

PINK FLOYD LYRICS

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Pipers at the Gates of Dawn

Pink Floyd's first album came after two singles releases, Arnold Layne, Candy and the Current Bun (previously name Let's Roll Another One, but had to be changed to meet the G-Rated needs of the early 60's); See Emily Play, and Scarecrow. Under Syd Barrett's supervision, Floyd releases an upbeat "oldies" album, but you will never hear any of these on FM because most are considered to be brought out by drugs. Many of the songs have Syd cheery voice, and upbeat music, but convey messages often overlooked. Astronomy Domine opens the album up strongly. But the rest of the album is meant to be fun to listen to, which Barrett succeeds in doing, catchy lyrics and beats make up a good record.

Astronomy Domine
Lucifer Sam
Matilda Mother
Pow R. Toc H.
Flaming
Take Up thy Stethiscope and Walk
Intestellar Overdrive
The Gnome
Chapter 24
The Scarecrow
Bike

Astronomy Domine

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.
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.
Blinding signs flap,
Flicker, flicker, flicker blam. Pow, pow.
Stairway 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 underground.

Lucifer Sam
Lucifer Sam, siam cat.
Always sitting by your side
Always by your side.
That cat's something I can't explain.
Ginger, ginger, Jennifer Gentle you're a witch.
You're the left side
He's the right side.
Oh, no!
That cat's something I can't explain.
Lucifer go to sea.
Be a hip cat, be a ship's cat.
Somewhere, anywhere.
That cat's something I can't explain.
At night prowling sifting sand.
Hiding around on the ground.
He'll be found when you're around.
That cat's something I can't explain.

Matilda Mother

There was a king who ruled the land.
His majesty was in command.
With silver eyes the scarlet eagle
Showers silver on the people.
Oh Mother, tell me more.
Why'd'ya have to leave me there
Hanging in my infant air
Waiting?
You only have to read the lines
They're scribbly black and everything shines.
Across the stream with wooden shoes
With bells to tell the king the news
A thousand misty riders climb up
Higher once upon a time.
Wandering and dreaming
The words have different meaning.
Yes they did.
For all the time spent in that room
The doll's house, darkness, old perfume
And fairy stories held me high on
Clouds of sunlight floating by.
Oh Mother, tell me more
Tell me more.
Aaaaaaaaah
Aaaaaaaaah
Aaaaaaaaah

Pow R. Toc H

(Instrumental)

Flaming

Alone in the clouds all blue
Lying on an eiderdown.
Yippee! You can't see me
But I can you.
Lazing in the foggy dew
Sitting on a unicorn.
No fair, you can't hear me
But I can you.
Watching buttercups cup the light
Sleeping on a dandelion.
Too much, I won't touch you
But then I might.
Screaming through the starlit sky
Travelling by telephone.
Hey ho, here we go
Ever so high.
Alone in the clouds all blue
Lying on an eiderdown.
Yippee! You can't see me
But I can you.

Take Up Thy Stethoscope and Walk
Doctor doctor!
I'm in bed
Achin' head
Gold is lead
Choke on bread
Underfed
Gold is lead
Jesus bled
Pain is red
Are goon
Grow go
Greasy spoon
You swoon
June bloom
Music seems to help the pain
Seems to cultivate the brain.
Doctor kindly tell your wife that
I'm alive - flowers thrive - realize - realize
Realize.

Interstellar Overdrive

(Instrumental)

The Gnome

I want to tell you a story
About a little man
If I can.
A gnome named Grimble Grumble.
And little gnomes stay in their homes.
Eating, sleeping, drinking their wine.
He wore a scarlet tunic,
A blue green hood,
It looked quite good.
He had a big adventure
Amidst the grass
Fresh air at last.
Wining, dining, bidding his time.
And then one day - hooray!
Another way for gnomes to say
Hooooooray.
Look at the sky, look at the river
Isn't it good?
Look at the sky, look at the river
Isn't it good?
Winding, finding places to go.
And then one day - hooray!
Another way for gnomes to say
Hooooooray.
Hoooooooooooooray.

Chapter 24

A movement is accomplished in six stages
And the seventh brings return.
The seven is the number of the young light
It forms when darkness is increased by one.
Change returns success
Going and coming without error.
Action brings good fortune.
Sunset.
The time is with the month of winter solstice
When the change is due to come.
Thunder in the other course of heaven.
Things cannot be destroyed once and for all.
Change returns success
Going and coming without error.
Action brings good fortune.
Sunset, sunrise.
A movement is accomplished in six stages
And the seventh brings return.
The seven is the number of the young light
It forms when darkness is increased by one.
Change returns success
Going and coming without error.
Action brings good fortune.
Sunset, sunrise.

The Scarecrow

The black and green scarecrow as everyone knows
Stood with a bird on his hat and straw everywhere.
He didn't care.
He stood in a field where barley grows.
His head did no thinking
His arms didn't move except then the wind cut up
Rough and mice ran around on the ground
He stood in a field where barley grows.
The black and green scarecrow is sadder than me
But now he's resigned to his fate
'Cause life's not unkind - he doesn't mind.
He stood in a field where barley grows.

Bike

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 gingerbread men.
Here a man, there a man, lots of gingerbread men.
Take a couple if you wish. They're on the dish.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world.
I'll give you anything, ev'rything if you want things.
I know a room of musical tunes.
Some rhyme, some ching. Most of them are clockwork.
Let's go into the other room and make them work.

A Suacerful of Secrets

This is a transition album from Syd Barrett to Roger Waters. Syd Barrett, at this point, allowed drug abuse to take over. This lead to him leaving the group, and he only was able to write three tracks for this album. But to replace him was David Gilmour. Because of the sudden change in style, this album could have been better. Roger didn't know what he was doing at first, David was new to Pink Floyd, and Syd left. This causes many mishaps and mistakes to be recorded, and the album isn't all that great. Some tracks are good enough to make the album worth buyable, but for the most part, this is probably Floyd's worst.

