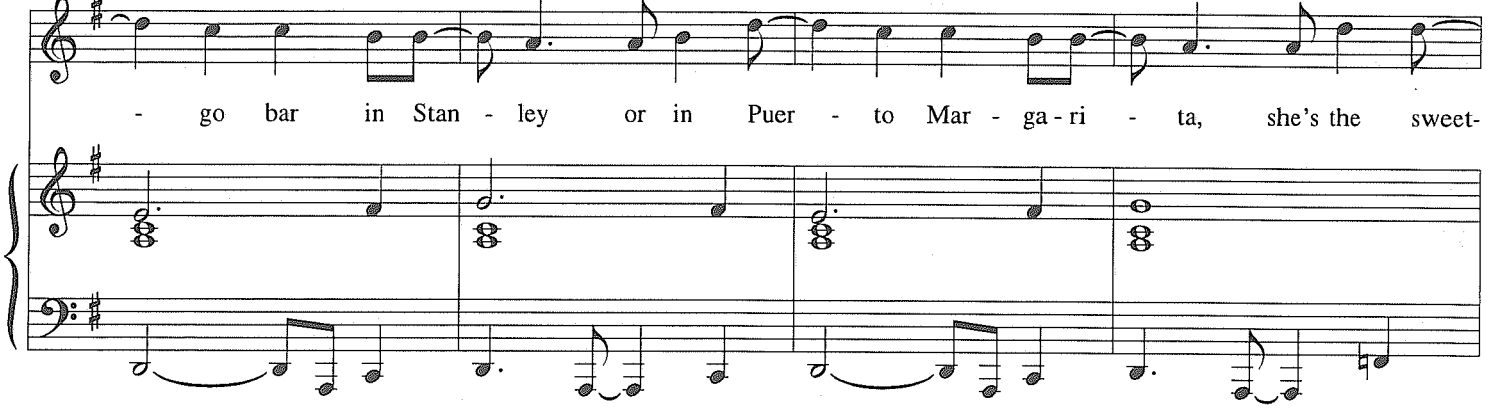





- sa is - a wait - ress though she's now - known as Jua - ni - ta in a tan -



- go bar in Stan - ley or in Puer - to Mar - ga - ri - ta, she's the sweet -




G7



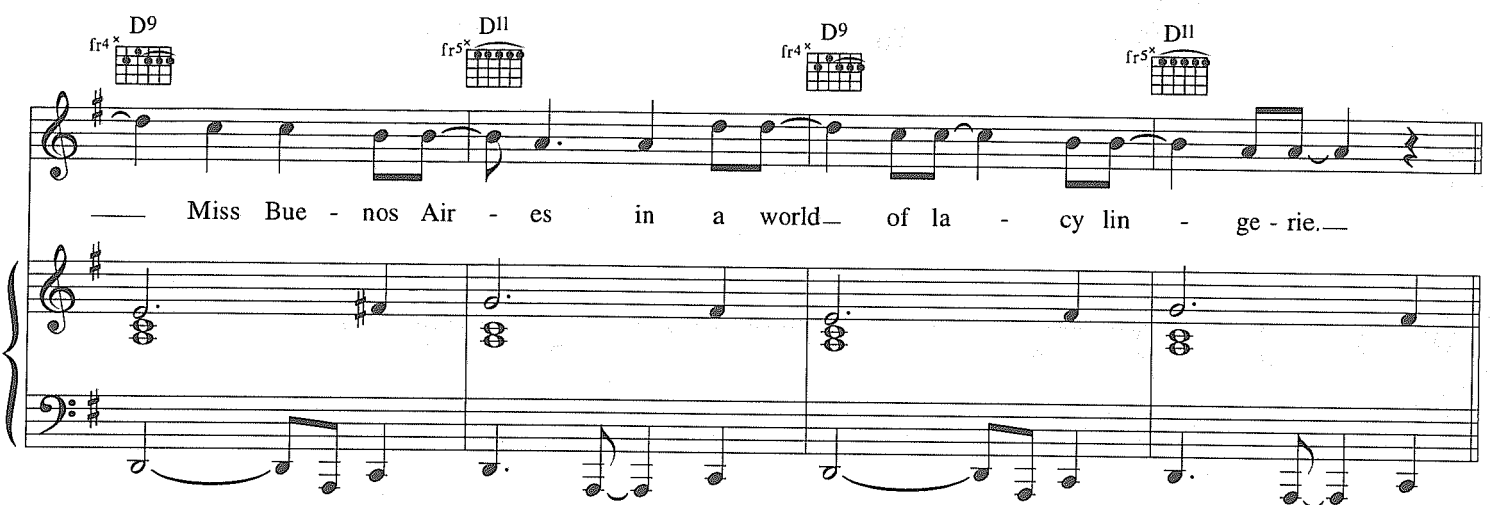
- est and the sau - ci - est, — the love - li - est — and the naugh - ti - est, — she's



