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Em-i-ly tries, but mis-under-
Soon af-ter dark, Em-i-ly
Put on a gown — that touch-es the

stands, ah - ooh. She's of-ten in-clined to bor-row
cries, ah - ooh, gaz-ing through trees in sor-row,
ground, ah - ooh. Float on a riv-er for-

some-bod-y's dreams till to-mor-row.
hard-ly a sound till to-mor-row.
There is no ev-er and ev-er, Em-i-ly.
other day.
Let's try it another way.

You'll lose your mind and play free games for May.

See Emily play.

1. 2.

8va
Moderately slow, in 2

Cmaj7

Marigolds are very much in love, but
selling plastic flowers on a

Am7

he doesn't mind.
Sunday afternoon.

Pick-up his sister, he makes his way into the
Pick-up weeds, she hasn't got the time to

B

seas or land. All the way she smiles.
care. All can see he's not there.
She goes up while he goes down,
She grows up for another man,
and he's down.

Sits on a stick in the river.
Laughter in his sleep.
Sister's throwing stones,
hoping for a

To Coda ⊕
hit. He doesn't know; so then

she goes up while he goes down,
down.

Another time, another day.
set the controls for the heart of the sun

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Moderately fast, ethereal

Play 5 times

Little by little the night turns around.
Over the mountain the watch-er.
Who is the man who arrives at the wall?

Counting the leaves which tremble and turn.
Breaking the darkness waking the grape-vine.
Making the shape of his questions at asking.

Lotus's lean on each
Morning to birth
Thinking the sun will
other in union,
born into shadow,
fall in the evening.

Over the hills where a swallow is resting.
Love is the shadow that ripens the wine.
Will he remember the lesson of giving?

Set the controls for the
a saucerful of secrets (main theme)

By RICK WRIGHT, ROGER WATERS, NICHOLAS MASON and DAVID GILMOUR

Moderately Slow

By Rick Wright, Roger Waters, Nicholas Mason and David Gilmour

Gradually get louder
green is the colour
(From the Motion Picture "MORE")

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Moderate 4

G

Hea- vy hung the can- o- py of

C(add9)

G

Cmaj7

blue,

Shade my eyes and I can see you;

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White is the light that shines thru the dress that you wore.

She lay in the shadow of a wave,

Hazy were the visions overlayed,

Sunlight in her eyes, but

moonshine made her cry every time.
Green is the colour of her kind,
Goodness is the vessel of her mind.

Cmaj7

Envy is the bond between the hopeful and the damned.

Dsus

Repeat and Fade
Steady 4

Lime and limpid green, a second scene, a fight between the blue you once knew...

Floating down, the sound re-sounds around the icy waters underground.
Blinding signs flap, Flicker, flicker, flicker blam. Pow, pow.

Stairway Scare Dan Dare who's there?
Lime and limpid green, the sounds around the icy waters under, Lime and limpid green the sounds around the icy waters under ground.
fat old sun

Moderately slow

Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR

When the fat old sun in the sky

is falling, summer evenin' birds are calling.

Summer's thunder time of year, the
sound of music in my ears.

Distant bells, new-mown grass smells so sweet.

By the river holding hands,

roll me up and lay me down.

And if you
sit, don't make a sound. Pick your feet up off the ground. And if you

hear as the warm night falls the sil-ver sound from a time so strange,

sing to me, sing to me.

When that fat old sun in the sky is fall-ing,
summer evenin' birds are calling.
Children's laughter in my ears, the last sunlight disappears.
And if you
Repeat and fade
If

Moderately

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

If I
If I
were a
were the

swan, I'd be
gone.

moon, I'd be
cool.

If I
If I
were a train, I'd be
were a book, I would

late.
bend.
And if I were a good man, I'd talk with you more often than I do.
understand the spaces between friends.