Let There be More Light
Remember a Day
Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun
Corporal Clegg
A Suacerful of Secrets
See-Saw
Jugband Blues

Let There Be More Light

Far, far, far away - way
People heard him say - say
I will find a way - way
There will come a day - day
Something will be done. Then at last the mighty ship
Descending on a point of flame
Made contact with the human race
And melted hearts. Now, now, now is the time - time
Time to be - be - be aware Carter's father saw him there and
made contact with the human race at Mildenhall.
Knew the Rhull revealed to him the
glowing soul of Heremond the Wake.
Oh, my, something in my eye - eye
Something in the sky - sky
Waiting there for me The outer rope rolls early back
The service men were heard to sigh
For there revealed in glowing robes
Was Lucy in the sky Oh - oh - did you ever know - know
Never ever will they
I cannot say Something in his cosmic art
And glowing slightly from his toes
The psychic and the nations fly

Remember a Day

Remember a day before today
A day when you were young.
Free to play alone with time
Evening never came.
Sing a song that can't be sung
Without the morning's kiss
Queen - you shall be it if you wish
Look for your king Why can't we play today
Why can't we stay that way Climb your favorite apple tree

Try to catch the sun
Hide from your little brother's gun
Dream yourself away
Why can't we reach the sun
Why can't we blow the years away
Blow away
Blow away
Remember
Remember

Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun

Little by little the
night turns around.
Counting the leaves which tremble and turn.
Lotus's lean on each other in union.
Over the hills where a swallow is resting.
Set the controls for the heart of the sun.
Over the mountain watching the watcher.
Breaking the darkness waking the grapevine.
Morning to birth is born into shadow
Love is the shadow that ripens the wine.
Set the controls for the heart of the sun.
The heart of the sun, the heart of the sun.
Who is the man who arrives at the wall?
Making the shape of his questions at asking.
Thinking the sun will fall in the evening.
Will he remember the lesson of giving?
Set the controls for the heart of the sun.
The heart of the sun, the heart of the sun.

Corporal Clegg

Corporal Clegg had a wooden leg
He won it in the war, in 1944.
Corporal Clegg had a medal too
In orange, red, and blue
He found it in the zoo.
Dear, dear were they really sad for me?
Dear, dear will they really laugh at me?
Mrs. Clegg, you must be proud of him.
Mrs. Clegg, another drop of gin.
Corporal Clegg umbrella in the rain
He's never been the same
No one is to blame
Corporal Clegg recieved his medal in a dream From Her
Majesty the queen
His boots were very clean.
Mrs. Clegg, you must be proud of him
Mrs. Clegg, another drop of gin.

A Saucerful of Secrets

(Instrumental)

See-Saw

Marigolds are very much in love, but he doesn't mind
Picking up his sister, he makes his way into the seas or land
All the way she smiles
She goes up while he goes down, down
Sits on a stick in the river
Laughter in his sleep
Sister's throwing stones, hoping for a hit
He doesn't know so then
She goes up while he goes down, down
Another time, another day
A brother's way to leave
 Another time, another day She'll be selling plastic
 flowers on a Sunday afternoon
Picking up weeds, she hasn't got the time to care

All can see he's not there
She grows up for another man, and he's down
Another time, another day
A brother's way to leave
Another time, another day
Another time, another day
A brother's way to leave

Jugband Blues

It's awfully considerate of you to think of me here
And I'm much obliged to you for making it clear
That I'm not here.
And I never knew we could be so thick
And I never knew we could be so blue
And I'm grateful that you threw away my old shoes
And brought me here instead dressed in red
And I'm wondering who could be writing this song.
I don't care if the
sun don't shine
And I don't care if nothing is mine
And I don't care if I'm nervous with you
I'll do my loving in the winter. And the sea isn't green
And I love the queen
And what exactly is a dream
And what exactly is a joke.

More

A film soundtrack for the movie More (directed by Barbet Schroder). Pink Floyd does all the music for this movie. This is a non-traditional Floyd album, although it is a soundtrack, the tracks are much shorter, and less instrumental. Many of the songs are good, but almost too short to really enjoy. The best track on this album is Cymbaline, an upbeat party song.

Cirrus Minor
The Nile Song
Crying Song
Up the Kyber
Green is the Colour
Cymbaline
Party Sequence
Main Theme
Ibiza Bar
More Blues
Quicksilver
A Spanish Piece
Dramatic Theme

Cirrus Minor

In a churchyard by a river,
Lazing in the haze of midday,
Laughing in the grasses and the graze.
Yellow bird, you are alone in singing and in flying on,
In and in leaving. Willow weeping in the water,
Waving to the river daughters,
Swaying in the ripples and the reeds.
On a trip to Cirrus Minor, saw a crater in the sun
A thousand miles of moonlight later.

The Nile Song

I was standing by the Nile
When I saw the lady smile.
I would take her out for a while,
For a while. Light tears wept like a child.
How her golden hair was blowing wild.
Then she spread her wings to fly,
For to fly. Soaring high above the breezes,
Going always where she pleases.
She will make it to the island in the sun.
I will follow in her shadow
As I watch her from my window.
One day I will catch her eye.
She is calling from the deep,
Summoning my soul to endless sleep.
She is bound to drag me down,
Drag me down.

Crying Song

We smile and smile
We smile and smile
Laughter echoes in your eyes
We climb and climb
We climb and climb
Footfall softly in the pines
We cry and cry
We cry and cry
Sadness passes in a while
We role and role
We role and role
Help me role away the stone

Up the Khyber

(Instrumental)

Green is the Colour

Heavy hung the canopy of blue
Shade my eyes and I can see you
White is the light that shines through the dress that you wore
She lay in the shadow of the wave
Hazy were the visions of her playing
Sunlight on her eyes but moonshine beat her blind everytime

Green is the colour of her kind
Quickness of the eye deceives the mind
Many is the bond between the hopeful and the damned

Cymbaline

The path you tread is narrow and the drop is sheer and very high
The ravens all are watching from a vantage point near by
Apprehension creeping like a choo-train up your spine
Will the tightrope reach the end; will the final couplet rhyme

And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me Butterfly with broken wings is falling by your side
The ravens all are closing in there's no where you can hide
Your manager and agent are both busy on the phone
Selling colored photographs to magazines back home

And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me The lines converging where you stand they must
have moved the picture plane

The leaves are heavy around your feet you hear the thunder of the train
Suddenly it strikes you that they're moving into range

Doctor Strange is always changing size

And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me

Party Sequence

(Instrumental)

Main Theme

(Instrumental)

Ibiza Bar

I'm so afraid of mistakes that I made
Taking every time that I wake
I feel like a hard-boiled butter man
So give me a time when the countries will lie on the
storyline if kind
Are days are made since the first page
I've lived every line that you wrote
Take me down, take me down, from the shelf above your head
So give me a time when the countries will lie on the
storyline if kind
And if I live on the shelf like the rest
And if love bleeds like a sad song
Please pick-up your camera and use me again
So give me a time when the countries will lie on the

storyline if kind
Yea

More Blues
(Instrumental)

Quicksilver
(Instrumental)

A Spanish Piece

Bath of tequila, Manuel
Leaf and cringle
Laugh at my lisp and kill you
I think
This Spanish music
It sets my soul on fire
Lovely seniorita
Your eyes are like stars
Your teeth are like pearls
Your ruby lips seniorita

Dramatic Theme
(Instrumental)

Ummagumma (Studio)

Pink Floyd's fourth release, Ummagumma (slang for sex) is half and half (in terms of studio/live). The first disk is live cuts recorded at several different places, and the second side is a studio album.

