pink floyd
ANTHOLOGY
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see emily play

Words and Music by SYD BARRETT

Moderately

G

D/F♯

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

Am/E

No chord

Cmaj7

stands,
cries,
ground,

ah-ooh.
ah-ooh.

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

Am

G

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

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

Let's try it another way.

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

See Emily play.
Moderately slow, in 2

Words and Music by RICK WRIGHT

Cmaj7
0 0 0 0

Cmaj7
0 0 0 0

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

Am7
0 0 0 0

F

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

E

E7

A

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
B  B7  E  A
hit.  He  does-n't  know;  so  then

G  F  Em
she  goes  up  while  he  goes  down.  down.

Bb  A  D

Eb  Eb  Cmaj7
An-o-th-er  time,  an-o-th-er  day.

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

She'll be another time, another day. A brother's way to...
Another time, another day.

Another time, another day.

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

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Modestly fast, ethereal

Lit - tle by lit - tle, the night turns a - round.
Over the moun - tain, watch - ing the watch - er.

Who is the man who ar - rives 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.

Lot - tus's lean on each
Morn - ing to birth is will

Thinking the sun

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C/D   Dm
other in union.
born into shadow.
fall in the evening.

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

F/A   Am
Set the controls for the
heart of the sun... The
gradually get louder

heart of the sun...

The
a saucerful of secrets (main theme)

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

Moderately Slow

\[ \begin{align*}
Bm & \quad Gm & \quad Bm & \quad Gm \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\begin{align*}
\text{pp} & \\
\end{align*} \\
\end{align*} \]

gradually get louder

\[ \begin{align*}
Bm & \quad A & \quad E & \quad F\# & \quad D \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
G & \quad E & \quad A & \quad F\# & \quad Bm \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
G & \quad F\# & \quad Em & \quad D & \quad F\#7 \\
\end{align*} \]
green is the colour
(From the Motion Picture "MORE")

Moderate 4

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Heavy hung the canopy of 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

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

Envy is the bond between the hopeful and the damned.
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 Titan,
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.

Chil-dren’s laugh-ter in my ears, the last sun-light dis-ap-pears.

And if you

Repeat and fade
Moderately

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

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

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS
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.
E  
And if I were afraid, I could hide.  
D  
home and dry.  
E  
If I go insane, will you please don't put your wires in my brain.  
C#7  
And if I go insane, will you still let me join in with the game?
F#  
B7  
1.  
E  
2.
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

Labrythns 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

Ev'rything 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

And no one calls us to the land and

And no one sings me lullabies and
no one knows the where or why and something stares and something tries and starts to climb towards the light.
no one crosses there alive and no one speaks and no one tries and no one flies around the sun.
no one makes me close my eyes, so I throw the windows wide and call to you across the skies.

G Bm G Bm

G Bm G

1,2 D A Bb D D S. and Fade
Moderately (♩= ♩ ♩)

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

As I reach_

for a peach, slide a ride down behind the

for a while by a country stile and

so-fa in San Tro-pez, listen to things they say.
Gmaj7

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.

G7

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

A7

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

C7

deep in my dreams and I still
Making a date for lat
— hear her calling.  If you're a lone, 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
Moderately Moving 2

Play 3 times

G

Fear - less - ly the id - iot faced the crowd.

C  Bb  G

C  Bb

Climb.

Smil
Nothing waits the magistrate turns 'round.

You say you'd like to see me try,

Climb, it's time I know the fool.

You pick the place, I'll choose the time.

And I'll climb down the hill in my own way.

And I'll pick the place, who wears the crown.

Go down the hill in your own way.

Just wait a while, and every day.
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, ev'rything 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, ev'rything if you want things. I've got a clan of ginger-bread men. Here a man, there a man, lots of ginger-bread 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 any-thing, ev-'ry-thing if you want things.

A little slower

I know a room of mu-si-cal tunes. Some rhyme, some ching. Most of them are

clock-work. Let's go in-to the oth-er room and make them work.
childhood's end
(From the Film "THE VALLEY")

Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR

Moderately

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

This is just too steep.
Is your conscience at rest

and memories.
Childhood's end, your fantasies

the reason why?
Some are born; some men die

Em

Am

Em
if once put to the test?
merge with harsh realities.
be-neath one infinite sky.
You a-wake.

