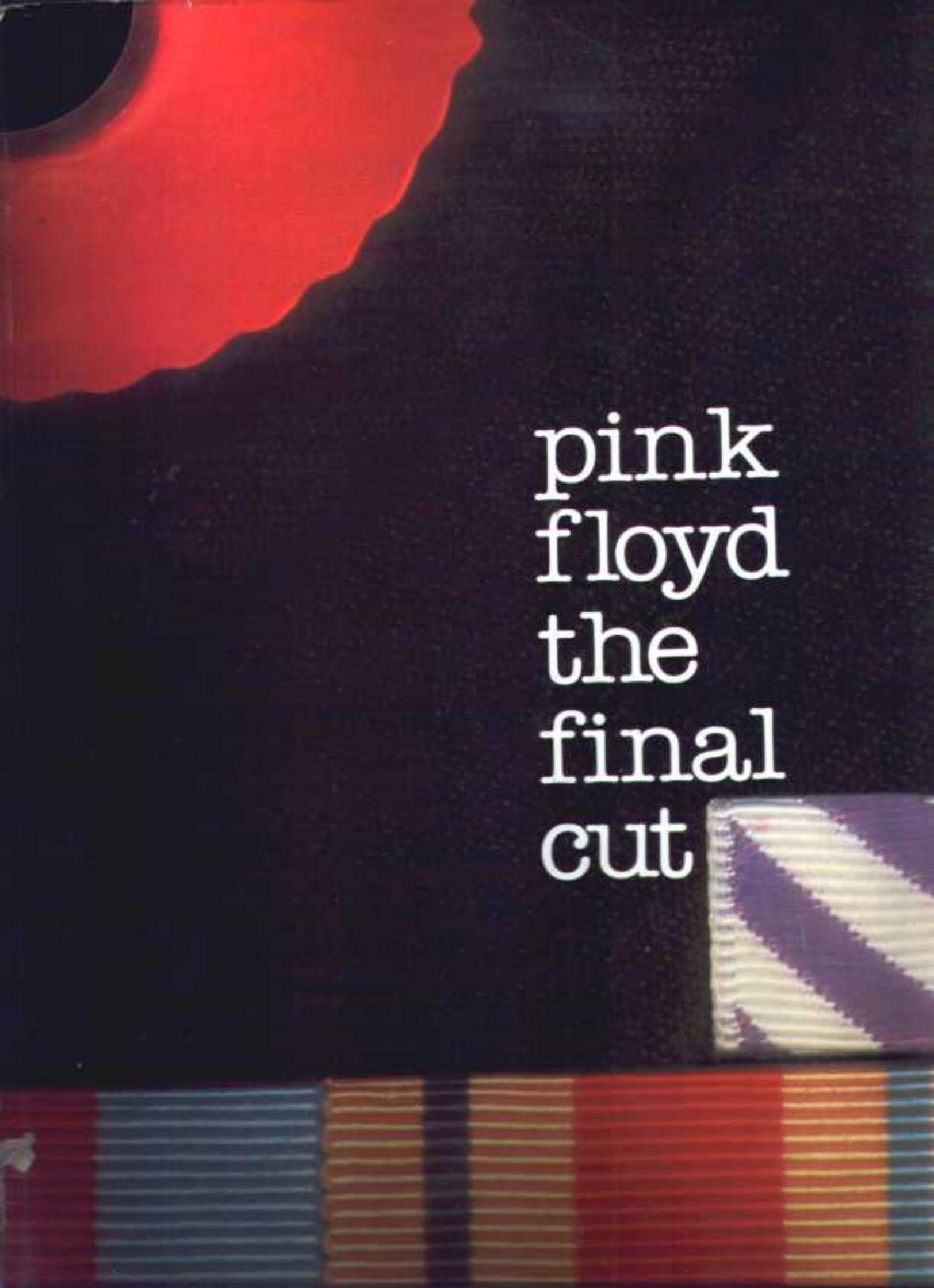


The album cover for Pink Floyd's 'The Final Cut' features a dark, textured background. In the top left corner, there is a bright red, jagged shape resembling a torn piece of paper or a wound. The title 'pink floyd the final cut' is printed in a white, lowercase, serif font in the upper right quadrant. At the bottom of the cover, there are two horizontal bands of color and pattern. The upper band consists of diagonal stripes of purple and white. The lower band is a complex pattern of horizontal stripes in red, blue, orange, and black, with some sections having a fine, woven texture.