The first (live) half is of hits from Syd Barrett times, as well as from Saucerful. The second disk is of new cuts released for this album. Most pieces are highly instrumental, and pretty lengthy. But a good compilation of tracks.

This version of Astronomy Domine is good, but I recommend the PULSE version of it, Careful with that Axe, Eugene, is a good version, but the studio is much better. The studio half is a good compilation, but could use some cleaning up. Altogether this a decent album.

Astronomy Domine
Careful With that Axe, Eugene
Set The Controls for the Heart of the Sun
A Saucerful of Secrets Sysyphus (Part 1-3)
Grantchester Meadows
Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gathered
Together in a cave and Grooving With a Pict
The Narrow Way (Part 1-3)
The Grand Vizier's Garden Party
Part 1 Enterance
Part 2 Entertainment
Part 3 Exit

Astronomy Domine

Lime and limpid gree, 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...
Blinding signs flap, flicker, flicker, flicker
Blam pow, pow
Stairway scare Dan Dare who's there...
Lime and limpid green,
The sound surrounds the icy waters under
Lime and limpid green,
The sound surrounds the icy waters
Underground

Careful With That Axe, Eugene (instrumental)

Set the Controls For the Heart of the Sun

Little by little the night turns around
Counting the leaves which tremble at dawn
Lotuses lean on each other in yearning
Under the eaves the swallow is resting
Set the controls for the heart of the Sun
Over the mountain watchin the watcher
Breaking the darkness waking the grapevine
One inch of love is one inch of shadow
Love is the shadow that ripens the wine
Set the controls for the heart of the Sun
Witness the man who raves at the wall?
Making the shape of his questions to Heaven
Whether the Sun will fall in the evening
Will he remember the lesson of giving?
Set the controls for the heart of the Sun
Set the controls for the heart of the Sun

A Saucerful of Secrets (Instrumental)

Sisyphus (Instrumental)

Grantchester Meadows

Icy wind of night be gone
This is not your domain
In the sky a bird was heard to cry
Misty morning whisperings
And gentle stirring sounds
Belied a deathly silence
That lay all around
Hear the lark and harken
To the barking of the dog fox
Gone to ground
See the splashing
Of the kingfisher flashing to the water
And a river of green is sliding
Unseen beneath the trees
Laughing as it passes
Through the endless summer
Making for the sea
In the lazy water meadow
I lay me down
All around me golden sunflakes
Settle on the ground
Basking in the sunshine
Of a by-gone afternoon
Bringing sounds of yesterday
Into this city room
Hear the lark and harken
To the barking of the dog fox
Gone to ground
See the splashing
Of the kingfisher flashing to the water
And a river of green is sliding
Unseen beneath the trees
Laughing as it passes
Through the endless summer
Making for the sea

Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together in a Cave and Grooving With a Pict (Instrumental)

The Narrow Way (Instrumental)

The Grand Vizier's Garden Party (Instrumental)

Atom Heart Mother

Pink Floyd's fifth album was an experiment gone good. Atom Heart Mother was the first album to have a less "crazy" feel and to utilize more of the sounds that makes pink Floyd popular in later albums. The more down to earth album open up with a 23 minute, seven part, anthology, Atom Heart Mother (Later renamed the Atom Heart Mother Suite to separate it from the name of the album), that is followed up by If, a slower, sadder cut. The album picks right back up on Summer of '68, and Richard Wright's great piano works, Then Fat Old Sun is a deep cut to lead up to Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast. A light instrument piece that goes through the steps of Alan Stiles' Morning.

The album is really good, and also really underrated, because of the main pieces being more than 10 minutes long, you never hear any of it anywhere else. This album is well written and played well by Floyd. you can hear all five group members distinctly, and really is an upper sounding piece.

Atom Heart Mother Suite

Father Shout

Breast Milky

Mother Fore

Funky Dung

Mind Your Throats Please

Remergance

If

Summer '68

Fat Old Sun

Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast

Rise and Shine

Sunny Side Up

Morning Glory

Atom Heart Mother Suite
(instrumental)

If

If I were a swan, I'd be gone.
If I were a train, I'd be late.
And if I were a good man, I'd talk with you more often than I do.
If I were to sleep, I could dream.
If I were afraid, I could hide.
If I go insane, please don't put your wires in my brain.
If I were the moon, I'd be cool.
If I were a book, I would bend.
If I were a good man, I'd understand the spaces between friends.
If I were alone, I would cry.
And if I were with you, I'd be home and dry.
And if I go insane, will you still let me join in with the game?
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 to you more often than I do.

Summer '68

Would you like to something before you leave?
Perhaps you'd care to state exactly how you feel.
We say goodbye before we've said hello.
I hardly even like you.
I shouldn't care at all.
We met just six hours ago.
The music was too loud.
From your bed I came today and lost a bloody year.
And I would like to know, how do you feel?
How do you feel?
Not a single word was said.
They lied still without fears.
Occasionally you showed a smile, but what was the need?
I felt the cold far too soon in a wind of ninetyfive.
My friends are lying in the sun, I wish I was there.
Tomorrow brings another town, another girl like you.
Have you time before you leave to greet another man
Just to let me know, how do you feel?
How do you feel?
Goodbye to you.
Childish bangles too.
I've had enough for one day.

Fat Old Sun

When that fat old sun in the sky is falling,
Summer evening birds are calling.
Summer's thunder time of year,
The sound of music in my ears.
Distant bells,
New mown grass smells so sweet.
By the river holding hands,
Roll me up and lay me down.
And if you sit,
Don't make a sound.
Pick your feet up off the ground.
And if you hear as the warm night falls
The silver sound from a time so strange,
Sing to me, sing to me.
When that fat old sun in the sky is falling,
Summer evening birds are calling.
Children's laughter in my ears,
The last sunlight disappears.
And if you sit,
Don't make a sound.
Pick your feet up off the ground.
And if you hear as the warm night falls
The silver sound from a time so strange,
Sing to me, sing to me.
When that fat old sun in the sky is falling,
Summer evening birds are calling.
Children's laughter in my ears,
The last sunlight disappears.

Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast (Instrumental)

Relics

A Compilation Album of most of Pink Floyd's early stuff. It contains some off the the First singles, some off More, and a never before released track, Biding My Time. This was released by EMI to try to get some of their early stuff to sell better. Most of the songs are short, but good. And is very diverse on who did what. Some tracks are Barrett origin, other are from Wright, or Waters. This brings together a really good collection of early Floyd.

Arnold Layne
Intestellar Overdrive
See Emily play
Remember a Day
Paint Box
Julia Dream
Be Careful With That Axe Eugene
Cirrus Minor
Nile Song
Biding my Time
Bike

Arnold Layne

Arnold Layne had a strange hobby
Collecting clothes
Moonshine washing line
They suit him fine
On the wall hung a tall mirror
Distorted view, see through baby blue
Oh, Arnold Layne
It's not the same, takes two to know
Two to know, two to know
Why can't you see?
Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne
Now he's caught - a nasty sort of person.
They gave him time
Doors bang - chain gang - he hates it
Oh, Arnold Layne
It's not the same, takes two to know
Two to know, two to know
Why can't you see?
Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne
Don't do it again

Intestellar Overdrive (Instrumental)

See Emily Play

Emily tries but misunderstands, ah ooh
She often inclined to borrow somebody's dreams till tomorrow
There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your mind and play
Free games for may
See Emily play
Soon after dark Emily cries, ah ooh
Gazing through trees in sorrow hardly a sound till tomorrow
There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your mind and play
Free games for may
See Emily play
Put on a gown that touches the ground, ah ooh
Float on a river forever and ever, Emily
There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your mind and play
Free games for may
See Emily play

Remember a day

Remember a day before today
A day when you were young
Free to play along with time
Evening never comes
Sing a song that can't be sung
Whithout the morning's kiss
Queen you shall be if you wish
Look for your king
Why can't we play today?
Why can't we stay that way?
Climb your favourite apple tree
Try to catch the sun
Hide from your little brother's gun
Dream yourself away
Why can't we reach the sun?
Why can't we blow the years away?
Blow away

Paint Box

Last night I had too much to drink
Sitting in a club with so many fools
Playing to rules
Trying to impress but feeling rather empty
I had another drink
Drink - a - drink - a - drink - a - drink
What a way to spend that evening
They all turn up with their friends
Playing the game
But in the scene I should have been
Far away
Away - away - away - away - away
Getting up, I feel as if I'm remembering this scene before
I open the door to an empty room
Then I forget
The telephone rings and someone speaks
She would very much like to go out to a show
So what can I do - I can't think what to say
She sees through anyway
Away - away - away - away - away
Out of the front door I go
Traffic's moving rather slow
Arriving late, there she waits
Looking very angry, as cross as she can be
Be - a - be - a - be - a - be - a - be
Getting up, I feel as if I'm remembering this scene before
I open the door to an empty room
Then I forget

Julia Dream

Sunlight bright upon my pillow
Lighter than an eiderdown
Will she let the weeping willow
Wind his branches round
Julia dream, dreamboat queen, queen of all my dreams
Every night I turn the light out
Waiting for the velvet bride
Will the scaly armadillo
Find me where I'm hiding
Julia dream, dreamboat queen, queen of all my dreams
Will the misty master break me
Will the key unlock my mind
Will the following footsteps catch me
Am I really dying
Julia dream, dreamboat queen, queen of all my dreams

Careful With That Axe, Eugene

Careful With That Axe, Eugene
Ahhhhhhhhh, Ahhhhhhhhhh,

Cirrus minor

In a churchyard by a river
Lazing in the hazy midday
Laughing in the grasses and the graves
Yellow bird you are not long in singing
And in flying up and laughing and in leaving
Willow weeping in the water
Waving to the river daughters
Swaying in the ripples and the reeds
On a trip to cirrus minor
Saw a crater in the sun
A thousand miles of moonlight later

The Nile song

I was standing by the Nile
When I saw the lady smile.
I would take her out for a while,
For a while.
Oh, my tears wept like a child.
How her golden hair was blowing wild.
Then she spread her wings to fly,
For to fly.
Soaring high above the breezes,
Going always where she pleases.
She will make it to the islands in the sun.
I will follow in her shadow
As I watch her from my window.
One day I will catch her eye.
She is calling from the deep,
Summoning my soul to endless sleep.
She is bound to drag me down,
Drag me down.

Biding My Time

Wasting my time,
Resting my mind
And I'll never pine
For the sad days and the bad days
When we was workin' from nine to five
And if you don't mind
I'll spend my time
Here by the fire side
In the warm light of her eyes
And if you don't mind
I'll spend my time
Here by the fire side
In the warm light of her eyes

Bike

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 gingerbread men.
Here a man, there a man, lots of gingerbread men.
Take a couple if you wish. They're on the dish.
You're the kind of girl that fits in with my world.
I'll give you anything, ev'rything if you want things.
I know a room of musical tunes.
Some rhyme, some ching. Most of them are clockwork.
Let's go into the other room and make them work.

Meddle

This Floyd record is not given enough credit. The only song heard on occasion in *One Of These Days*, which is an awesome guitar piece. But *Fearless*, and *Echoes* are just as good. *A Pillow of Winds* is a mellow piece written well, and *San Tropez* is an upbeat, off-Floyd track. The album is written well, and played great. *Seamus*, is a short song about a dog, no real importance. But in previous versions, it was know as *Mademoiselle Nobbs*. Which is the same song, only without the lyrics, but the dog still cries. *Echoes* was actually played before it was written. Floyd played what was known as *Nothing* (parts 1-36), then jotted it down, combined it, cleaned it up, and made it the 23 minute piece that it is. On the original record, it took up the entire back side.

One of these Days
A Pillow of Winds
Fearless
San Tropez
Seamus
Echoes

One of These Days

(Instrumental)

One of these days I'm gonna cut you into little pieces

A Pillow of Winds

A cloud of eider down
Draws around me softening the sound
Sleepy time in my life
With my love by my side
And she's breathing low
And the candle dies.
When night comes down you lock the door
The boot falls to the floor
As darkness falls and waves roll by
The seasons change
The wind is raw.
Now wakes the hour that sleeps the swan
Behold a dream, the dream is gone
Green fields
A cold rain is falling
Near the golden dawn.
And deep beneath the ground
The early morning sounds and I go down
Sleepy time in our life
With my love by my side
And she's breathing low
And I rise like a bird
In the haze and the first rays touch the sky
And the night winds die.