If I were to sleep, I could dream.
If I were alone, I would cry.
And if I were afraid, I could hide.
And if I were with you, I'd be home and dry.
If I go insane, will you please don't put your wires in my brain.
If I go insane, will you still let me join in with the game?
If I were a swan, I'd be gone.
If I were a train, I'd be late again.
If I were a good man, I'd talk with you more often than I do.
Overhead the albatross hangs motionless upon the air and deep beneath the rolling waves in
Strangers passing in the street, by chance two separate glances meet and I am you and what I see is
Now this is the day, you fall upon my waking eyes, inviting and inciting me to

Labryriths of coral caves, The echo of a distant tide comes swirling across the sand. And
And do I take you by the hand and lead you through the land. And
And through the window in the wall comes streaming in on sunlight wings. A

Everything is green and submarine. And no one showed us to the land and
And no one calls us to the land and
And no one sings me lullabies and
no one knows the where or why and something stares and something tries and
starts to climb towards the light.
no one crosses there alive and no one speaks and no one tries and
no one flies around the sun.
no one makes me close my eyes, so I throw the windows wide and
call to you across the skies.
one of these days

By ROGER WATERS, RICK WRIGHT, NICK MASON and DAVID GILMOUR

Moderately
Guitar Tab
t

With a driving rhythm

\[ \text{Bm} \]
\[ \text{A} \]

7 times

Guitar Tab

\[ \text{Bm} \]

A

6 times

Guitar Tab

\[ \text{Bm} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

6 times

Guitar Tab

\[ \text{Bm} \]
Guitar Tacet

Repeat as needed
(ad lib)

Guitar Tacet

3 times

Bm

Guitar Tacet

11 times

A

Guitar Tacet

3 times

Bm

Guitar Tacet

3 times
Moderately (♩♩ = ♩ 3 ♩)

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

As I reach—

for a peach, slide a ride down behind the
for a while by a country stile and

so-fa in San Tro-pez,
listen to things they say.
Breaking a stick with a brick on the sand; 
Digging for gold with a hoe in my hand;

riding a wave in the wake of an old sedan, 
hoping they'll take a look at the way things stand.

Would you sleeping alone in the drone of the darkness, 
lead me down to the place by the sea?

scratched by the sand that fell from our love, 
I hear your soft voice calling to me, 

deep in my dreams and I still — making a date for lat —
Hear her calling, If you're alone, I'll come home.

Backwards and home-bound, the pigeon, the dove, gone with the wind and the rain.

On an airplane; owning a home with no silver spoon, I'm

drinking champagne like a big tycoon. Sooner than wait for a

break in the weather, I'll gather my far-flung thoughts together.

Speeding away on a wind to a new day,

if you're alone, I'll come home. And I pause home.

Repeat and fade

Gmaj7

Gm6
Moderately Moving 2

G

Fear less ly the id iot faced the crowd.

C  Bb  G  C  Bb

Climb, Smil ing!
You say you'd like to see me try.

Nothing waits the magistrate turns 'round.

Climb it!

You pick the place.

I know the fool.

and I'll choose the time.

And I'll climb.

who wears the crown.

Go down.

the hill in my own way.

Just wait a while.

in your own way.

And every day...
for the right day,
is the right day.

And as I rise above the tree
And as you rise above the fear

line and the clouds
lines in the frown

I look down,
you look down,

hear the
hear the

sound of the things you said today
sound of the faces in the crowd

D.C.
(1st time only)
Repeat and Fade
for the right day, And as I rise above the tree
is the right day.

line and the clouds I look down, hear
lines in the frown you look down, hear

sound of the things you said today,
sound of the faces in the crowd.

D.C. (1st time only) Repeat and Fade
Moderately

I've got a bike. You can ride it if you like. It's got a

basket, a bell that rings and things to make it look good. I'd

give it to you if I could, but I borrowed it.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world, I'll give you anything, ev'rything if you want things. I've got a cloak, it's a bit of a joke. There's a tear up the front. It's red and black. I've had it for months.

If you think it could look good, then I guess it should.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world.

I'll give you anything, everything if you want things.

I know a mouse, and he hasn't got a house. I don't know why. I call him

Gerald. He's getting rather old, but he's a good mouse.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world. I'll give you anything, anything if you want things.
I've got a clan of gingerbread men. Here a man, there a man, lots of gingerbread men.

Take a couple if you wish. They're on the dish.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world.

I'll give you anything, everything if you want things.