pink
floyd
the
final
cut

The album cover features a dark, textured background. In the top left corner, there is a large, irregular red shape. At the bottom, there is a horizontal band of colorful, textured stripes in shades of red, orange, yellow, and blue. On the right side, there is a small, square, textured patch with a diagonal pattern of purple and white.

pink
floyd
the
final
cut

a requiem for the post war dream
by roger waters

THE ST PAULS MANSIONS

pink
floyd
the
final
cut

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ALBUM RELEASES
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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 t.v?
is that a hint of accusation in your eyes?
if it wasn't for the tape
being so good at building ships
the yards would still be open on the signs
and it can't be much fun for them
beneath the rising sun
with all their kids committing suicide
what have we done maggie what have we done
what have we done to England
should we shout should we scream
"what happened to the post war dream?"
oh maggie maggie what have we done?



your possible pasts

they flutter behind you your possible pasts
some bright-eyed and crazy some frightened and lost
a warning to anyone still in command
of their possible future to take care
in desolate settings the poppies entwine
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 closer?

she stood in the doorway the ghost of a smile
haunting her face like a cheap hotel sign
her cold eyes imploring the men in their mass
for the gold in their bags or the knives in their backs
stepping up boldly one put out his hand
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 closer?

by the soul and religious we were taken in hand
shown how to feel good and told to feel bad
tongues tied and terrified we learned how to pray
now our feelings run deep and cold as the clay
and strung out behind us the banners and flags
of our possible pasts lie in tatters and rags

do you remember me? how we used to be?
do you think we should be closer?



one of the few

when you're one of the few to land on your feet:

What do you do to make ends meet?

teach

make them mad, make them sad, make them add two and two

make them me, 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 climb these little ingrates into shape
when i was their age all the lights were out
there was no time to whine and hope about

and even now part of me flies over
dreaded as angels one free
though they'll never bottom it behind my
sorrowful desperate memories lie

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

when 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 smoulders on
of the gunners dying weeds on the intercom

a place to stay
enough to eat
somewhere old horses shuffle safely down the street
where you can speak out loud
about your doubts and fears
and what's more no one ever disappears
you never hear their standard issue kicking in your door
you can relax on both sides of the tracks
and machines don't blow holes in handmen by remote control
and everyone has reserves to the law
and no one kills the children anymore
and no one kills the children anymore

night after night
going round and round my brain
his dream is driving me insane
in the corner of some foreign field

the gunner sleeps tonight
while mine is mine
we cannot just write off his final verse
take heed of his dream
take heed





Brewed in the
Best tradition.



pink
floyd
the
final
cut



At any time

No loading
Mon-Sat
8:00 - 6:30 am
4:30 - 6:30 pm

paranoid eyes

button your lip don't let the shield slip
take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask
and if they try to break down 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
fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar
laughing too loud at the rest of the world
with the boys in the crowd
you hide hide hide
behind petrified eyes

you believed in their stories of fame fortune and glory
now you're lost in a haze of alcohol soft middle age
the pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high
and you hide hide hide
behind brown and mild eyes









the fletcher memorial home

take all your overgrown infants away somewhere
and build them a home a little place of their own
the fletcher memorial
home for insurable tyrants and kings

and they can appear to themselves every day
in child circuit tv
in order that they're still real
it's the only connection they see
"ladies and gentlemen, please welcome reagan and hugh
mr. begin and friend mrs. thatcher and pauley
mr. freudner and purdy
the ghost of the earth
the memories of nixon
and now adding colour a group of anonymous latin
american trout packing glitterati"

did they expect us to treat them with any respect
they can polish their medals and sharpen their
smiles, and amuse themselves playing games for a while
boom boom, bang bang, lie down you're dead

sad in the permanent gaze of a cold glass eye
with their favourite toys
they'll be good girls and boys
in the fletcher memorial home the national
wastons of life and limb

is everyone in?
are you having a nice time?
now the final solution can be applied



boom boom



bang bang



lie down you're dead

southampton dock

they disembarked in 40
and no one spoke and no one smiled
there were too many ghosts in the line
gathered at the exit sign
all agreed with the hand on heart
to stretch the marchioness
but none

she stands upon southampton dock
with her hair dark and long
and her summer frock strung
in her wet body in the rain
in quiet desperation
while upon the stippled ruins
she bravely waves the boys goodbye again

and still the dark stain spreads between
his shoulder blades
a mute reminder of the poppy fields and groves
and when the light was near
we slept, what they had made
but in the bottom of our hearts
we felt the final cut.

