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See Emily Play

Moderately

Words and Music by SYD BARRETT

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

Am/E
stands, ah - ooh._
cries, ah - ooh,_
ground, ah - ooh._

She's of - ten in - clined to bor-row
Gazing through trees in sor-row,
Float on a riv-er for-

Cmaj7

some - bod - y's dreams till to - mor - row.

couldly a sound till to - mor - row.

ev - er and ev - er, Em - i - ly.

There is no
other day.
Let's try it another way.

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

See Emily play.
Moderately slow, in 2

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

he doesn't mind. Sunday afternoon.

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

seas or land. All the way she smiles.
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
hit, He doesn't know; so then

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
Another time,
Another day.
A brother's way to
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 who arrives at the wall?

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

Lotus's lean on each
Morning to birth is will
other in union.
born into shadow.
fell 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
G/A  Am  To Coda

heart of the sun...

G/A  Am

The heart of the sun...

gradually get louder

G/D  Am  D.C. al Coda

heart of the sun...

G/A  Am

The heart of the sun...

G/A  Am  Repeat and Fade

The heart of the sun...

The
**Moderately Slow**

Bm   Gm   Bm   Gm

gradually get louder

Bm   A   E   F♯   D

G   E   A   F♯   Bm

G   F♯   Em   D   F♯7
green is the colour
(From the Motion Picture "MORE")

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Moderate 4

G

Heavy hung the canopy of

C(add9) G Cmaj7

— blue,
Shade my eyes and I can see you;

TRO - © Copyright 1969 and 1983 Hampshire House Publishing Corp., New York, N.Y. International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved Including Public Performance for Profit Used by Permission
White is the light that shines thru the dress that you wore.

She lay in the shadow of a wave,

Hazy were the visions overplayed,

Sunlight in her eyes, but moon-shine made her cry every time.
Steady 4

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

Floating down, the sound resounds around the icy waters underground.
Blind - ing signs flap, Flick - er, flick - er, flick - er blam. Pow, pow.

Stair - way Scare Dan Dare who's there?
Lime and limpid green, the sounds around the icy
waters under, Lime and limpid green the sounds a-
round 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 evening 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 silver sound from a time so strange,

Sing to me, sing to me.

When that fat old sun in the sky is falling,
sum-mer eve-nin' birds are call-ing.

Children's laugh-ter in my ears, the last sun-light dis-

ap-pears.

And if you

Repeat and fade
Moderately

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

If I _______ were a
If I _______ were the

If I _______ were a train, _______ I'd be late.
If I _______ were a book, _______ I would bend.

swan, _______ I'd be gone.
moon, _______ I'd be cool.
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.
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?

1. 
2. 

[Music notation]
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

Laborious of coral caves, The echo of a distant tide comes wailing 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 wheres 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.
Moderately \( \text{\textcopyright} \ 71 \text{ and } 76 \text{ Hampshire House Publishing Corp., New York, N.Y.} \text{ All Rights Reserved Including Public Performance For Profit} \text{ Used by Permission} \)

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 Tropez 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_ sleep_ 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_
Makin' a date_ for lat-
hers 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.

Soon-er 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
Nothing waits the magistrate turns 'round

You pick the place, I know the fool

and I'll choose the time

Go down

the hill in my own way.

Just wait a while

And every day

Who wears the crown

You say you'd like to see me try

It!

Climb

Frown
for the right day.
and the clouds
sound of the things
D.C. (1st time only)
Repeat and Fade
Moderately

Words and Music by SYD BARRETT

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, everything 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, ev'rything if you want things.

A little slower

I know a room of musical tunes. Some rhyme, some ching. Most of them are
clock-work. 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 your conscience at rest

The reason why?

Is childhood's end, your fantasies

Some are born; some men die
Am

if once put to the test? You awake.
merge with harsh realities. And then as
be-nearth one infinite sky. 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-nearth the sky, just two
All the fears nev-er voiced say you have to
All the iron turned to rust; all the
ears, just two eyes.

You set

make your final choice.

Who are
proud men turned to dust. And so all things, time will mend.

So this song will end.
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 of people and places don't change. All
_I have to do is just close my eyes to see_

_the sea gulls wheel-ing in those far dis-tant skies. All I want to tell you, all I want to say is count me in on the jour-ney, Don't ex-pect me to stay._

Repeat and fade
Moderately slow, in 2

Stay rise, and help me to end the day,

And if you sur -
don't mind,
prised
we'll break a
bottle of wine.
Stick a-

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

find
find
what lies behind those eyes.
the words to
tell you good-bye.