A little slower

I know a room of musical tunes. Some rhyme, some ching. Most of them are
clockwork. Let's go into the other room and make them work.
childhood's end
(From the Film "THE VALLEY")

Moderately

Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR

You shout in your sleep,
Perhaps the price
sail across the sea of long-past thoughts
you and who am I to say we know

is just too steep,
Is your conscience at rest
and memories.
Childhood's end, your fantasies
the reason why?
Some are born; some men die

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Am

if once put to the test?
merge with harsh realities.
be-neath one in-finite sky.
You a-wake-
And then as
There'll be war,

Em

with a start to just the beat ing of your heart.
the sail is hoist, you find your eyes are grow-ing moist.
there'll be peace. But ev-ry-thing one day will cease.

Am

Just one man be-neath the sky, just two
All the fears nev-er voiced say you have to
All the iron turned to rust; all the
1.
G  D  Em
ears, just two eyes.

Am  Em
You set

2.
G  D  Am
make your final choice.

Am  Em
Who are
3. **G** D Em **Am**
proud men turned to dust. And so all things, time will mend.

So this song will end.
Hard Rock beat

Harm-lessly passing your time in the grass-land a-way.
What do you get for pre-tending the dan-ger’s not real?
Bleat-ing and bab-bling, we fell on his neck with a scream.

dim-ly a-ware of a cer-tain un-ease in the air.
Meek and o-bed-ient, you fol-low the lead-er down well trod-den cor-ridor-s
Wave up-on wave of de-ment-ed a-ven-gers march cheer-ful-ly out of ob-
in-to the val-ley of steel.
scur-i-ty in-to the dream.
Em

Have you

You bet-ter watch out!
heard the news?

There may be dogs a-bout.
The dogs are dead.

Well, I've

looked o-ver Jor-don and I've seen,
You bet-ter stay home and do as you're told.

Get out of the things are
road if you

Last time To Coda

not what they seem.
want to grow old.

What a sur-prise,
a look of ter-mi-nal shock in your eyes.
Now things are really what they seem. No, this is no bad dream.

*(spoken)*

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me to lie through pastures green.

He leadeth me the silent waters by. With bright knives he releaseth
my soul. He maketh me to hang on hooks in high places. He converteth me to lamb
cutlets, for lo, he hath great power and great hunger. When cometh the day we lowly
ones, through quiet reflection and great dedication, master of the art of karate,

D.S. al Coda

lo, we shall rise up, and then we'll make the bugger's eyes water.

Repeat and Fade
pigs on the wing (one)

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Rubato

If you didn’t care

what happened to me,

and I didn’t care

for you,

We would-a zig-zag our way thru the
boredom and pain, occasionally glancing up thru' the rain,

wondering which of the bugs to blame,

And

watching for pigs on the wing.
pigs on the wing (two)

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Rubato

You know that I care,

what happens to you,

I know that you care

for me too,

So I don't feel alone

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International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.
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weight of the stone,
now that I've found somewhere safe to

bury my bone,
and any fool knows

dog needs a home,

shelter
from pigs on the wing.
pigs (three different ones)

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

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International Copyright Secured. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Printed in the U.S.A.
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Infringers are liable under the law.
Big man, pig man, ha ha, charade you are.

You well heeled, big wheel.
ha ha__ char-ade__ you are__

when you’re hand is on your heart,__
you’re near-ly a good laugh,

al-most a jo-ker with your head down the pig-bin say-ing keep on dig-ging

pig stain on your fat chin what do you hope to find__
down in the pig mine.
You're near-ly a laugh,
you're near-ly a laugh but you're real-ly a cry.

Bus stop rat bag,
ha ha cha-ra-de you are,

You fucked up old hag,
Ha, ha—charade—you are.

radiate-cold shafts of broken glass, you're nearly a good laugh

Almost worth a quick grin. You like the feel of steel— you're hot stuff with a hat pin

and good fun with a hand gun you're nearly a laugh.
you're nearly a laugh but you're really a cry.

[Music notation]
Em  
C  

Em  
C  

Em  
C  

Em  
C  

G  

Hey you, White house, ha ha char-ade you are,
You house proud town mouse,

Ha ha charade you are

You're trying to keep our feelings off the street

You're nearly a real treat, all tight lips and cold feet. And do you feel abused,
You gotta stem the evil tide, and keep it all on the inside,

Mary, you're nearly a treat.

Mary, you're nearly a treat... but you're really a

cry.

Repeat and fade
All this love is all I am, a
All around I hear strange sounds come

ball is all I am.