Fearless

You say the hill's too steep to climb,
Climb it!
You say you'd like to see me try,
Climb it!
You pick the place and I'll choose the time
And I'll climb
The hill in my own way
just wait a while, for the right day
And as I rise above the treeline and the clouds
I look down hear the sound of the things you said today
Fearlessly the idiot faced the crowd, smiling
Emotionless the magistrate turns 'round, frowning
and who's the fool who wears the crown
Go down in your own way
And everyday is the right day
And as you rise above the fearlines in the frown
You look down
Hear the sound of the faces in the crowd

San Tropez

As I reach for a peach
Slide a rind down behind
the sofa in San Tropez
Breaking a stick with a brick on the sand
Riding a wave in the wake of an old Sedan
Sleeping alone in the drone of the darkness
Scratched by the sand that fell from our love
Deep in my dreams and I still hear her calling
If you're alone I'll come home
Backwards and home bound
The pidgeon the dove
Gone with the wind and the rain on an airplane
Owning a home with no silver spoon
I'm drinking champaigne like a big tycoon
Sooner 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 your alone I'll come home
And I pause for a while
By a country style
And listen to things they say
Digging for gold in the hoe in my hand
Hoping they'll take a look at the way things stand
And you're leading me down to the place by the sea
I hear your soft voice calling to me
Making a date for later by phone
if you're alone I'll come home

Seamus

I was in the kitchen
Seamus, that's the dog was outside
Well, I was in the kitchen
Seamus, my old hound was outside
Well, you know the sun was sinking slowly
But my hound just sat right down and cried

Echoes

Overhead the albatross hangs motionless upon the air
And deep beneath the rolling waves in labyrinths of coral caves
The echo of a distant tide
Comes willowing across the sand
And everything is green and submarine
And no one showed us to the land
And no one knows the wheres or whys
But something stirs and
Something tries
And starts to climb towards the light
Strangers passing in the street
By chance two separate glances meet
And I am you and what I see is me
And do I take you by the hand
And lead you through the land
And help me understand the best I can
And no one calls us to the land
And no one crosses there alive
And no one speaks
And no one tries
And no one flies around the sun
And now this is the day you fall
Upon my waking eyes
Inviting and inciting me to rise
And through the window in the wall
Comes streamin in on sunlight wings
A million bright ambassadors of morning
And no one sings me lullabies
And no one makes me close my eyes
So I throw the windows wide
And call to you across the sky.

Obscured by Clouds

Another sound track for a Barbet Schroder Movie, La Vallee. This time Floyd takes it to Paris to record a French Film. But the movie is released in English, and renamed The Valley: Obscured by Clouds. The movie is about an exhibition group that goes out to find sacred religious land. That, on the map, is only marked "Obscured by Clouds". On there journey, they find more than just spiritual beliefs, they run into "Mud Men", and more importantly, they find love.

The album is well composed, and although the tracks are shorter, the album is good. Most of the tracks are written by various members, so everyone can be heard distinctly. You will never hear any of the music on the radio, but one that later re-released is Free Four, a good track. But it is than followed up by Stay. A good cut that is filled with emotion and instruments. Altogether, Obscured By Clouds is a good release, that should've been released with, or without, the movie.

Obscured By Clouds
When Your In
Burning Bridges
The Gold it's in The...
Wot's...Uh the Deal
Mudmen
Childhood's End
Free Four
Stay
Absolutly Curtains

Obscured by Clouds
(Instrumental)

When You're In
(Instrumental)

Burning Bridges

Bridges burning gladly,
Merging with the shadows,
Flickering between the lines.
Stolen moments floating softly on the air,
Born on wings of fire and climbing higher.
Ancient bonds are breaking,
Moving on and changing sides.
Dreaming of a new day,
Cast aside the other way.
Magic visions stirring,
Kindled by and burning flames rise in her eyes.
The door stands ajar,
The wall that once were high.
Beyond the gilded cage,
Beyond the reach of ties.
The moment is at hand.
She breaks the golden band.

The Gold it's in The...

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,
Because I'm only coming along 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 something, they say.
I'll get my kicks on the way.
Over mountains, across 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 seagulls wheeling on 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.

Wots...uh the Deal

Heaven said the promised land
Looks alright from where I stand
Cause I'm the man on the outside looking in
Waiting on the first step
Show where the key is kept
Point me down the right line because it's time
To let me in from the cold
Turn my land into gold
Cause there's chill wind blowing in my soul
And I think I'm growing old
Flash the red is wots...uh the deal
Got to make to the next meal
Try to keep up with the turning of the wheel.
Mile after mile
Stone after stone
Turn to speak but you're alone
Million mile from home you're on your own
So let me in from the cold
Turn my land into gold
Cause there's chill wind blowing in my soul
And I think I'm growing old
Fly bright by candlelight
Up out of my sight
And if she prefers we will never stir again
Someone said the promised land
And I grabbed it with both hands
Now I'm the man on the inside looking out
Hear me shout 'come on in, what's the news and where you been?'
Cause there's no wind left in my soul
And I've grown old

Mudmen

(Instrumental)

Childhood's End

You shout in your sleep.
Perhaps the price is just too steep.
Is your conscience at rest if once put to the test?
You awake with a start to just the beating of your heart.

Just one man beneath the sky,
Just two ears, just two eyes.
You set sail across the sea of longpast thoughts and memories.
Childhood's end,
Your fantasies merge with harsh realities.
And then as the sail is hoist,
You find your eyes are growing moist.
All the fears never voiced say you have to make your finalchoice.
Who are you and who am I to say we know the reason why?
Some are born;
Some men die beneath one infinite sky.
There'll be war, there'll be peace.

But everything one day will cease.
All the iron turned to rust;
All the proud men turned to dust.
And so all things, time will mend.
So this song will end.

Free Four

The memories of a man in his old age
Are the deeds of a man in his prime.
You suffle in gloom in the sickroom
And talk to yourself till you die.
Life is a short, warm moment
And death is a long cold rest.
You get your chance to try
In the twinkling of an eye:
Eighty years, with luck, or even less.
So all aboard for the American tour,
And maybe you'll make it to the top.
And mind how you go.
I can tell you, because I know.
You may find it hard to get off.
You are the angel of death
And I am the dead man's son.
And he died like a mole in a fox hole.
And everyone is still in the run.
And who is the master of fox hounds?
And who says the hunt has begun?
And who calls the tune in the courtroom?
And who beats the funeral drum?
The memories of a man in his old age
Are the deeds of a man in his prime.
You suffle in gloom in the sickroom
And talk to yourself till you die.

