pink floyd
the final cut
a requiem for the post war dream
by roger waters

pink floyd
the final cut

UFO

new music available on record and cassette

HANDY BEATON, OREGON
THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 16 AUGUST 1979
the post war dream

tell me true tell me why was Jesus crucified
is it for this that daddy died?
was it for you? was it me?
did I watch too much tv?
is that a hint of acrimonious in your eyes?
if it wasn't for the rope
being no good at building ships
the yards would still be open on the Clyde
and it isn't much fun for them
beneath the rising sun
with all their kids coming around-
what have we done maggie what have we done
what have we done in England
should we think should we scream
what happened to the post war dream?
oh maggie? maggie what have we done?
your possible pasts

They flatter behind you your possible pasts
Some brightened and others some frightened and lose
A warning to anyone still in command
Of their possible future to take care
In secret solitude the poppy blooms
With cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time

Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be shore?

She stood in the doorway the ghost of a smile
Handing her face like a cheap hotel sign
Her old eyes strained the men in their stars
For the god in their bags or the knives in their backs
Sipping up to reality one out on the land
He said, "I was just a child then now I'm only a man"

Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be shore?

By the cold and religious we were taken in hand
Shown how to feel good and told to feel bad
Tongue tied and silenced we searched how to pray
How our feelings run deep and cold as the day
And strong out behind us the banners and flags
Of our possible pasts lie in tales and rags

Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be shore?"
one of the few

when you're one of the few to land on your feet
what do you do to make ends meet?

tear
make them mad, make them sad, make them add two and two
make them see, make them you, make them do what you want them to
make them laugh, make them cry, make them lie down and die
the hero's return

jesus jesus what's it all about
trying to cheat these little nightmares into shape
when i was young all the lights were out
there was no time to waste and hope about

and even now part of me flies ever
dressed in nights one fire
devoutly hoping it behind my
infraft: desperate, memories tie

sweetheart sweetheart are you fast asleep, good
thee that's the only time that i can really talk to you
and there is something that i've locked away
a memory that is too painful
to withstand the light of day

what we came back from the war the banners and
flags hung on everyone's door
we danced and we sang in the street and
the church bells rang
but burning in my heart
my memory shoulders on
of the gunners dying words on the intercom
the gunners dream
a place to stay
enough to kill
another odd little shuffle seeking from the street
where you can speak out loud
about your double and nine
and what comes to one ever disappears
you never hear them. Aistant rain asking in your hand
you can read on both sides of the tricks
and machines don't know bones in handsmen by romance double
and everyone has remorse on the last
and no-one kills the children anymore
and no-one kills the children anymore

night after night
grin round and round my brain
his dress is dirt and my essence
in the pursuit of some foreign field

the gunner sleeps tonight
what time is time
we couldn't start off his final verse
bage fool of his dream
paranoid eyes

but don't let the shed slip
and if they try to break down your disguise with their questions
you can hide behind paranoid eyes

you put on your brave face and slip over the road for a jar
laughing at the bar
with the boys in the crowd
you hide behind petrified eyes

you believed in their stories of fame fortune and glory
how you've lost in a sea of sweetness and middle age
the pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high
and you hide behind brown and mist eyes
the fletcher memorial home

now all your grown-up children went somewhere
and build them a home a little place of their own
the fletcher memorial
home for inscrutable grannies and kings
and they can appear to themselves every day
an closed circuit t.v.
in case they're still real
it's the only connection they feel

"ladies and gentlemen, please welcome regan and hang
the begin and friend me. shambly and paksy
the treaures and pools
the ghost of decyory
the memories of viocte
and how adding colour a group of anonymous latin
americam rest packing dinners."

mix they expect us to treat them with any respect
they can polish their medals and sharpen their
smiles and arrive themselves playing drums for a whole
hour drum. bang bang. lie down you're dead

safe in the permanent gaze of a cold glass eye
with their favorite toy
they'll be good gits and boys
in the fletcher memorial home for colonial
students of life and furb

is everyone in?
are you having a nice time?
now the time allotted can be applied
southampton dock

they downed white in 40
and in one stroke and no one ended
there were too many people in the line
shivered at the sunset
all agreed with the hand on heart
wore, the marching shoes
but saw
she stands upon southampton dock
with her hand ahead
and her summer frock clings
in her wet body to the rain
in open deserted Alkarnes
white upon the lucky wave
the trendy waves the happy goodbye again

and still the dark stain spreads between
her shoulder blades
a single pinprick of the puppy fields and groves
and when the light was over
she splits what she had made
so in the history of her heart
we felt the news tell
final
cut

The final cut

Through the film, meet the love of your starred eyes
I can sense the shape of the moment as silent
And the form fitting high in clear blue sky
The springing down to the love in the ground where I know

If you imagine the landscape in my shoes
And kiss the dogs and check the cool abandon eyes
And then make it past the shelves on the left
This.configuration, open the procession
But the morning of you where behind the wall

There's a kid who's hard to live with.
Looking back to guilt in imagination

Blanking out in sleeping with your own sound track
Feel somebody come up
As a just a cheap dinner

And it's a show you try to joke
Who you will fool the audience
And if I open my heart to you
And show you who you are but
What would you do
What would you tell your story to ending them
Would you take the children away
And save the lives
And walk in procession
As you whisper down the telephone
Would you want a passing
Are you ready to talk to God?