the



final

cut

the final cut

through the fish eyes like other stained eyes
i can barely define the shape of the darkness in time
how the light flying high in clear blue were
i'm spiraling down to the hole in the ground where i hole

if you negotiate the marketplace in the drive
and how the dogs and street the road shows their eyes
and if you make it past the slings in the hall
was the termination, open the perspective
and if i'm in i'll tell you what's behind the wall

there's a kid who had a big hallucination
wearing how to give in imagination
he wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith
would anybody love him
or is it just a lonely dream

and if i show you my dark side
will you still hold the thought
and if i open my heart to you
will those you try want me
what would you do
would you sell your story to selling them
would you take the children away
and leave the alone
and when in resurrection
or you whisper down the phone
would you send me something
or would you have the same

through i might have my faded feelings
through i might have the cut back down
i built the state in everything hands
prepared to make it, but just over the phone ring
i never had the nerve to make the final cut



not now john





not now john

fuck all that we've got to get on with these
got to compete with the wily japanese
there's too many home brews swirling
and not enough trees
or fuck all that
we've got to get on with these

cutt stop, lose job, want more, pillow
what touch, get away, gay day, make bag
break down, need the, big one
climbing stick, food on, at no, interesting tonight

make em laugh, make em cry, make em dance in the aisle
make em pop, make em stay, make em last in

not nah john
we've got to get on with the film show
just want to be at the end of the rainbow
who cares what it's about
aching as the kids go
not now john
got to get on with the show

bring on john
we've got to get on with these
i don't know what it is
but it fits on here like
come at the end of the shift
we'll go and get pissed
but now now john
we've got to get on with these

hail on john
i think there's something good in
i used to read books but
it could be the news
or some other show
or it could be reasonable shown

fuck all that we've got to get on with these
got to compete with the wily japanese
no need to worry about the politicians
got to bring the election over to his knees
well, maybe not the election but
maybe the election
we showed apparatus
now let's go and show these
make em see things
and wouldn't maybe be pleased
nah nah nah nah nah nah

oh now drive it far
as far as you can see
it's your place, it's not in fact
or wherever the fucking bar john







two suns in the sunset

it's not that easy, better the sun is going down
sinking behind bridges in the road
and i think of all the good things
that we have left behind
and i suffer, present with
myself in the present
of the future to come

the wire that holds the wire
that keeps the anger in
green way
and suddenly it's day again
the sun is in the east
even though the day is done
two suns in the present
the sun is in the east
and the sun is in the east

like the moment when the spike hits
and you can't breathe the hot truck
you stretch the frozen moments with your feet
and you'll never hear their voices
and you'll never see their faces
you have no memory of the low angle

and as the sun sets
the sun is in the east
and you can't breathe the hot truck
you stretch the frozen moments with your feet
and you'll never hear their voices
and you'll never see their faces
you have no memory of the low angle

we were all equal in the end

pink floyd



the final cut



Paranoid Eyes

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Slow Beat



And if they try to break down your disguise with their questions

C G D C G/B Am D
 You can hide, hide, hide

Musical score for 'The Old Folks at Home'. The score is in 2/4 time and G major. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: 'behind per-an-old eyes.' and 'You put'. The piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

G C G
 on your brave face and slip o - ver the road for a
 lived in their stor-ies of fame for tune and glo-ry. Now you're

Fix - ing your grin as you cas - ual - ly lean on the bar. The
lost in a haze of al - co - hol soft mid - dle age.

Laugh- ing 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,

C G Em D Am

You be -

D Am

be-hind brown and mild eyes.

One of the Few

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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(Vocal tacet 1st)
(2.) one of the few — to land on your feet, —

What do you do — to make ends meet? (Teach) Make them mad, —

make them sad — Make them add — two and

1 2

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

make them you, Make them do — what you

want them to, Make them laugh, —

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

The Post War Dream

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Tempo ad lib.

Bb C F Bb/F F Bb

C Bb/F F Colla voce Bb/F F Bb

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

C C7 F Bb/F F

Is it for this that dad-dy died? Was it you? Was it me? Did I

The Boy Who Dreamed

watch too much T. V? Is that a hint of ac-cus-a-tion in-your-eyes?— If it

was-n't for the Nips be-ing so good at building ships. The yards would still be o-pen on the

Clyde. And it can't be much fun for them be-neath the ris-ing sun With

all their kids committing su-i-cide. What have we done,— Maggie what have-we done?