Stay

Stay and help me to end the day.
And of you don't mind,
We'll break a bottle of wine.
Stick around and maybe we'll put one down,
Because I wanna find what lies behind those eyes.
Midnight blue burning gold.
A yellow moon is growing cold.
I rise, looking through my morning eyes,
Surprised to find you by my side.
Rack my brain to try to remember your name
To find the words to tell you goodbye.
Morning dues.
Newborn day.
Midnight blue turn to gray.
Midnight blue burning gold.
A yellow moon is growing cold.

Absolutely Curtains

(Instrumental)

Dark Side of the Moon

Pink Floyd's turning point. This album made the group how popular it is now. This album went Platinum 27 times, falling second in the all time platinum list (First is M. Jackson, Thriller with 40). The next closest thing to Darkside is the 22x Platinum 1979 release of The Wall. Darkside broke all chart records. Staying on the top 200 for over 20 years (October 29, 1987)! Nothing close has ever been done before, or since.

This album gave Pink Floyd recognition, much needed from overlooked albums like Atom Heart Mother, and Meddle.

Completely written by Roger Waters, Darkside set new standards in rock, and in Pink Floyd. It introduced new sound effects and instrument usage, and has changed music forever.

Debuted on February 17, 1972, Eclipse (The name given to the live show of Darkside of the Moon, on February 17, 1972. When the album was bootlegged, it was named "Brain Damage") was an instant hit with Floyd Fans. Although when officially released, the album started off slowly. But is now rated the "Best Album of All Time". All five members can be heard in this record breaker, it is sang, written, and composed almost perfectly. The album has most forgotten theme, "things to drive you mad". Money, Time (or lack of the two) can drive people crazy, as well as always being "on the run" or ignored (Speak to Me). Us and Them is a song about violence and death, when The Great Gig in the Sky refers to heaven, and the fear of dying. Brain Damage and Eclipse (the tracks, not the bootlegs) are the conclusion to the album, only to end with "There is no Darkside of the Moon Really, as a matter of fact it is all dark".

Speak To Me
Breathe
On the Run
Time
Breathe (Reprise)
The Great Gig in the Sky
Money
Us and Them
Any Colour You Like
Brain Damage

Eclipse

Speak to Me

(Instrumental)

"I've been mad for fucking years, absolutely years, been over the edge for yonks, been working me buns off for bands..."
"I've always been mad, I know I've been mad, like the most of us...very hard to explain why you're mad, even if you're not mad..."

Breathe

Breathe, breathe in the air
Don't be afraid to care
Leave but don't leave me
Look around and chose your own ground
For long you live and high you fly
And smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be
Run, run rabbit run
Dig that hole, forget the sun,
And when at last the work is done
Don't sit down it's time to start another one
For long you live and high you fly
But only if you ride the tide
And balanced on the biggest wave
You race toward an early grave.

On the Run

(Instrumental)

"Live for today, gone tomorrow, that's me, HaHaHaaaaaa!"

Time

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
You fritter and waste the hours in an off-hand way
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way
Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today
And then the one day you find ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun
And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sinking
And racing around to come up behind you again
The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older

And shorter of breath and one day closer to death
Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation in the English way
The time is gone the song is over, thought I'd something more to say

Breathe - Reprise

Home, home again

I like to be there when I can
When I come in cold and tired
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire
Far away across the field
The tolling of the iron bell
Calls the faithful to their knees
To hear the softly spoken magic spells.

The Great Gig in the Sky

(Instrumental)

"And I am not frightened of dying, any time will do, I
don't mind. Why should I be frightened of dying?
There's no reason for it, you've gotta go sometime."
"I never said I was frightened of dying."

Money

Money, get away
Get a good job with more pay and your O.K.
Money it's a gas
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash
New car, caviar, four star daydream,
Think I'll buy me a football team
Money get back
I'm all right Jack keep your hands off my stack.
Money it's a hit
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit
I'm in the hi-fidelity first class traveling set
And I think I need a Lear jet
Money it's a crime
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie
Money so they say
Is the root of all evil today
But if you ask for a rise it's no surprise that they're
giving none away
"HuHuh! I was in the right!"
"Yes, absolutely in the right!"
"I certainly was in the right!"
"You was definitely in the right. That geezer was cruising for a
bruising!"
"Yeah!"
"Why does anyone do anything?"
"I don't know, I was really drunk at the time!"
"I was just telling him, he couldn't get into number 2. He was
asking why he wasn't coming up on freely, after I was yelling
and screaming and telling him why he wasn't coming up on
freely.
It came as a heavy blow, but we sorted the matter out"

Us and Them

Us and Them
And after all we're only ordinary men
Me, and you
God only knows it's not what we would choose to do
Forward he cried from the rear
and the front rank died
And the General sat, as the lines on the map
moved from side to side
Black and Blue
And who knows which is which and who is who
Up and Down
And in the end it's only round and round and round
Haven't you heard it's a battle of words
the poster bearer cried
Listen son, said the man with the gun
There's room for you inside
Down and Out
It can't be helped but there's a lot of it about
With, without
And who'll deny that's what the fightings all about
Get out of the way, it's a busy day
And I've got things on my mind
For want of the price of tea and a slice
The old man died

Any Colour You Like (Instrumental)

Brain Damage

The lunatic is on the grass
The lunatic is on the grass
Remembering games and daisy chains and laughs
Got to keep the loonies on the path
The lunatic is in the hall
The lunatics are in my hall
The paper holds their folded faces to the floor
And every day the paper boy brings more
And if the dam breaks open many years too soon
And if there is no room upon the hill
And if your head explodes with dark forbodings too
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon
The lunatic is in my head
The lunatic is in my head
You raise the blade, you make the change
You re-arrange me 'till I'm sane
You lock the door
And throw away the key
There's someone in my head but it's not me.
And if the cloud bursts, thunder in your ear

You shout and no one seems to hear
And if the band you're in starts playing different tunes
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon
"I can't think of anything to say except...
I think it's marvellous! HaHaHa!"

