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Music Transcribed by ZIGGY LUDVIGSEN

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LUPUS MUSIC CO. LTD.
Let There Be More Light

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Far far far away people heard him say say I will find a way way there will come a day day something will be done.

Cm Fm Cm Dm

Cm

then at last the mighty ship descending on a point of flame made contact with the human race at Carter's father saw it there and knew the hull revealed to him the living soul of Here-wood the Mildenhall Wake.

A Ab

Mildenhall Oh my something in my eye eye something in the sky sky waiting there for me I I I can't say I can't say Summoning his cosmic powers and

Cm Dm Ab

servicemen were heard to sigh for there revealed in flowing robes was Lucy in the sky glowing slightly from his toes his psychic emanations flowed.

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Let There Be More Light

Far far far away, way
People heard him say, say
I will find a way way
There will come a day day
Something will be done
Then at last the mighty ship descending on a point of flame
Made contact with the human race at Milden Hall
Oh my, something in my eye eye
Something in the sky sky
Waiting there for me
The outer lock rolled slowly back
The servicemen were heard to sigh
For there revealed in flowing robes was Lucy in the sky
Now now now is the time time time
To be be be aware
Carter's father saw it there and knew the hull revealed to him
The living soul of Hereward the Wake
Oh oh did you ever
No no never will they
D-D-D-O can't say
Summoning his cosmic powers
And glowing slightly from his toes
His psychic emanations flowed.
Seabirds

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Mighty waves come crashing down the spray is lashing high into the eagle's eye. Surf comes rushing up the beach now will it reach the castle wall and will it fall.

shrinking as it cuts the Devil wind is calling sailors to the deep catfish dappled silver flashing dogfish puffing bubbles in my deep

But I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear and I can see you smile.

Surf is high an' the sea is a-wash an' a haze of candy floss, glitter, and beads.

rock that we sat on and watched in the sun that was hot to the touch and the sea was an emerald green and I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear and I can see you smile.

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Seabirds

Mighty waves come crashing down
The spray is lashing high into the eagle's eye
Shrieking as it cuts the devil wind, is calling sailors to the deep
But I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
And I can see you smile
Surf is high an' the sea is awash
An' a haze of candy floss, glitter and beads
Rock that we sat on and watched in the sun
That was hot to the touch
And the sea was an emerald green
I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
And I can see you smile
Surf comes rushing up the beach
Now will it reach the castle wall and will it fall
Catfish dappled silver flashing
Dogfish puffing bubbles in my deep.
Em    Em9    Em    Em9
All this love is all I am.  A
All around I hear strange sounds come.

Em    Em9    Em    Em    Em9
ball is all gurgling in my ear I'm so new composed
and

Em    Em9    Em    Em    Em9
pared to dark the night I am very

Em    Bm     Em9
small warm glow, moon glow, always need a little more room
warm glow, moon glow, always need a little more room

Bm     Em    B7    Em
waiting here seems like years never seen the light of day.
whisper low here I go I will see the sunshine show.

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Embryo

All this love is all I am
A ball is all I am
I'm so new compared with you
And I am very small

Warm glow, moon glow,
Always need a little more room
Waiting here seems like years
Never seen the light of day

All around I hear strange sounds
Come gurgling in my ear
Red the light and dark the night
I feel my dawn is near

Warm glow, moon glow
Always need a little more room
Whisper low, here I go
I will see the sunshine show.
Fat Old Sun

Words and Music by DAVE GILMOUR

When that fat old sun in the sky's falling summer ev'ning birds
are calling summer sunday and a year the sound of music in
my ears Distant bells new mown grass smells songs sweet

By the river holding hands

And if you see don't you make a sound pick your feet up off the ground and if you
hear as the wall night falls the silver sound from a tongue so strange sing to me

sing to me When that fat old sun in the sky's falling
summer ev'ning birds are calling childrens laughter in my ears the

last song-light dis - ap - pears And if you
Fat Old Sun

When that fat old sun in the sky's falling
Summer evening birds are calling
Summer Sunday and a year
The sound of music in my ears
Distant bells
New moon grass smells
Songs sweet
By the river holding hands
And if you see, don't you make a sound
Pick your feet up off the ground
And if you hear as the wall night falls
The silver sound from a tongue so strange
Sing to me
Sing to me
When that fat old sun in the sky's falling
Summer evening birds are calling
Children's laughter in my ears
The last song-light disappears.
Crying Song

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

(Slow)

We smiled and smiled we smiled and smiled
climbed and climbed we climbed and climbed

laughter echoes in your eyes,
foot fiddled softly in the pines.

We cry and cry we cry and
We roll and roll we roll and

Sadness passes in a while.
Help me roll away the stone.

We
Crying Song

We smiled and smiled
We smiled and smiled
Laughter echoes in your eyes
We cry and cry
We cry and cry
Sadness passes in a while

We climbed and climbed
We climbed and climbed
Foot falls softly in the pines
We roll and roll
We roll and roll
Help me roll away the stone.
Arnold Layne

Arnold Layne had a strange hobby

Collecting clothes Moonshine washing line

they suit him fine.