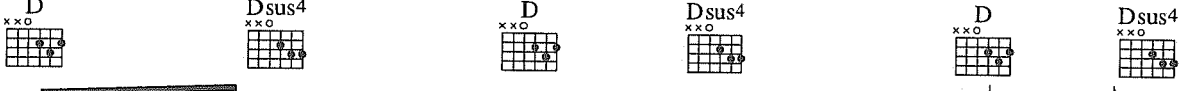
D9 D11 D9 D11



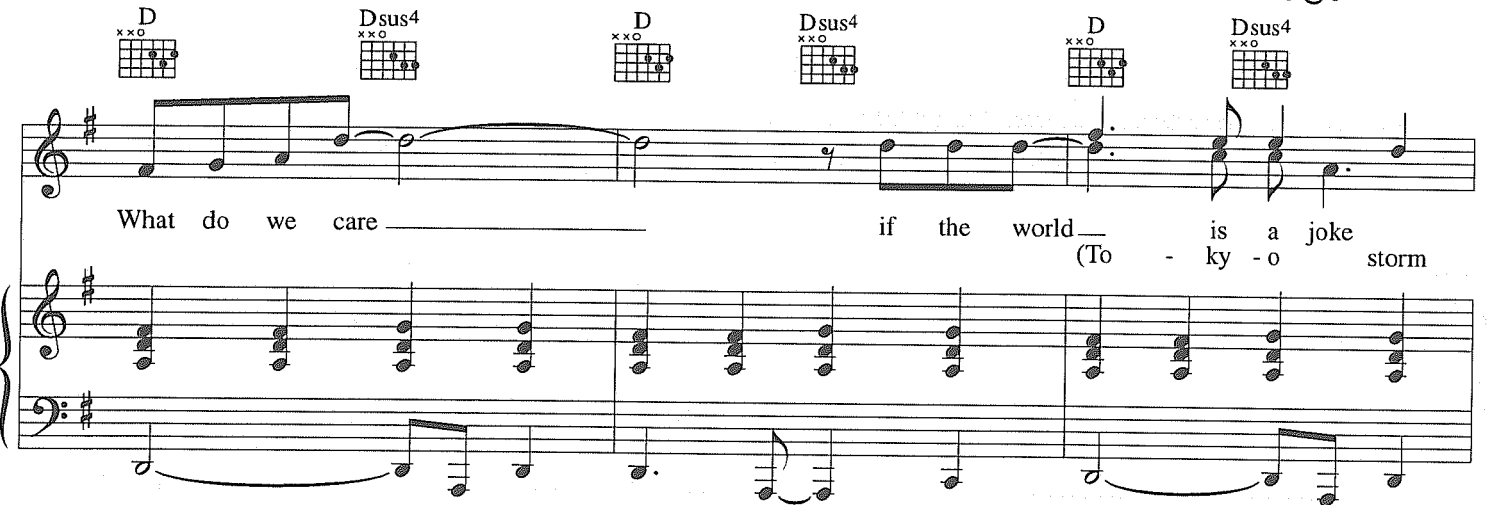
— Miss Bue - nos Air - es in a world — of la - cy lin - ge - rie. —