Eclipse

All that you touch
All that you see
All that you taste
All that you feel
All that you love
All that you hate
All you distrust
All that you save
All that you give
All that you deal
All that you buy
beg, borrow or steal
All you create
All you destroy
All that you do
All that you say
All that you eat
everyone you meet
All that you slight
everyone you fight
All that is now
All that is gone
All that's to come
and everything under the sun is in tune
but the sun is eclipsed by the moon.
"There is no dark side of the moon really, as a matter of
fact...it is all dark"

Wish You Were Here

A crucial follow-up album to Darkside of the Moon. This album wasn't an immediate hit, after many mixed reviews. But after a few years, it grew on some newer Floyd fans and became very popular. The album is themed around the music industry. It is staged in three major parts surrounded by the sweet sounding "Shine On You Crazy Diamond" series. The first part is Welcome to the Machine, or welcome to the music industry rather. It is a mockery of how the business takes control of your life. Which is probably exactly how Waters feels under the new record company pushing them to release. The next track, Have a Cigar, is the only Pink Floyd song to be completely sung by an out-of-grouper, talks about the stress put on by companies to release after a successful album. And actually the quote "Which one's Pink" is said by an American Record executive. Then the title track, is well written and played. This track organizes Waters thoughts on the way he feels under the pressure. And actually gives his thoughts on Syd Barretts condition. Since Syd has not been seen in about six years, Waters is missing Barrett, and actually write Shine On You Crazy Diamond as a documentary to him. This long suite is a nine piece instrumental piece with the lyrics emotionally sang. Since Syd had left Pink Floyd because of his unpredictability due to the pressure of record companies and drugs, this example of Syd was well made in this classic album. Syd Barrett made it to the recording session, although he didn't play, he surely made on impact on the recording.

"During the WYWH sessions a fat, shaven-headed person wearing grey Terylene trousers, a nylon shirt and string vest wandered into the studio. The band ignored the visitor and kept on playing and it was the visiting Andrew King who finally recognized their guest: 'Good God, it's Syd! How did you get like that?' To which Syd replied, 'I've got a very large fridge at home and I've been eating a lot of pork chops.' The whole event was slightly un-nerving since the theme of the album was based on Syd and his subsequent madness."

--Pink Floyd: The Illustrated Discography

"I walked into the studio at Abbey Road, Roger was sitting, mixing at the desk, and I saw this big bald guy sitting on the couch behind. About 16 stone. And I didn't think anything of it. In those days it was quite normal for strangers to wander into our sessions. Then Roger said, You don't know who that guy is, do you? It's Syd. It was a huge shock, because I hadn't seen him for about six years. He kept standing up and brushing his teeth, putting his toothbrush away and sitting down. Then at one point he stood up and said, Right, when do I put the guitar on? And of course he didn't have a

guitar with him. And we said, Sorry Syd, the guitar's all done."
--Richard Wright

Shine On You Crazy Diamond (I-V)
Welcome to the Machine
Have a Cigar
Wish You Were Here
Shine On You Crazy Diamond (VI-IX)
Shine on You Crazy Diamond I-V

Remember when you were young, you shone like the sun.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Now there's a look in your eyes, like black holes in the sky.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
You were caught on the crossfire of childhood and stardom,
blown on the steel breeze.
Come on you target for faraway laughter,
come on you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine!
You reached for the secret too soon, you cried for the moon.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Threatened by shadows at night, and exposed in the light.

Shine on you crazy diamond.
Well you wore out your welcome with random precision,
rode on the steel breeze.
Come on you raver, you seer of visions,
come on you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine!

Welcome to the Machine

Welcome my son, welcome to the machine.
Where have you been? It's alright 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 alright 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 Jaguar.
So welcome to the machine.

Have a Cigar

Come in here, dear boy, have a cigar. You're gonna go far, fly high,
You're never gonna die, you're gonna make it if you try; they're gonna
love you.
Well I've always had a deep respect, and I mean that most sincerely.
The band is just fantastic, that is really what I think.
Oh by the way, which one's Pink?
And did we tell you the name of the game, boy
we call it Riding the Gravy Train.
We're just knocked out.
We heard about the sell out.
You gotta get an album out,
You owe it to the people. We're so happy we can hardly count.
Everybody else is just green, have you seen the chart?
It's a helluva start, it could be 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.

Wish You Were Here

(sounds like a clip from a movie or radio)

cough

So, so you think you can tell Heaven from Hell,
blue skies from pain.

Can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail?

A smile from a veil?

Do you think you can tell?

And did they get you to trade your heroes for ghosts?

Hot ashes for trees?

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?

How I wish, how I wish you were here.

We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year,

Running over the same old ground.

What have you found? The same old fears.

Wish you were here.

Shine on You Crazy Diamond VI-IX

Nobody knows where you are, how near or how far.

Shine on you crazy diamond.

Pile on many more layers and I'll be joining you there.

Shine on you crazy diamond.

And we'll bask in the shadow of yesterday's triumph,

sail on the steel breeze.

Come on you boy child, you winner and loser, come on you miner for
truth and delusion, and shine

Animals

This album is one of Floyds underrated ones. Animals is hought of as the "forgotten album", although it is a good album, it was pitted right between Wish You Were Here and The Wall.

The album starts and ends with acoustic parts, Pigs on the Wing (1 and 2), and sandwiched between them is Dogs, Pigs (Three different Ones), and Sheep. These tracks combined to tell a story similar to George Orwell's "Animal Farm". With the Pigs trying to take over by controlling the Dogs, the Sheep just live there own life "In the grass lands".

Roger Waters originally wanted the Album cover to be a true picture of a pig balloon flying over the Batter Sea Power Station, but the balloon escaped the ropes after they sent the gunman (to stop the pig from flying away) home. The pig landed in a farmer's land in Kent, England. They kept the idea of the Pig to keep record of the event, but it was not a real picture.

Pigs on the Wing (part one)

Dogs

Pigs (Three Different Ones)

Sheep

Pigs on the Wing (part two)

Pigs on the Wing (Part One)

If you didn't care what happened to me,
And I didn't care for you
We would zig zag our way through the boredom and pain
Occasionally glancing up through the rain
Wondering which of the buggers to blame
And watching for pigs on the wing.

Dogs

You gotta be crazy, you gotta have a real need
You gotta sleep on your toes, and when you're on the street
You gotta be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed
And then moving in silently, down wind and out of sight
You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking.
And after a while, you can work on points for style
Like the club tie, and the firm handshake
A certain look in the eye, and an easy smile
You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to
So that when they turn their backs on you
You'll get the chance to put the knife in.
You gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder
You know it's going to get harder, and harder, and harder as you get
older
And in the end you'll pack up, fly down south
Hide your head in the sand
Just another sad old man
All alone and dying of cancer.
And when you loose control, you'll reap the harvest that you've sown
And as the fear grows, the bad blood slows and turns to stone
And it's too late to loose the weight you used to need to throw around
So have a good drown, as you go down, alone
Dragged down by the stone.
I gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused
Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise
If I don't stand my own ground, how can I find my way out of this maze?
Deaf, dumb, and blind, you just keep on pretending
That everyone's expendable and no-one has a real friend
And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner
And everythings done under the sun
And you believe at heart, everyone's a killer.
Who was born in a house full of pain
Who was trained not to spit in the fan
Who was told what to do by the man
Who was broken by trained personnel
Who was fitted with collar and chain
Who was given a pat on the back
Who was breaking away from the pack
Who was only a stranger at home

Who was ground down in the end
Who was found dead on the phone
Who was dragged down by the stone.