Thought's might be the secret behind
Thoughts might be the surface down
Thought's might be the sunning back
Prepared to make it back up over the phone ring
I never had the nerve to make the final cut
not now john

not now john

if all that we've got to get on with these
just to compete with the way japanese
than a place here and there
and strong here
so far this
we've got to get on with these
can't stop hou sbi. hand, hand, stick
what hesh get away? pay day, make hay
break down, need to be
look out, all on, tremendous hope
make our laugh, make our cry, make our dance in the aisles
make our pay, make our stay, make our bed on.
and said john.
we've got to get on with the film show
under the water at the end of the rainbow
who cares what it's about
as long as the boys go
and now john.
got to get on with the show

thing is john,
we've got to get on with this
don't know what we
that is on how far take
come in the end of the shift
we'll go and get passed
but now, now john.
the girl to get on with the film

hold on john,
I think there's something given on
I used to read books then
it would be the ones
or some other source
or it would be some other show

trick all that we've got to get on with these
to compete with the way japanese
now need to worry about the northeast
get to be god, the Syrians, to his home
may be the Russian best
may be the most
we showed some
now not, pretty show there
millions on his tough
wealth in the middle pleased
with this, this, and this tells

chose down it fast
we just like you now too
will always place me to fear
or whoever the fucking bar joke!
two suns in the sunset

in the rear view mirror the sun is going down
between the bridges in the road
and I think of all the good things
that we have left undone
and suffer present pain
with the suggestion
of the tomorrow to come

the wire that holds the tree
that keeps the danger in
the way
and someday it's the same
in the end
even though the day is done
two into the sunset
time remains
there is the human race to run

like the moment when the brakes lock
and you slide towards the big truck
you cheap the house economic with your feet
and you'll never hear their wave
and you'll want to lose your wings
you have no recourse to the law anymore

and now the mushroom marks
my own departure
leaving only a blur to defend
and not understand
the belonging of the few
after the diamond
be free
we were all equal in the end
the final cut
Paranoid Eyes
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Quite chorded in this composition:

Slow Boat

[Music notation]

But...i'm your lip... and don't let the shield... slip.

Take a fresh grip on your bulletproof mask.
And if they try to break down your disguise with their questions

You can hide, hide, hide

Behind paranoid eyes.

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

Now you're
One of the Few
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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(Vocal lace 1st)
(p) one of the few

be hind brown and mild eyes.

What do you do to make ends meet? (Trench) Make them mad.

Make them sad.

Make them add two and
The Post War Dream
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

When you're two, Oh make them me, on

make them you, Make them do— what you

want them to, Make them laugh—

make them cry— Make them lie— down and die—

Tempo ad lib. C  F  D7/V F

Tell me, true, tell me why was Je—sus cru—ci—fied?

Bb/V F  Bb/V F

Is it for this that dadd—y died? Was it you? Was it me? Did I
Not Now John
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

Guitar chords used in this composition:

G D Em C Am

Verse:

You're all free
Not now
John, we're got to get on
with these fuckin' films
now we're got to get on
with this id
got to get on

Chorus:

This is the end of the story
John, we're got to get on
this is the end of the story
John, we're got to get on

Outro:

don't know what it is but it fits on happy like...
There's too many homes. Hi-rez
Come back at the end of the
burning and not enough breeze,
us long as the kids go,
As long as the kids— (fuck all go)

So fuck all this, we've got to get on with these.
But now jobs, we've got to get on with this.
(Got to get on— with these.) Can't stop, lose job, mind gone, all— I—
(got to get on— with this.)

Scroll on, what bomb, get a-way, my day. Make hay, break down, need fix, big airc
Click—y click, hold on oh sol: Big go

Half Tempo
C/E

Make them laugh. I think there's some— thing good— on. I used to read books— but * * *
The Fletcher Memorial Home
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

Guitar chords used in this composition:

```
G      C      Am     D     Bm    Em
---------------------------------------
   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /
---------------------------------------
```

```
G      C      Am
---------------------------------------
   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /
---------------------------------------
```

```
C      G/B    Am
---------------------------------------
   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /
---------------------------------------
```

```
D      Bb      Bm    A7    D      Em      C
---------------------------------------
   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /
---------------------------------------
```

```
G      C      Am
---------------------------------------
   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /   /
---------------------------------------
```

Tutti girls merrily a ternary di logge
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Moderate Bet

Take all your worries out to sea, a cold
Some place some place

And build them a home, with their

place of their own, the

In the Fletcher Memorial Home for girls and boys, the

Fletcher Memorial Home for girls and boys.

