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see emily play

Words and Music by SYD BARRETT

G

D/F#

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

Am/E

No chord

Cmaj7

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 -

Am

G

some - bod - y's dreams till to - mor - row. There is no
hard - ly a sound till to - mor - row. ever and ever, Emi - ly.
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

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
A brother's way to leave, another day.

She'll be

Coda

A brother's way to leave, another day.
Another time,
Another day,
Another time,
Another day.

A brother's way to leave,
set the controls for the heart of the sun

Moderately fast, ethereal

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Lit - tle by lit - tle the night turns a - round._
O - ver the moun - tain watch - ing the watch - er.
Who is the man who ar - ives at the wall?___

Count - ing the leaves which trem - ble and turn._
Break - ing the dark - ness wak - ing the grape - vine.
Mak - ing the shape of his ques - tions at ask - ing.

Lo - tus' lean on each
Morn - ing to birth is
Think - ing the sun 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
a saucerful of secrets (main theme)

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

Heavy hung the canopy 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 overplayed,

Sunlight in her eyes, but

moon-shine made her cry every time.
astronomy domine

Words and Music by SYD BARRETT

Slow 4

\[ \text{\textit{sempre}} \]

Moderate 4

\[ \text{\textit{poco accel.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{accel. e cresc.}} \]

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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.
Jupiter and Saturn, Oberon, Miranda and Titania, Neptune, Titan, Stars can frighten
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 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,
sum-mer eve-nin' birds are call-ing.

Children's laugh-ter in my ears, the last sunlight dis-
ap-pears.

And if you

Repeat and fade

Coda
Moderately

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

If I were a swan, I'd be gone.
If I were the moon, I'd be cool.

If I were a train, I'd be late.
If I were a book, I would bend.
And if I were a good man,
I'd

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 please don't put your wires in my brain.
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 inviting me to

Labyrinths of coral caves, The echo of a distant tide comes walking 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 sunlit wings. A

Every thing is green and subterranean. 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 some-thing stares and some-thing tries and
starts to climb to-wards the light.
no one crosses there a-live and no one speaks and no one tries and no one flies a-round the sun.
no one makes me close my eyes, so I throw the win-dows wide and call to you a-cross the skies.
one of these days

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

Moderately
Guitar Tacet

With a driving rhythm

Bm

7 times

Guitar Tacet

6 times

Bm

A

Guitar Tacet

A

Bm

Guitar Tacet

6 times

Moderately (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

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-
D

hear her calling.
If you're alone,
I'll come home.

Gmaj7
Backwards and home-bound, the pigeon, the dove
gone with the wind and the rain

Gm6

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

Gmaj7

drinking champagne like a big tycoon.

Gm6

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
for the right day. And as I rise above the tree.
is the right day. And as you rise above the fear.

line and the clouds I look down, hear the the
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

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, anything 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, everything 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

G  D  Am  Em

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.

and memories.

the reason why?

Is your conscience at rest

Childhood's end, your fantasies

Some are born; some men die

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Am

if once put to the test? You are awake
merge with harsh realities.
be-nearth one infinite sky.

Em

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

Am

Just one man be-nearth the sky, just two
All the fears never voiced you have to
All the iron turned to rust; all the
1. ears, just two eyes.

2. 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

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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 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
Moderately slow, in 2

Stay rise, and help me looking through my morning eyes. And if you sur -

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS and RICK WRIGHT

TRO - © Copyright 1972 and 1980 Hampshrie 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
don't mind, 
prised —

we'll break a bottle of wine.

Stick a—

Rack my

round —
brain —

and may-be we'll put one — down,
'tcause I wanna to

find —
find —

what lies be - hind those eyes.

the words to tell you good - bye.

find —

Mid - night blue 
dues.

burn - ing New - born 
gold.

Morn - ing
N.C.  Gm7
C
N.C.  Gm7
C

A yellow moon is growing
ing blue
turn to
cold,
gray.

Bb  F/A  Eb  F

1. D  C  Bb  F/A

Eb  Db  D

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,
Because it's time to let me in.

Oh, I grabbed it with both hands.
Now I'm the man on the inside looking out.
from the cold,
Come on in.
What's the lead
Where you been?

'cause there's a chill wind blowin' in my soul, and I think I'm growin'
'Cause there's no wind left in my soul, and I've grown.

cold, old.

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.
Moderately

F#m

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

A

day;
ing;

E

frit-ter and waste the hours
rac-ing a-round to come-

F#m

in an off-hand way.

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

Dmaj7

And then one day, you find—ten years have got

Hang-ing on in quiet des-pa-ration is the

C#m7

be-hind you. No one told you when to run.
Eng-lish way. The time is gone. The song is o-ver.

Bm7

You missed the starting gun. And you Thought I'd some-thing 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 and
Me me me me me me me me and

Bm/D
Them them them them them them them you
Them them them them them them them 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 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 And out out out out out out
With with with with with with with without out out out out out out

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

lot of it a-bout.
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

tea and a slice_ The old man died.
Moderately (♩=♩¾)

Bm7

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

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

Ya get a
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.

Mon - ey, it's a gas.
Mon - ey, it's a hit.
Mon - ey, 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 e - vil to - day.
I'm in the
But if
New car, caviar, four-star day-dream. Think I'll buy me a football
you ask for a rise, it's no sur-

--- team.

Lear jet.

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

Repeat and fade

Bm7
Am

G

two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl year after year. Can you tell a green

D

C

field running over the same old ground, what have we found? The same old

Am

To Coda

G

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

cresc.

C

D

your heroes for ghosts, hot ashes for trees.
Am

hot air for a cool breeze, cold comfort for change?