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.

Just one man be-neath the sky,
All the fears nev-er voiced say you have just two
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

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. Everybody'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
Stay

(From the Film "THE VALLEY")

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS
and RICK WRIGHT

Moderately slow, in 2

Stay rise,

and help me to end the day,

look-ing through my morn-ing eyes,

And if you sur -
G

X 0 0

C/G

X 0 0

D/G

X 0 0

C/G

X 0 0

G

X 0 0

C/G

X 0 0

D/G

X 0 0

C/G

X 0 0

G

X 0 0

C/G

X 0 0

D/G

X 0 0

C/G

X 0 0

Gm7

No chord

Gm7

C

N.C.

C

X 0 0

X 0 0

X 0 0

X 0 0

X 0 0

X 0 0

Gm7

C

X 0 0

X 0 0

X 0 0

X 0 0

X 0 0

X 0 0

Mid - night

Morn - ing

blue

dues.

burn - ing

New - born
gold.
day.
A yellow moon
Mid-night blue
is growing
turn to
cold,
gray.
Midnight blue burning gold.

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

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS
and DAVID GILMOUR

Moderately

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

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

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

Show me where the key is kept.
Oh, I grabbed it with both hands.
now I'm the man on the

line, because it's time
to let me in.

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

'cause there's a chill
'Cause there's no wind
wind blow-in' in my soul, and I think I'm grow-ing
cold.
old.
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
Moderately

F#m

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

A

E

day;

frit-ter and waste the hours
rac-ing 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

is long, and there is time to kill today.

to naught, or half a page of scribbled lines.

And then one day, you find
ten years have got

Hanging on in quiet desperation

British way. The time is gone. The song is over.

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

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

them them them them them them them
you you you you you you you

And after all, God only knows
I.

G/D

we're only
it's not what
or di-nar-ry men.

2.

D

we would choose
to do.

D

Bm

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

gmaj7

C

Bm

A

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
Bm/D
up up up and down down down down down down down down
And in the end_

G/D
it’s on-ly ’round and ’round ’round and ’round and ’round and ’round and ’round and

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

Bm
post-er bear-er cried.

Gmaj7
"Li-ten, son," said the man_

C.

Bm
with the gun, "There's room for you inside."

Down down down down down down And out out out out out
With with with with with with with - out out out out out

out out out out It can't be helped but there's a
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 of

tea and a slice The old man died,
Moderately (♩ = 3⁄4)

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Bm7

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

MONEY,
MONEY,
MONEY,
it's a gas,
it's a hit,
so they say,

Grab
But don't
is

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

I'm in the
But if
F#m

New car, caviar, four-star day-dream. Think I'll buy me a football-
high fidelity, first-class travelling set, and I think I need a
you ask for a rise, it's no sur-

Bm7

team.
Lear jet.

3.

Em

prise that they're giving none away.

Repeat and fade

Bm7
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 fish bowl 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...

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

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

Am | G | for a lead role in a cage?

Em | G | Em (vocal 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 always had a deep respect and I meant that most sincerely—
Everybody else is just green

The band is just fantastic that is
Have you seen the chart?
It's a hell-u-va start, it could be really what I think oh by the way, which one's pink?
made into a monster if we all pull together as a team.

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

We call it "Riding the gravy train"
shine on you crazy diamond

Freely, with expression

Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR, ROGER WATERS and RICHARD WRIGHT

p Quietly, sustained

with pedal

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Moderately, with an even beat
Gm
Gm/F#  
Gm/F

C/E

Eb

D

Ebdim

D

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

Gm

mp

Gb

shone like the sun, near or how far.

You cryed 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.
welcome to the machine

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Repeat ad lib.

Em

Cmaj7

Em

Cmaj7

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
Cmaj7

Em

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.
sheep

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Freely

Moderately

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Hard Rock beat

Har-m-less-ly pass-ing your time in the grass-land a-way,

What do you get for pret-ten-ding the dan-ger's not real?

Bleat-ing and bab-bl-ing, we fell on his neck with a scream.

Dim-ly a-ware of a cer-tain un-ease in the air.

Meek and o-bed-i-ent, you fol-low the lead-er down well trod-den cor-ri-dors

Wave up-on wave of de-men-ted a-veng-ers march cheer-ful-ly out of ob-

in-to the val-ley of steel.

scur-i-ty in-to the dream.
Em

You bet-ter watch out!