I'm so new, come

Red the light and
pured to you, and I am very small.
dark the night, I feel my dawn is near.

Warm glow, moon glow always need a little more room. Waiting here seems like years,
Warm glow, moon glow always need a little more room. Whisper low here I go,

never seen the light of day.
I will see the sunshine show.
another brick in the wall — part 2

Slowly

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Dm

We don’t need— no education,
We don’t need— no education,

Dm

We don’t need— no
We don’t need— no

thought control—
school control—

No
No

dark sarcasms in the classrooms.
dark sarcasms in the classrooms.
Ooh

Did, did, did, did you see the frightened ones?

Did, did, did, did you hear the falling bombs?

Did, did, did, did you ever wonder why we had to run for shelter when the promise of a brave new world unfurled beneath a clear blue sky?
CODA  Am  B
The flames are all long gone — But the pain — lingers on.

D  A7  G/D  D
Good - bye,— Blue Sky,—

A7  G/D  D  Am/D  D  Am/D
Good - bye,— Blue Sky,— Good - bye,— Good - bye.

No Chord

fa - de —
young lust

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS and DAVID GILMOUR

I am just a new boy, A stranger in this town.

Where are all the good times?

Who's gonna show this stranger around?

Oooh,
I need a dirty woman.

Ooooh, I need a dirty girl.

Will some woman in this desert land

Make me feel like a real man?

Take this rock and roll refugee.

Ooooh, Babe, set me free.
Ooooh
I need a dirty woman.

Ooooh.
I need a dirty girl.

I need a dirty woman.

Ooooh.
I need a dirty girl.

I need a dirty woman.
Ooooh, I need a dirty woman.

Ooooh, I need a dirty girl.
Hey you

Moderately

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Out there in the cold Getting lonely, getting old, Can you feel me? Hey

Standing in the aisles Withitchy feet and fading smiles, Can you feel me?

Hey, you! Don't help them to bury the light.
Don't give in without a fight.

Hey you! Out there on your own (Sitting naked by the phone, Would you touch me?)

Hey you! With your ear against the wall, Waiting for someone to call out, Would you touch me?

Hey you! Would you help me to carry the stone?
Open your heart,
I'm coming home.

But it was only fantasy.
The wall was too high as you can see.

matter how he tried he could not break free.

And the worms ate into his brain.
Hey, you!
Out there on the road, Always

Doing what you're told, Can you help me?—Hey you! Out

There beyond the wall, Breaking bottles in the hall, Can you help me?

Hey you! Don't tell me there's no hope at all.

Together we stand, Divided we fall.
comfortably numb

Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR and ROGER WATERS

Slowly

Hello! Is there anybody in there? Just nod if you can hear me. Is there anybody at home?

Come on, come on now. I hear you're feeling down. I can ease your pain. Get you on your feet again.

Relax, I'll need some information first.
Just the basic facts—Can you show me where it hurts?—There is no pain, you are receding.

A distant ship smoke on the horizon,

You are only coming through in waves. Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.

When I was a child—I had a fever. My hands felt—just like two balloons.

Now I've got—that feeling once again.
I can't explain, you would not understand. This is not how I am.
I have become comfortably numb.
I have become comfortably numb.

O.K., O.K., O.K. — Just a little

pin-prick. — There'll be no more aah!

But you may feel a little sick. — Can you

stand up? — I do believe it's working, good! — That'll keep you going through the show. — Come

on, it's time to go.

There is no pain, you are receding.

A distant ship's smoke on the horizon. —

You are only coming through in
waves.

Your lips move but I can't hear—what you're saying. When

I was a child— I caught a fleeting glimpse

Out of the corner of my eye.

I turned— to look— but it was gone. I cannot put—my finger on—

it now. The child is grown— The dream is gone—

And—

I have become Com-fort-'bly numb.
when the tigers broke free

Moderately

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

It was just before dawn one miserable morning in black forty four

When the forward commander was
told to sit tight When he asked that his men be withdrawn

And the generals gave thanks As the other ranks

held back the enemy tanks for a while And the Anzio

bridgehead was held for the price Of a few hundred ordinary

lives.

And kind old King George sent Mother a
note When he heard that Father was gone. It was, I re-
call, in the form of a scroll, With gold leaf and all.