A Tempo (Slow and steady)
C
What have we done— to Eng-land? Should we

about, should we scream, 'What hap-pened— to the post— war

dream?" Oh, Mag-gie, Maggie what did we do?

C Bb F

Not Now John

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Music score for "Not Now John" by Roger Waters. The score is written in G major, 4/4 time, and consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a guitar line (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1:

Guitar: G, D, Em

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

System 2:

Guitar: G, D, Em

Vocal: that (got to get on) fuck all that (got to get on) We've
(got to get on) (got to get on) got to get on) I

System 3:

Guitar: G, D, Em

Vocal: got to com-pe— with the wi-ly Jap-an-ese—
Hol-ly-wood waits at the end of the rain-bow.
don't know what it is but it fits on here like ***

(end of the rain - bow) There's too man-y home— fl- res
Who cares what it's a -
Come back at the end of the

burn-ing and not e-nough trees, (fuck all
-bout as long as the kids go. (fuck
shift, we'll go and get pissed (As long as the kids — go)

(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

on D.C. SEGUE

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

Stroll on, what bomb, get a-way, pay day, Make hay, break down, need fix, big six,

Click-it- y click, hold on oh no! Bin - go—

(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 some-thing good— on, I used to read books — but * * *

Em C/E Em

Make them pay,— make them stay,—
It could be the news, or some oth-er am-use-ment, it

TO CODA

D/E Em A Tempo $10 \frac{1}{2}$ Asus

Make them feel O. K. show. show.
could be re-us-a-ble shows.

D.C. to 10^{th} bar

CODA

Puck all that we've
No need to wor-ry a -

D Em

got to get on — with these We've
-bout the Vi-et-nam - ese.

G D Em

got to com-pete — with the wi-ly Jap - an - ese.
Got to bring the — Rus-sian bear — to his knees.

G D

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

Em G

Swedes. We showed Ar-gent — i - na, now —
pleased. Na na na na — na na na.

D Em Ad lib. to Fade

let's go and show these.

The Fletcher Memorial Home

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Moderate Beat

Take all your o-ver-grown in-fants a-way some-where
Safe in the per-man-ent gaze of a cold glass eye,
R.H.

And build them a home, A lit-tle
With their fav-our-ite toys, They'll be

place of their own. The Flet-cher Memor i-al- Home for in-
good girls and boys. in the Flet-cher Memor i-al- Home for col-

TO CODA

D Em7 D/F# G C

- cur - a - ble - ty - rants and kings.
- on - i - al - wast - ers of life and

G C G/B Am

They can ap - pear to them - selves ev - ry day

D

on closed cir - cuit T. V. to make

Bb Bm A/B Bm C

sure they're still real. It's the on - ly con - nect -

D Em

— lon they feel. (Spoken) "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome

Cmaj7 D

Reagan and Haig, Mr. Begin and friend, Mrs. Thatcher and Paisley, Mr.

Cmaj7

Breznev and party, The ghost of McCarthy, and the memories of Nixon And

D G D/F# C

now, adding colour, a group of anonymous Latin-American meat packing glitterati."

Em D

Did they ex-pect us to treat them with an-y res-pect?

G D/F# C

They can pol-ish their med-als and sharp-en their smiles. And a-

G D/F# C G D/F# C

- muse themselves play-ing games for a while. Boom boom, hang bang

Em add9 (Solo) G

Lie down—you're dead.

D/F# Em D/F# G

D/F# Em D

Cmaj7 D

G D/F# C D G D/F#

Cma7 D G D/F# Cma7 Em add9
 D.C. al CODA
 CODA
 G D/F# C add9
 Are you hav-ing— a nice— time? Now the
 D/F# C Em add9
 fin-al— so-lu-tion— can be ap-piled.

Southampton Dock

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Moderately
 F Bb
 They dis-embarked in for-ty five, And no one spoke and no—
 stands up on South-amp-ton dock with her hand-kerchief And her
 C
 one smiled There were too ma-ny wet spa-ces in the line—
 sum-mer frock clings to her bod-y in in the rain—
 F
 And gathered at the
 In qui-et des-per-

Sebastian Dock
(Lyrics by Roger Waters)

Gen-a-tion, Knuck-les bright up on the slipper-y reins, heart, She

to sheath waves the sac-ri-fi-cial knives But brave-ly the boys good-bye a-gain.

now she Mm.

A Tempo (L'istesso)
F7 Gm7 F7/A Bb

And still the

The Final Cut
(Lyrics by Roger Waters)

dark stain spreads be-tween their

shoul-der blades.