D Dsus4 D Dsus4 D Dsus4



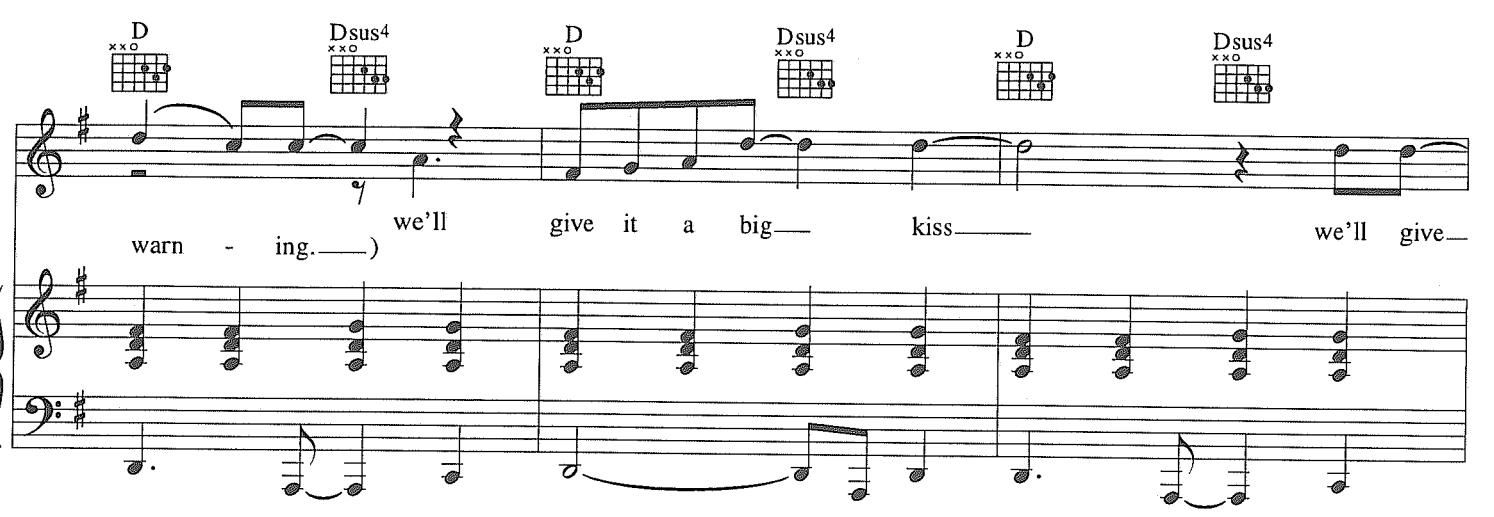
What do we care \_\_\_\_\_ if the world — is a joke  
(To - ky - o storm



D Dsus4 D Dsus4 D Dsus4



warn - ing. —) we'll give it a big — kiss — we'll give —



it a poke. Death wears a big hat  
 (To - ky - o storm warn - ing.)

'cause he's a big bloke. We're  
 (To - ky - o storm warn - ing.)

on - ly liv - ing this in - stant.

Repeat to fade

6. Ja -  
 7. We

*Verse 2:*

So you look around the tiny room and you wonder where the hell you are  
While the KKK convention are all stranded in the bar.  
They wear hoods and carry shotguns in the main streets of Montgomery  
But they're helpless here as babies 'cause they're only here on holiday.

*Verse 3:*

With the black sand stuck beneath her feet in a warm Sorrento sunrise  
A barefoot girl from Naples or was it a Barcelona high-rise?  
Whistles out the tuneless theme song of a hundred cheap suggestions  
And a million false seductions and all those eternal questions.

*Verse 4:*

So they flew the Super Constellation all the way from Rimini  
And feasted them on fish and chips from a newspaper facsimile  
Now dead Italian tourists' bodies litter up the Broadway  
Some people can't be told, you know they have to learn the hard way.

*Verse 6:*

Japanese God Jesus robots telling teenage fortunes  
For all we know and all we care they might as well be Martians.  
They say gold paint on the palace gates comes from the teeth of pensioners  
They're so tired of shooting protest singers that they hardly mention us.  
While fountains fill with secondhand perfume and sodden trading stamps  
They'll hang the bullies and the louts that dampen down the day.

*Verse 7:*

We braved the cold November air and the undertaker's curses  
Saying "Take me to the Folies Bergère and please don't spare the hearses."  
For he always had a dream of that revolver in your purse  
How you loved him till you hated him and made him cry for mercy  
He said "Don't ever mention my name there or talk of all the nights you cried.  
We've always been like worlds apart now you're seeing two nightmares collide."