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

for a lead role in a cage?

(voice ad lib)
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 mean that most sin-cere-
Ev-ry bo-dy 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

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

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

We call it "Rid-ing the the__ gravy

train"

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<th>F#</th>
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**1** Em

**2** Gtr. solo repeat ad lib.
shine on you crazy diamond

Freely, with expression

p Quietly, sustained

with pedal

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Gm

Gm/F♯

Gm/F

E♭

C/E

D

E♭dim

D

Gm

Gm

Gm

G♭

reached for the secret too soon,

Nobody knows where you are,

You you how

Shone like the sun,

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.

Shine

On, You Crazy Diamond.
You were caught in the crossfire of childhood and well, we'll bask in the shadow of yesterday's

star-dom, blown on the steel breeze.
cis-ion, 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 ra-ver, you see'er of visions; come on, you
Come on, you boy child, you winner and loser, come on, you

strang-er, you leg-end, you mar-tyr, and shine.
paint-er, you pi-per, you priso-ner, and shine.
mun-ner for truth and de-lusion, and shine.
Welcome, my son
Welcome, to the machine
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.
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.
Hard Rock beat

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

Dimly aware of a certain unease in the air,
Meek and obedient, you follow the leader down well trod-dren cor-ridors
Wave upon wave of demented avengers march cheerfully out of obs-

into the valley of steel.
scur-i-ty into the dream.
Em

You bet-ter watch out!
heard the news?

There may be dogs a-bout.

Well, I've

F#7

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

F#7

not what they seem.

want to grow old.

Em

Last time To Coda

3

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.

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 buggers to blame,

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-where safe to

bur-y my bone, and an-y fool knows a

dog needs a home, a

shel-ter 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 digging

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-rae you are,

You fucked up old hag,
C
Ha ha..... char-ade... you are....
You

C
radi-ate..cold shafts of bro-ken glass,
you're near-ly a good laugh

G

Am7
and good fun with a hand gun
you're near-ly a laugh,...
you're nearly a laugh but you're really a cry.
Em  D  Em  D  Em  D  Em  D  Em  D

Em  D  Em  D  C  Bb  C  Bb  C  Bb  C  Bb

C  Bb  C  Bb  C  Bb  C  Bb  C  Bb  C  Bb

2 Guitar Tabet

Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C

C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C

C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C

C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C  Em  C
Hey, you, White house, ha ha, char-ade, 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

Am

You're nearly a real treat,

G

all tight lips and cold feet. And do you feel a-bused,
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...

End of page
Very Slow 4

Em

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

ball is all I am. I'm so new and

gurgling in my ear. Red the light and
pared to you and I am very small.
dark the night I feel my dawn is near.

Guitar Tacet

Warm glow, moon glow always need a little more room.
Warm glow, moon glow always need a little more room.

Never seen the light of day.
I will see the sunshine show.

Repeat and Fade
another brick in the wall — part 2

Slowly

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

Hey, Hey,

Teacher! Leave them kids alone!
Teacher! Leave us 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

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Moderately

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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?
The flames are all long gone
But the pain lingers on.

Goodbye, Blue Sky,

Goodbye, Blue Sky, Goodbye,
Goodbye.

No Chord

fade — — — — — — — —
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?

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I need a dirty woman.

Ooohh, 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.

Ooohh, Babe, set me free.
Oooooh I need a dirty woman.

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

Ooooh, I need a dirty girl.
hey you

Moderately

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Hey you!

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

Standing in the aisles With itchy 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.

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.
comfortably numb

Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR and ROGER WATERS

Slowly

Bm

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

A

G
Em
Bm

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

Re-lax.
I'll need some information first.

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G  Em  Bm  D

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

A  D  A

—ing.

A distant ship smoke on the horizon.

C  G  C

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 saah!
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.

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'ly numb.
when the tigers broke free

Moderately

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

bridge-head 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.

"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.
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

We've got to get on (got to get on. got to get on. got to get on)
I

GOT TO COMPETE—WITH THE WILY JAPANESE
HOLLYWOOD WAITS AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.
DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS BUT IT FITS ON HERE LIKE ***
(end of the rainbow)

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

burning and not enough trees,
about as long as the kids go.
(As long as the kids—go)
(fuck all that)
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, sil-i-con,
(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

(bin-go-

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 **
Make them pay, it could be the news, or some other amusement, it
Make them feel O.K. could be reusable shows.

a tempo

D.C. to 10 bar

Fuck all that we've No need to worry about the Vietnamese.

We've
got to compete— with the wi— ly Jap— an— ese,
Got to bring the— Russian bear— to his knees.

Well may— be not the Rus— sian bear, may— be the
Make us feel tough and would— n't Mag— gie be

Swedes.
pleased.

We showed Ar— gent— i— na, 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.

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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

future to take care.
knives in their backs.
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? (rpt.echo) (closer, closer,
closer, closer, closer, closer, closer. She

closer.)

solo

\textbf{Cmaj9}
Slow Beat

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Button your lip and don't let the shield slip,

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.

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.
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

be-hind brown and mild eyes.
the final cut

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Slow

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

barely de-fine—the shape of this mo-ment in time. And far from fly-ing high in clear blue

skies,—I'm spi-ral-ing 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 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  
C  

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

Bb  
To Coda  
Dm  

Wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith,
Held the blade in trembling hands, prepared...

Gm7  
Gm7/C  

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 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 alone, and smile in reassurance as you whisper down the phone,

would you send me packing, or would you take me home?

(solo)
just then the phone rang,

I never had the nerve to make the final cut.