And I found it one day In a drawer of old photographs hidden away.

And my eyes still grow damp to remember His Majesty signed With his own rubber stamp. It was dark all a-
round, There was frost in the ground When The Tigers Broke Free.

And no one survived from the Royal Fusiliers, Company.

They were all left behind, Most of them dead, the rest of them dying And that's how the

High Command took my Daddy from me.
not now john

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

G  D  Em

Fuck all that, we've got to get on— with these (fuck all
Not now John, we've got to get on— with the film show
Hang on John, I've got to get on— with this show

that
that

(fuck all
(got to get on
(got to get on)

We've
got to get on

Hollywood waits at the end of the rainbow.
don't know what it is but it fits on here like ***
got to compete— with the wily Japanese

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There's too many home fires
Who cares what it's a -
Come back at the end of the rainbow

burning and not enough trees,
bout as long as the kids go.
Shift, we'll go and get pissed
(As long as the kids — go)

So fuck all that, we've got to get on with these.
So not now John, we've got to get on with the
But not now John, I've got to get on with this

(Got to get on — with these.) Can't stop, lose job, mind gone, silicon,
(got to get on — with this,

on D.C. SEGUE *)
Stroll on, what bomb, get away, pay day, Make hay, break down, need fix, big six,

Click-it-y click, hold on oh no! Bingo——

(bingo——)

Half Tempo

Make them laugh,— make them cry,— Make them dance — in the aisles
Hold on John,— I think there's something good— on, I used to read books — but ***
Em  C/E  Em
Make them pay,  make them stay,
It could be the news, or some other amusement, it

D/E  Em  Asus
Make them feel O.K.,
could be reusable shows.
a tempo 10

D.C. to 10 bar

CODA  G
Fuck all that we've
No need to worry a-

D  Em
got to get on— with these
about the Vietnamese.

We've
got to compete with the wily Japanese.
Got to bring the Russian bear to his knees.

Well maybe not the Russian bear, maybe the
Make us feel tough and wouldn't Maggie be

Swedes, pleased.

We showed Argentina, now
Na na na na na na na.

let's go and show these.
Your possible pasts

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

They flutter behind you, your possible pasts
stood in the doorway, the ghost of a smile

Some bright eyed and haunting her

crazy some frightened and lost.
face like a cheap hotel sign.
A warning to anybody still in command
Her cold eyes imploring the men in their macs
Cold and religious we were taken in hand

For the gold of their possible
Or the shown how to feel good and

Future to take care.
Knives told to their backs.

In derelict sidings the poppies entwine
Stepping up boldly one put out his hand
Strung out behind us the banners and flags
He said with cattle trucks lying in
of our possible pasts lie in
wait now I'm only a man,
tatters and rags.

Do you remember me, how we used to be,

Do you think we should be closer?
(closer, closer, closer, closer,
clos-er, clos-er, clos-er, clos-er, clos-er, clos-er.) She

clos-er.)
paranoid eyes

Slow Beat

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

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And if they try to breakdown your disguise with their questions

You can hide, hide, hide

behind paranoid eyes.

You put on your brave face and slip over the road for a jar,
believing in their stories of fame, fortune and glory.

Now you're
Fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar. 
lost in a haze of alcohol soft middle age. 
The

Laughing too loud at the rest of the world with the boys in the crowd. 
You can pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high. 
And you

hide, hide, hide 
hide, hide, hide 
be-hind pet-ri-fied 

eyes.
You be-

behind brown and mild eyes.
the final cut

Slow

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Through the fish-eyed lens — of tear stained eyes, — I can

barely define — the shape of this moment in time. And far from flying high in clear blue

skies, — I'm spiraling down — to the hole in the ground where I hide.

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If you negotiate the mine-field in the drive,— and beat the dogs and cheat the cold-electronic eyes;— And if you make it past the shot—guns in the hall,—
dial the combination,— open—the priest-hole, and if I'm in, I'll tell you what's behind the wall.

There's a kid who had—a big hallucination
Thought I ought to bare—my naked feelings,
Am

making love to girls— in magazines.
Thought I ought to tear— the curtain down.