On the wall
Now he's caught

hung a tall nasty sort of person

distorted view See through Doors clang

baby blue gang

he dug it he hates it Oh, Arnold
Layne, it's not the same. Takes two to know.

two to know. two to know.

two to know. Why can't you see.

Arnold Layne.

To Coda


Arnold Layne. D.S. al Coda

Arnold Layne.

Arnold Layne, don't do it again.
Arnold Layne

Arnold Layne had a strange hobby
Collecting clothes
Moonshine, washing line
They suit him fine.

Oh, on the wall hung a tall mirror
Distorted view
See-through baby blue
He dug it.

Oh, Arnold Layne, it's not the same
It takes two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Why can't you see Arnold Layne
Arnold Layne don't do it again

Arnold Layne had a strange hobby
Collecting clothes
Moonshine, washing line
They suit him fine

Now he's caught, a nasty sort of person
They gave him time
Doors clang, chain gang
He hates it.

Oh, Arnold Layne, it's not the same
It takes two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Why can't you see Arnold Layne
Arnold Layne don't do it again.
Point Me At The Sky
Words and Music by WATERS/GILMOUR

Hey Jean misses Henry Mclean an' I finished my beautiful

fly- ing machine an' I'm ring- ing to say that I'm leav- ing an' maybe you'd

like to fly with me and hide with me ba- by — Isn't it strange how

If you sur- vive till two

lit- tle we change isn't it sad we're in- sane — playing the game that we

thou- sand and five I hope you're ex- ceeding- ly thin — for if you are stout you will

know ends in tears the game we're playing for thousands and thousands and thousands

have to breath out while the people a-round you breath in — breath in breath in

jumps into his cosmic flyer pulls his plastic col-lar higher light the fuse and stand well back he

people pressing on my sides is something that I hate and so is sit- ting down to eat with on- ly

cried this is my last good-bye lit- tle cap-sules on my plate point me at the sky let it fly

point me at the sky and let it fly point me at the sky and let it

fly — And

Repeat till fade out
Point Me At The Sky

Hey Jean misses, Henry McLean an' I finished my beautiful flying machine
An' I'm ringin' to say that I'm leavin' an' maybe you'd like to fly with me and hide with me baby
Isn't it strange how little we change, isn't it sad we're insane
Playing the game we know ends in tears
The game we've been playing for thousands and thousands and thousands
Jumps into his cosmic flyer, pulls his plastic collar higher
Light the fuse and stand well back, he cried, this my last goodbye

Point me at the sky and let it fly
Point me at the sky and let it fly
Point me at the sky and let it fly ...

Hey Jean misses Henry McLean an' I finished my beautiful flying machine
An' I'm ringin' to say that I'm leavin' an' maybe you'd like to fly with me and hide with me baby
If you survive till two thousand and five I hope you're exceedingly thin
For if you are stout you will have to breathe out
While the people around you breathe-in-breathe-in
People pressing on my sides is something that I hate
And so is sitting down to eat with only little capsules on my plate

Point me at the sky
Point me at the sky
Point me at the sky ...
See-Saw

Words and Music by
RICHARD WRIGHT

Marigolds are very much in love but he doesn't mind

pick-ing up sis-ter he makes his way to see-saw land

All the way she smiles She goes up as he goes

down down sits on a stick in the

river laughter in his sleep sister's throwing stones

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Hoping for a hit
He doesn't know so there

she goes up while she goes down, down,

another time
another day
another brother's way to leave

Another time
Another day

She'll be selling plastic flowers on a Sunday afternoon picking out weeds she hasn't
got the time to care all can see he's not there

she grows up for another man and he's down
Marigolds are very much in love
But he doesn't mind
Picking up sister he makes his way to see-saw land
All the way she smiles
She goes up as he goes down down
Sits on a stick in the river
Laughter in his sleep
Sister's throwing stones
Hoping for a hit
He doesn't know
So there
She goes up while he goes down down
Another time, another day
A brother's way to leave
Another time, another day
She'll be selling plastic flowers on a Sunday afternoon
Picking out needs
She hasn't got the time to care
All can see he's not there
She grows up for another man
And he's down.
Grantchester Meadows

Icy wind of night be gone this is not your domain.

In the sky a bird was heard to cry.

Misty morning whisperings and gentle stirring sound.

Belies a deathly silence that lay all around.

Hear the lark and harken to the barking of the dogfox gone to ground.

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

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See the splashing of the kingfisher, flashes to the water, and the river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees

laughing as it passes thru' the endless summer making for the sea.

In the lazy water meadows, I lay me down.

All around me golden sunflakes settle on the ground

Basking in the sunshine of a bygone afternoon

Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city doom
Grantchester Meadows

O cay wind of night be gone this is not your domain
In the sky a bird was heard to cry
Misty morning whisperings and gentle stirring sound
Bellies a deathly silence that lay all around

Hear the lark and harken to the barking of the dog-box gone to ground
See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the the water
And the river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees
Laughing as it passes thru the endless Summer making for the sea

In the lazy water meadows O lay me down
All around me golden sunflakes settle on the ground
Basking in the sunshine of a by-gone afternoon
Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city doom.
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