Well, I've

FF7

You bet-ter stay home

FF7

looked o-ver Jor-don and I've seen,

Em

not what they seem.

FF7

What a sur-prise,

A

There may be dogs a-bout.

A

The dogs are dead.

A

Things are

A

things are

A

Get out of the road if you

A

Last time To Coda

Em

want to grow old.

A

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
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.
pigs on the wing (one)

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Rubato

C  G7

If you didn't care

C  G  C  G

what happened to me,

and I didn't care

for you,

C  G7  C  G  C

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,

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

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weight of the stone, now that I've found some-where safe to

bur-ry my bone, and any fool knows a

dog needs a home, a

shel-ter from pigs on the wing.
pigs (three different ones)

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Big man, pig man, ha ha charade you are.
You well heeled, big wheel.
ha ha charade you are

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-cha-cha, 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.
You house proud town mouse,

Ha ha charade you are

You're trying to keep our feelings off the street

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

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

cry.

Repeat and fade
Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Very Slow 4

Em

All this love
All around I hear strange sounds come

ball is all I am.
gurgling in my ear.

I'm so new, com -
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.
Warm glow, moon glow always need a little more room.

Waiting here seems like years,
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

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

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

We don’t need no thought control,
We don’t need no thought control,

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

All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
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.

Good-bye, Blue Sky,
young lust

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS and DAVID GILMOUR

Slowly

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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Ab

I need a dirty woman.

Bbm

Oooh,

I need a dirty girl.

Fm

Will some woman in this desert land

Make me feel like a real man?

Take this rock and roll refugee.

Bbm

Fm

Oooh, Babe, set me free.
Ab

Fm

Ooooh
I need a dirty woman.

Bbm

Ab

Ooooh.
I need a dirty

girl.

Fm

Fm7

Fm
Ooooh, I need a dirty woman.

Ooooh, I need a dirty girl.
Moderately

hey you

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

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

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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Bm  Am  Em

Don't give in without a fight.

Hey you! Out there on your own (Sitting nak-ed 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.
comfortably numb

Slowly

Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR
and ROGER WATERS

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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 smokes 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 Comfortably numb.
when the tigers broke free

Moderately

C

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.
not now john

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

G
D
Em

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

Fuck all (got to get on. (got to get on.
that) got to get on)

I

We've

G
D
Em

got to compete— with the wily Jap-nese
Holly-wood waits at the end of the rainbow.
don't know what it is but it fits on here like ***
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)

that)
So fuck all that, we've got to get on—
So not now John, we've got to get on—
But not now John, I've got to get on—

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

(bingo——)

Half Tempo

Make them laugh,— make them cry,— Make them dance — in the aisles

Hold on John,— I think there's something good—on, I used to read books — but ***
Make them pay,  
It could be the news,  
make them stay,  
other amusement, it

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

a tempo 10

d.c. to 10 bar

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

got to get on— with these  
— about the Viet-

We've
Got to compete with the wisely Japanese.
Got to bring the Russian bear to his knees.
Well maybe not the Russian bear, maybe the Swedes, pleased.
Make us feel tough and wouldn't Maggie be pleased.
We showed Argentina now.
Na na na na na na na na.

let's go and show these.
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 macs
cold and religious we were taken in hand

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

future to take care.
knives in their backs.
told to feel bad.

In derelict sidings the poppies entwine
Step ping 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.)
By the closer,

CODA
D Repeat till fade
paranoid eyes

Slow Beat

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

G
C
G

But-ton your lip and don't let the shield—slip.

C
G

Take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask.

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And if they try to breakdown your disguise with their questions
You can hide, hide, hide
behind paranoid eyes.

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

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

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.

hide, hide, hide
hide, hide, hide

be-hind pet-rif-ied

eyes.
You be-

behind brown and mild eyes.
the final cut

Through the fish-eyed lens—of tear stained eyes, I can
barely define—the shape of this moment in time. And far from flying high in clear blue
skies, I'm spiraling down—to the hole in the ground where I hide.

Slow

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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 any body 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 open 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 reassurance as you whisper down the phone,

would you send me packing, —
or would you take me home?
just then the phone rang,

I never had the nerve to make the final cut.

a tempo