Bb

wonders if you're sleeping with your new found— faith,
held the blade in trembling hands, pre—

Gm7

Could anybody love— him or is it just a crazy dream—

F

F/C

C

Bb(add9)
And if I show you my dark side will you still hold me to-night? And if I open my heart to you and show you my weak side, what would you do?

Would you sell your story to Rolling Stone, would you take the children away—
and leave me a-lone, and smile in re-as-sur-ance as you whis-ter down the phone,

would you send me pack-ing,— or would you take me home?
just then the phone rang,-- I never had the nerve to make the final

cut.
the gold it's in the...
(From the Film "THE VALLEY")

Moderate Hard Rock beat

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS and DAVID GILMOUR

Come on, my friends, let's make for the hills. They say_

there's gold but I'm looking for thrills. You can_

get your hands on whatever we find, 'cause I'm on -
ly com-in' long for the ride. Well, you go your way,

I'll go mine. I don't care if we get there on time. Ev'rybody's searching for some thing, they say. I'll get my kicks on the way.
Over the mountains, across the seas,

who knows what will be waiting for me? I could

sail forever to strange sounding names. Faces

e of people and places don't change. All
I have to do is just close my eyes to see

the sea gulls wheeling in those far distant skies.

All I want to tell you, all I want to say is count me in on the journey, Don't expect me to stay.

Repeat and fade
Stay
(From the Film "THE VALLEY")

Moderately slow, in 2

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS
and RICK WRIGHT

Stay rise,
and help me to end the day.

And if you sur -
don't mind, we'll break a bottle of wine. - Stick a -
prised _ to find you by my side. _ Rack my

round _ and may-be we'll put one _ down, 'cause I wanna
brain _ to try to re - mem - ber your name to

find _ find _ what lies be - hind those eyes. _
find _ the words to tell you good - bye. _

Mid - night blue -
Morn - ing dues._
burn - ing gold._
New - born day._
A yellow moon is growing cold.
Midnight blue turns to gray.

I. D G C Bb F/A

2. D G C/G D/G

C/G G C/G D/G C/G
Midnight blue burning gold.

A yellow moon is growing cold.
wots... uh the deal
(From the Film "THE VALLEY")

Moderately

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS and DAVID GILMOUR

Heaven sent the promised land... Looks all right... from where I stand, 'cause
Fire... bright by candlelight... and her by my side.

Or
I'm the man on the outside looking in.
If she prefers, we need never stir again.

Waiting on the first step,
Someone sent the promised land.

Show me where the key is kept.
Point me down the right line,
Oh, I grabbed it with both hands.
Now I'm the man on the inside looking out.

Because it's time to let me in
Hear me shout.
from the cold. Come on in. What's the news? In - to gold.

've there's a chill wind blow - in' in my soul, and I think I'm grow - ing
cause there's no wind left in my soul, and I've grown

Flash the read - ies.

Wots... uh the deal? Got to make - it to the next meal.
Try to keep up with the turning of the wheel.

Mile after mile, stone after stone, you

turn to speak, but you're alone. Million miles from home,

you're on your own. So let me in...
from the cold,   

Turn my lead  
in to gold,  

'cause there's a chill wind blowin' in my soul, and I think I'm growing cold.
Moderately

F♯m

Tick-ing a-way to catch the mo-ments that make up a dull-
run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sink-

A

E

day;
frit-ter and waste the hours

S

S

S

F♯m

in an off-hand way, up be-hind you a-gain.

The

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS,
NICHOLAS MASON, DAVID GILMOUR
and RICK WRIGHT

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Kicking around on a piece of ground in your hometown;
sun is the same in a relative way, but you're older,

waiting for someone or something to show you the way,
shorter of breath and one day closer to death.

Tired of lying in the sunshine,
every year is getting shorter,

staying home to watch the rain,
you are young and life
never seems to find the time.
Plans that either come.
is long, and there is time to kill to-day.

to naught, or half a page of scribbled lines.

And then one day, you find ten years have got

Hang-ing on in quiet desper-a-tion is the

be-hind you. No one told you when to run.

Eng-lish way. The time is gone. The song is o-ver.

You missed the starting gun. And you Thought I'd some-th-ing more to say.
us and them

Words by ROGER WATERS
Music by ROGER WATERS and RICK WRIGHT

D
Us us us us us us us us us
Me me me me me me me me me

Bm/D
them them them them them them them them
you you you you you you you you

Dm(+7)
And after all, God only knows
we're only ordinary men.

it's not what we would choose to do.