Mid-night
blue
dues.
burning
New-born
gold.

No chord
N.C.
Gm7
A yellow moon is growing
cold, gray.
Midnight blue
turn to

1. D  C  Bb  F/A
2. D  G  C/G  D/G

N.C.  Gm7  C  N.C.  Gm7  C

Bb  F/A  Eb  F
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.

Moderately

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

Hear me shout.
from the cold, Turn my lead in - to gold,
Come on in, What's the news? Where you been?

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

cold.

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 into gold,

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

D.S. al Coda
Coda
Repeat and fade
Moderately

F#m

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

A

E

day;
frit-ter and waste the hours
racing a-round to come

F#m

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

The
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town;
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 seem to find the time,
Plans that either come
Amaj7

— is long, and there is time to kill to-day.

dmaj7

— to naught, or half a page of scribbled lines.

C#m7

And then one day, you find

Hang-on in quiet desperation is the

Bm7

behind you. No one told you when

Eng-lish way. The time is gone. The song is over.

Bm7-9

You missed the starting gun. And you

Thought I'd something more to say.
us and them

Words by ROGER WATERS
Music by ROGER WATERS and RICK WRIGHT
we're on ly or di-na-ry men...

we would choose to do.

"For-ward", he cried from the rear And the front rank

died... The Gen'ral 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 only '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. "Lis-ten, son," said the man.
with the gun, "There's room for you inside."

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

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

lot of it about,
fighting's all about...

Out of the way, it's a busy day, I've

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

tea and a slice The old man died.
Moderately ($\frac{3}{4} \text{ with } \frac{3}{4}$)

_Bm7_

_Money, ya get away._
_Money, you get back._
_Money, 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.

Mone-y,
it's a gas.
Mone-y,
it's a hit.
Mone-y,
so they say,
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-

--- team.
Lear jet.

--- prise that they're giving none away.

Repeat and fade
---
Moderately, simply

So, how I wish, so you think you can tell
how I Wish You Were Here.

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International Copyright Secured ALL RIGHTS RESERVED Printed in the U.S.A.
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two lost souls swimming in a blue sky 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

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

cresc. your heroes for ghosts, hot ashes for trees,
Am for a cool breeze, cold comfort for change?

And did you exchange a walk on part in the war?

Am for a lead role in a cage?

(vocal ad lib)
G

Em D Em

A

Em D Em

A

G

D.S. al Coda

Repeat and Fade

CODA G

Em

Here (vocal ad lib 2nd time only)
have a cigar

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Infringers are liable under the law.
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 al-ways had a deep respect and I meant that most sin-cere-
Ev'ry bo-d-y else is just green

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

C
D
Em

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

C
D
Em

And did we tell you the name of the game
boy.

We call it "Rid-ing the the gravy

train"
Moderately, with an even beat
Remember when you were young,
No body knows where you are,
You you how

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 joining you there.

On, You Crazy Diamond.
Well, you wore out your welcome with random pre-
And we'll bask in the shadow of yesterday's
You were caught in the cross-fire of childhood and

star-dom, blown on the steel breeze.
cision, rode on the steel breeze.
tri-umph, sail on the steel breeze.

Come on, you target, for far-away laughter; come on, you
Come on, you raver, you seer of visions; come on, you
Come on, you boy child, you winner and loser, come on, you

stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine.
painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine.
miner for truth and delusion, and

To Coda Gm
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.

He
always ate in the steak bar,
He loved to drive in his Jag-

uar,
So welcome

to the machine

ad lib. synth.

Repeat and fade ad lib.
Em

Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away
What do you get for pretending the danger's not real?
Bleating and babbling, we fell on his neck with a scream

Am

dimly aware of a certain unease in the air
Meek and obedient, you follow the leader down well trodden corridors
Wave upon wave of demented avengers march cheerfully out of obs

Em

in to the valley of steel
scuri ty in to the dream
Em

You better watch out!
heared the news?

You better stay home and do as you're told.

Em

not what they seem.
want to grow old.

FF7

What a surprise,
a look of terminal shock in your eyes.
Now things are really what they seem. No, this is no bad dream.