In the Fletcher Memorial Home for girls and boys, the

Fletcher Memorial Home for girls and boys.
Did they expect us to treat them with any respect?

They can polish their medals and sharpen their smiles. And a-

- muse themselves playing games for a while. Boom boom, bang bang

Lie down--you're dead.
Southampton Dock
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

Cmaj7 D G D/F# Cmaj7 Em add9

D.C. al Coda G C

limb. Is everyone in?

G D/F# C add9

Are you having a nice time? Now the

D/F# C Em add9

final solution can be applied.

Moderately

They die-em-barked in forty-five
Buoy-ee-up in Southampton Dock
With her handkerchief
And her
toiled summer frock.

There were too many el-bings in her wet
in the line, the rain.

And so one spoke no-
in the dea- per

Guitar chords used in this composition:

<table>
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<th>Bm</th>
<th>C7</th>
<th>Em</th>
<th>F7</th>
<th>G</th>
<th>Am</th>
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60

61
dark moon access between their

shoulder blades.

A mute reminder of the

poppy fields and graves.
The Final Cut
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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When the flight was over
We spent what they had
Made.
But in the bottom of our hearts, we felt the final cut

Segue "The Final Cut"

Guitar chords used in this composition:

Through the blurred 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 spiralling down — in the hole in the ground where I hide.
If you expel him, leave the mine field in the drive, and beat the dogs and beat 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—

making love to girls—in magazines.

I thought I ought to tear—the curtain down.

wonders if you’re sleeping with your new found—faith.

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 let me a—hoo, and smi-le in re-as-sure—hoo as you whis—per down the phone—

or would you take me home?
The Gunners Dream
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:

<table>
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<th>Chord</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>G</td>
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<tr>
<td>Em</td>
<td>Em</td>
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<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>D</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

I tried to make it, but just then the phone rang.
I never had the nerve to make the final.

memories some memories up to meet me now. But in the space between the heavens and the
corner of some far-off field,
I had a dream.
I had a dream—

Good-bye, Ma,

Good-bye, Ma,

After the service when you're walking slowly to the car

and the all-over in her hair shines in the

cold November air, you hear the tolling bell, and

touch the silk in your lapel, and

as the tear-drops rise to meet the comfort of the band.
"Two Suns in the Sunset"

G Em C Em

You can re-live on both sides of the tracks, and man-ise—don't blow holes in

C D/G C Em D

Yea-son by re-mote con-trol, and ev-ery-one has re-cour-sed to the law. And

C G Em C

No one kills the child-rens any more. No one kills the child-rens any more.

Em Cmaj7

No one ever dis-appears, you never hear their stan-dard in suc-keck-ing in your door,
Your Possible Pasts

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:

They stood in the doorway, the ghost of a smile

Some bright-eyed and haunting her

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A warning to anyone still in command
Her cold eyes were glaring the men in their faces
old and religious we were taken in hand

for the gold of their passable and

But I've been taken care of my backs, but

Do you remember me—how we used to be—

Do you think we should be closer?

TO Coda

He said
with castle tricks I was just a child then

was just a child then

But

Not 2nd time
The Hero's Return

(From The Second String by J.G. Wilkerson)

Cmaj9

clos-er, clos-er, clos-er, clos-er, clos-er.

Em

D

C

Coda

Repeat till fade

By the
The Hero's Return
(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:

C 7
E 7
A 7
D 7
G 7

(piano staff)

(continues)
In the morning, I was.
Sweetheart, sweetheart, are you fast asleep?

(D)

Trying to close these little irrevocable
That's the only time that I can

(Cmaj7)

Where I was there - aged
And there is something

(D)

All the lights went out,
A memory,

(Cmaj7)

Dessert at sea - sale one free.
And though they're ever - ever - ever -

(D)

be - hind my scar - es - sm des - per - ate mem - o - rie lie.
street and the church bells rang.

G

But burning— in my heart.

G C G

Memory— mourners at the gutters—

Em add6
dying— words on the in—room.

Get Your Filthy Hands Off my Desert
( Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition.

Slow beat

Breach— out Afghanistan and Bog— out Bel—rut. Galt—er—t took the Union

Jack, and Maggie, o—ver lunch one day, took a cruise—er with all hands ap—

-pers—ly to make them give it back. Min.