"Forward", he cried from the rear And the front rank died.
The General sat And the lines on the map
moved from side... to side. Ah! Black black black black

black black black and blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue

blue And who knows which is which And who is who...

Up up up up up
up up up and down down down down down down down down down

And in the end,

it's on - ly 'round and 'round 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and

"Have-n't you heard? It's a bat-tle of words," the

post - er bear - er cried.

"Li - ten, son," said the man.
with the gun, "There's room for you inside."

Down down down down down down down down And out out out out out out
With with with with with with with without out out out out out out

It can't be helped but there's a
And who'll deny it's what the

lot of it a-about.
fight-ing's all a-bout?

Out of the way, it's a bus-y day, I've

got things on my mind. For want of the price of

tea and a slice The old man died.
Moderately ($\frac{3}{8}$)}

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Bm7

Money,
Money,
Money,
you get a way.
you get back.
it's a crime.

Ya get a
I'm
Share it
good job with more pay, and you're O.K.
all right, Jack. Keep your hands off my stack.
fairly, but don't take a slice of my pie.

Money, it's a gas.
Money, it's a hit.
Money, so they say.

Grab but don't is

that cash with both hands and make a stash.
give me that do-good-y good bull shit.
the root of all evil to day.

I'm in the
But if
New car, caviar, four-star daydream. Think I'll buy me a football
high fidelity, first-class traveling set, and I think I need a
you ask for a rise, it's no sur-

learn jet.

prise that they're giving none away.

Repeat and fade
Moderately, simply

So, how I wish, how I wish you were here,

heaven from hell, we're just

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Am

two lost souls swimming in blue skies from pain year after year. Can you tell a green
field running over the same old ground, what have we found? The same old

With a heavier beat

Am

to Coda G

veil. Do you think you can tell? Wish you were And did they get you to trade?

C

your heroes for ghosts, hot ashes for trees,
have a cigar

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Come in here dear boy have a cigar you're gonna go far,
We're just knocked out, we heard about the sell out,

You're gonna fly high, you're never gonna die,
you're gonna
You've gotta get an album out, you owe it to the people, we're so

make it if you try, they're gonna love you,
happy we can hardly count,
Well I've always had a deep respect and I mean that most sincere...
Ev'ry body else is just green

-ly
Have you seen the chart?
The band is just fantas-tic that is
It's a hell-u-va start... it could be

really what I think oh by the way, which one's pink?
made in-to a mon-stor if we all pull to-geth-er as a team.

And did we tell you the name of the game
we call it "riding the gravy train"
Moderately, with an even beat
Gm  
| C/E |

reached for the secret too soon,  
No body knows where you are,  
You you how

Gm/F#  
| Gm/F |

Gm  
| Gb |

shone like the sun.  
cried for the moon.  
Shine  
On,  
You
Crazy Diamond.

Now there's a look in your eyes
Threatened by shadows at night,
Piled on many more layers,

Like black holes in the sky,
and I'll be exposed in the light,

On, You Crazy Diamond.
You were caught in the cross-fire of childhood and we'll bask in the shadow of yesterday's come-on, you target, for far-away laughter; come on, you target, for far-away laughter; come on, you
common, you ravere, you see-er of visions; come on, you good, you leg-end, you martyr, and shine; come on, you
common, you boy-child, you win-ner and los-er, come on, you good, you leg-end, you martyr, and shine; come on, you
common, you painter, you pi-per, you pris-oner, and shine.
You

(Twice as fast)

CODA

shine.

Repeat and Fade
Welcome to the machine

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Em Cmaj7

Welcome my son Welcome To the machine

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Where have you been
It's all right, we know where you've been.

You've been in the pipeline filling in time
Provided with toys and scouting for boys
You bought a guitar to punish your ma

And you didn't like school

And you know you're nobody's fool

So welcome

To the machine
Welcome my son, welcome
to the machine
What did you dream

It's all right we
told you what to dream.

You dreamed of a big star.

He played a mean guitar.
al-ways ate in the steak bar,

He loved to drive in his Jag-

-uar,

So wel-come

to the ma-chine.

ad lib. synth.

Repeat and fade ad lib.