Mysteriously

*(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

* These lyrics should be chanted in free style of rhythm.
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 or the
weight of the stone,
now that I've found some-place safe to

bury my bone,
and any fool knows a

dog needs a home,
a

shelter
from pigs on the wing.
Big man, pig man, ha ha charade you are.

You well heeled, big wheel
ha ha charade you are And

when you're hand is on your heart,
you're nearly a good laugh,
almost a joker with your head down the pig-bin saying keep on dig-ging

pig stain on your fat chin what do you hope to find down in the pig mine.
You're nearly a laugh, you're nearly a laugh but you're really a cry.

Bus stop rat bag, ha ha cha-rade 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.
Hey you, White house, ha ha charade you are,
Em
You house proud town mouse,

C
Ha ha charade you are

G
You're

Em
try ing to keep our feel ings off the street

C

G

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

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

Repeat and fade
Very Slow 4

Em

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

ball is all I am.
gurgling in my ear.
I'm so new and

Red the light and
pared 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.

Repeat and Fade
another brick in the wall — part 2

Slowly

We don't need no education,
We don't need no education,

thought control,
school control,

No No

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Teacher, leave them kids alone.
Teacher, leave us kids alone.

Hey, hey, teacher!
Leave them kids alone!

All in all it’s just another brick in the wall.
All in all you’re just another brick in the wall.
goodbye blue sky

Moderately
Guitar Tab

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

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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

D

A7

G/D

D

A7

G/D

D

Am/D

D

Am/D

No Chord

fade - 
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,
Ab

I need a dirty woman.

Bbm

Ooooh,

Fm

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.

Bbm

Fm

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

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

Ooooh, I need a dirty girl.
Moderately

hiy you

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

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

you! Standing in the aisles With itchy feet and fading smiles, Can you feel me?

Hey, you! Don't help them to bury the light.

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Don't give in without a fight.

Hey you! Out there on your own (Sitting

na-ked by the 'phone, Would you touch me? Hey you! With your

ear against the wall, Waiting for some-one 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.

No 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.
Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR and ROGER WATERS

Slowly

Bm

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

Em

Is there anyone at home?

A

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

G

on your feet again. Relax. I'll need some information first.

Em

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Infringers are liable under the law.
Just the basic facts—Can you show me where it hurts?
There is no pain, you are receding.

A distant 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, 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 Comfort’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
When he heard that Father was gone.

It was, I recall, 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,

"C": 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

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

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

We've

G
D
Em

that
(got to get on
(got to get on)

I

G
D
Em

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

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

burning and not e-nough 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—these.
So not now John, we've got to get on—
But not now John, I've got to get on—this

(Got to get on— with these.) Can't stop, lose job, mind gone, s-i-l-i-con,
(got to get on— with this, got to get on.)
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--

Em

(bin-go.)

Half Tempo

C/E

Em

D/E

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 * * *
Make them pay,
It could be the news,
G

make them stay,
or some other amusement, it

To Coda

D/E

Make them feel O.K.
could be reusable shows.

Em 2 Asus

a tempo 10

G

D.C. to 10 bar

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

got to get on— with these
about the Vietnamese.

Em

Em

D

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 Swedes.
Make us feel tough and pleased.

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

let's go and show these.

Ad lib.' to Fade
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 any one still in command
Her cold eyes imploring the men in their maces
cold and religious we were taken in hand

for the gold of their possible
shown how to feel good
and

for the gold of their bags or the
shown how to feel good and

future to take care.
knives told to feel bad.

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,
Cmaj9

closer, closer, closer, closer, closer, closer.) She

[2.
solo

closer.)

C

C

C

C

C

C

C

C
By the closer...

CODA

D

Repeat till fade
paranoid eyes

Slow Beat

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

G

C

G

Button your lip and don't let the shield—slip.

C

G

Take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask.
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.
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.
Through the fish-eyed lens—of tear stained eyes—

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.
If you negotiate the mine-field in the drive, and beat the dogs and cheat the electronic eyes;
And if you make it past the shotguns 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,
making love to girls— in magazines.
Thought I ought to tear— the curtain down.

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

Could anybody love him or is it just a crazy dream—
And if I show you my dark—side will you still hold—me to-night? And if I o—pen my heart to you—and show you my weak—side, what would you do?

Would you sell your sto—ry to Roll—ing Stone, would you take the child—ren a—way—
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.

a tempo