A mute re-mind-er of the

F F7 Gm7 F7

pop-py fields and graves. And

bb C

when the — fight was o - ver —

Dm7 C7/E F Am7

we spent what — they had —

Dm Ad lib. Gm7

made. But in the bot-tom of our

A Tempo (Slower) F SEQUE "The Final Cut"

hearts, — we felt the fin-al cut

The Final Cut

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Slow F F/C C

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

Bbadd9 F F

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

F/C C Bbadd9 F

skies, — I'm spi-ral-ling down— to the hole in the ground where I hide.

B \flat F B \flat

If you—egg-o—ti—ste the mine-field in the drive,— and beat the dogs and beat the cold—

F B \flat C Dm

el—ec—tron—ic eyes— And if you make it past the shot — guns in the hall, —

Gm7 /C

dial the combination,— o—pen—the priest-hole, and if I'm in, I'll tell you what's be—hind the wall,

F Am F

There's a kid who had — a big hal—lu — ci — na — tion
Thought I ought to bare — my na — ked feel — ings,

Am C

mak—ing love to girls— in mag—e — zines. He
Thought I ought to tear— the cur—tain down. I

TO — CODA
B \flat Dm

won—ders if you're sleep—ing with your new found— faith,
held the blade in trem— bling hands, pre —

Gm7 /C

Could an — y — bod — y love — him or is it just a cra—zy dream,—

F F/C C E \flat add9

F F C

And if I show you my dark—side will you still bold—

Bb F F

— me to— night? And if I o— pen my

C Bb F

heart to you— and show you my weak—side, what would you do?

Bb F Bb

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

F Bb C Dm

and leave me a—lone, and smile in re—as-sur—ance as you whis—per down the phone,—

Gm7 /C

would you send me pack—ing,— or would you take me

F (solo) Am

home?

F Am C

B \flat 3 3 Dm Gm7 3

3 /C F D 3/4 1 1

3 /C F D 3/4 1 1

(ad lib) Gm7

just then the phone rang, — I nev-er had the nerve to make the fin-al

F C Rpm d49 F

a tempo cut.

a tempo rall.

The Gunners Dream

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:

G G+ Em C D Cmaj7 D7

Slow

G G+ Em C G D

8 mp

Em G G+

Float-ing down through the clouds

Em/G C G

mem-o-ries come rush-ing up to meet me now, But in the space be-tween—the hea-vens and the

D C G Em

cor-ner of some for-ain field, — I had a dream, —

I had a dream — Good-bye Max, Good-bye Ma.

Af-ter the sor-vice when you're walk-ing slowly to the car, and the sil-ver in her hair shines in the

cold Nov-em-ber air, you hear the toll-ing bell, and touch the silk in your is-sue, and

as the tear-drops rise to meet the com-fort of the band,

The musical score for page 72 is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I had a dream — Good-bye Max, Good-bye Ma."; "Af-ter the sor-vice when you're walk-ing slowly to the car, and the sil-ver in her hair shines in the"; "cold Nov-em-ber air, you hear the toll-ing bell, and touch the silk in your is-sue, and"; and "as the tear-drops rise to meet the com-fort of the band,". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line: C, G, G, G+ for the first system; Em/G, C, G for the second; D, Em, Cma7, D/C, C for the third; and G, D, Em for the fourth.

You take her fra-til hand and hold on — to the dream.

(sax solo)

The musical score for page 73 continues the piece. It features a piano accompaniment and a saxophone solo. The lyrics are: "You take her fra-til hand and hold on — to the dream."; and "(sax solo)". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords. The saxophone solo is marked with a 'f' (forte) dynamic. Chord symbols are placed above the piano line: C, D for the first system; G, G+, Em, C, D for the second; G, D, Em, D for the third; and C, D/C, G, D, C for the fourth.

G Em C Em

A place to stay, e-nough to eat, some-where old he-roes shuf-fle

(pp)

C G D

safe-ly down the street. Where you can speak out loud a-bout your doubts and fears, and what's more—

Em Cma7

no-one ev-er dis-ap-pears, you nev-er hear their stan-dard is-sue kick-ing in your door,

Two Stars in the Sunset
 (Lenny Kravitz & Bruce Springsteen)

G D Em

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

C D7/C G D

bande-men by re-mote con-trol, and ev-'ry-one— has re-course to the law, And

C G Em C

no-one kills the child-ren an-y-more. No-one kills the child-ren an-y-more.

G C D Em D

Night af-ter night, — go-ing round and round my brnin,

ff

C D G

his dream is driv-ing me in - sane. In the

G D Em

cor-ner of some for-eign field, the gun-ner sleeps to-night— What's done is done—

C D/C G D C

We can-not just write off his fin-al scene. take heed— of the

G Em C Em

dream, take heed—...

rall.....

Two Suns in the Sunset

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



$\text{♩} = 144$ D A G A D

In my rear-view mir-ror — the sun is go-ing down,
run-y wire — that holds the cork — keeps the an-ger in,
as the wind-shield melts — and my tears e - va-por-ate.

D D G A

sink-ing be-lad — brid-ges in the road —
gives way — and sud-den-ly it's day a-gain
leav-ing on-ly char-coal to de-fend.

D G A D A

I think of all the good-things that we have left un-
The sun is in the east— even though the day is
Fin-al-ly, I un-der-stand the feel-ings of— the

G D/F# Em Bm

done. And I suf-fer premon-i-tions, con-firm-sus-pi-cions,
done. Two suns in— the sun— set
few. Ash-es— and dia-monds, foe and friend,

TO CODA

Em A D A G A D

of the hol-o-caust to come. The
could be— the hu-man race run.
we were— all e-qual in the end.

2. D A G A D Bm A

Like the moment when the brakes lock

Bm G A

and you slide to-wards the big truck, You stretch the fro-zen mo-ments with your

D Bm A Bm

fer. And you'll never hear their voic-es, and you'll never see their fac-es.

G A D A G A D A

you have no re-course to the law — an-y-more. —

G A D D, 3 al CODA D A G

Solo ad lib to fade

And

Your Possible Pasts

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



♩ = 152

They flut-ter-behind you, your poss-i-ble pasts
stood in the door-way, the ghost of a smile

Some bright eyed and
haunt-ing her

cra-zy some fright-ened and lost.
face like a cheap hot-el sign.

$\frac{3}{4}$ G Am

A warn-ing to an-y-one still in com-mand
Her cold eyes im-plor-ing the men in their mace—
cold and re-li-gious we were tak-en in hand

C

for the gold in of their poss-ible
shown how to their feel good or the
and

D G

fu-ture so take care.
lives told in their backs.
to feel bad.

G Am

In der-el-ict sid-ings the pop-ples en-ter-
Step-pling up bold-ly one put out his hand
Strung out be-hind us the ban-ners and flags

C

He said with cat-tle trucks ly-ing in
of our I was just—a child then
pos-si-ble pasta lie in

D G [Not 2nd time]

wait now I'm for the next a time.
tat-tlers on-ly and man, rag.

Em

Do you re-mem-ber me,— how we used to be,—

TO CODA
D

Do you think we should be clos-er? (rpt. echo) (clos-er, clos-er,

The Hero's Return

Cmaj9

1. clos - er, clos - er, clos - er, clos - er, clos - er.) She

2. solo Em clos - er.)

C Em

C Em

C

Em

D C

D Cmaj9

D. 2/4 = 1/4

By the

CODA

D Repeat till fade

clos - er,

The Hero's Return

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Musical score for 'The Hero's Return' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and includes several long, sustained notes. The left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes. The overall texture is melodic and rhythmic.

D

Je - sus, Je - sus, what's it all - a - bout,
Sweet-heart, sweet-heart, are you fast - a - sleep -

(good)

Try - ing to clout - these lit - tie in - grates
That's the on - ly time that I - can

In - to shape - When I was their - age
real - ly speak to you. And there is some - thing

all the lights - went out - A mem - or -
that I've locked - a - way, -

D

There was no time to whine - and mope a - bout -
- y that is - too pain - ful, to with - stand the light - of day.

Cmaj7 **D**

And ev - en now part of me flies - o - ver
When we came back from the war, - the

Cmaj7 **D** **Cmaj7**

Dress - ed at an - gels one five. And though they'll nev - er fath - er - om it
ban - ners and flags - hung on ev - 'ry - one's door. - We danced and we sang in the

1. **D**

be - hind my sar - ca - am des - per - ate mem - o - ries lie.

2.

street and the church bells rang.

But burn-ing— in my heart, the

mem-'ry— smoul-ders on of the gun-ner's—

dy-ing — words on the In-ter-com.

Em add

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

G C D G

Bresh-nev took Af-ghan-i-stan and Be-gin took Bel-rut, Gnit-l-er-i took the Un-ion

Jack, and Mag-gie, o-ver lunch one day, took a cruis-er with all hands ap -

-par-ent-ly to make them give it back, — Mm. —



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