Pigs (Three different ones)

Big man, pig man, ha ha, charade you are
You well heeled big wheel, ha ha, charade you are
And when your hand is on your heart
You're nearly a good laugh
Almost a joker
With your head down in the pig bin
Saying "keep on digging"
Pig stain on your fat chin
What do you hope to find?
When you're 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, charade you are
You fucked up old hag, ha ha, charade you are
You radiate cold shafts of broken glass
You're nearly a good laugh
Almost worth a quick grin
You like the feel of steel
You're hot stuff with a hat pin
And good fun with a hand gun
You're nearly a laugh
You're nearly a laugh
But you're really a cry.
Hey you Whitehouse, ha ha, charade you are
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
Mary you're nearly a treat
But you're really a cry.

Sheep

Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away
Only dimly aware of a certain unease in the air
You better watch out
There may be dogs about
I've looked over Jordan and I have seen
Things are not what they seem.
What do you get for pretending the danger's not real
Meek and obedient you follow the leader
Down well trodden corridors into the valley of steel
What a surprise!
A look of terminal shock in your eyes
Now things are really what they seem
No, this is no bad dream.
The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want
He makes me down 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 the art of karate
Lo, we shall rise up
And then we'll make the bugger's eyes water.
Bleating and babbling I fell on his neck with a scream
Wave upon wave of demented avengers
March cheerfully out of obscurity into the dream.
Have you heard the news?
The dogs are dead!
You better stay home
And do as you're told
Get out of the road if you want to grow old.

Pigs on the Wing (Part Two)

You know that I care what happens to you
And I know that you care for me
So I don't feel alone

Or the weight of the stone
Now that I've found somewhere safe
To bury my bone
And any fool knows a dog needs a home
A shelter from pigs on the wing.

The Wall

Pink Floyd's most popular album, *The Wall*, acts more as an biography for "Pink Floyd" (This is the name of the character in the story, but Roger used this name to refer it to himself and Syd Barrett.) It tells a story about Pink, how his father dies, his mother's over-protectiveness, his teacher's abuse, and other "Bricks" that build a psychological "Wall" to isolate himself from the rest of the world.

At this point in his career, Waters goes through an ego-rage. He gives himself credit for songs done by other people, and takes most of the credit for *The Wall*. Because of Richard Wright's wanting more instruments, and wanting to play better parts. Roger calls a meeting to kick Wright out of the band. Richard had no choice but to agree to leave after the recording was done because he needed the royalties to support his family. Thus the end of Richard Wright. Roger Waters' dominance in the band ultimately led to the band's temporary breakup (only to be re-grouped with Gilmour, Mason, and Wright on *A Momentary Lapse of Reason*), and Waters ultimately leaving the band after *The Final Cut*.

The album is well written, and decently played. Although I don't listen to it much, when I do, I think it is good. But, in my opinion, not there best. *The Wall* also has Pink Floyd's best selling single, *Another Brick in the Wall (Part 2)*

The album was later released into movie format, the video features most of these songs, plus some. It just adds visual to the sounds of Pink Floyd. Bob Geldof (who plays as Pink) does a good job acting out the main character.

In the Flesh?

The Thin Ice

Another brick in the Wall (part 1)

The Happiest Days of Our Lives

Another Brick in the Wall (part 2)

Mother

Goodbye Blue Sky

Empty Spaces

Young Lust

One of My Turns

Don't Leave Me

Another Brick in the Wall (part 3)

Good Bye Cruel World Hey You

**Is There Anybody Out There
Nobody Home
Vera
Bring the Boys Back Home
Comfortably Numb
The Show Must Go On
In the Flesh
Run Like Hell
Waiting for the Worms
Stop
The Trail
Outside the Wall
In The Flesh?**

So you thought you might like to,
Go to the show.
To feel the warm thrill of confusion,
That space cadet glow.
Tell me is something eluding you, Sunshine?
Is this not what you expected to see?
If you wanna find out what's behind these cold eyes,
You'll just have to blow your way through this disguise.

The Thin Ice

Momma loves her baby,
And Daddy loves you, too.
And the sea may look warm to ya, Babe,
And the sky may look blue.
Oooooo Babe.
Oooooooooo Baby Blue.
Oooooo Ooohh Babe.
If you should go skating,
On the thin ice of modern life,
Dragging behind you the silent reproach,
Of a million tear-stained eyes,
Don't be surprised when a crack in the ice,
Appears under your feet.
You slip out of your depth and out of your mind,
With your fear flowing out from behind,
You as you claw the ice.

Another Brick In The Wall, Part I

Daddy's gone across the ocean,
Leaving just a memory,
A snapshot in the family album.
Daddy, what else did you leave for me?
Daddy, whatcha leave behind for me?
All in all it was just a brick in the wall.
All in all it was just the bricks in the wall.

Happiest Days of Our Lives
Well, when we grew up and went to school,
There were certain teachers,
Who would hurt the children in any way they could,
By pouring their derision,
Upon anything we did,
Exposing every weakness,
However carefully hidden by the kids.
But in (but in) the town it was well known,

When they got home at night,
Their fat and psychopathic wives would thrash them,
Within inches of their lives.

Another Brick In The Wall, Part II

We don't need no education.
We don't need no thought control.
No dark sarcasm in the classroom.
Teacher, leave those kids alone.
Hey, Teacher, leave those kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
We don't need no education.
We don't need no thought control.
No dark sarcasm in the classroom.
Teachers, leave those kids alone.
Hey, Teacher, leave those kids alone!
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

Gooby Blue Sky

Childs voice:
Look, Mummy. There's an airplane up in the sky.
Did you, did you see the frightened ones?
Did you, did you hear the falling bombs?
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?
Did you, did you see the frightened ones?
Did you, did you hear the falling bombs?
The flames are all long gone,
But the pain lingers on.
Goodbye, blue sky.
Goodbye, blue sky.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.

Mother

Mother, do you think they'll drop the bomb?
Mother, do you think they'll like this song?
Mother, do you think they'll try to break my balls?
Ooooowaa Mother, should I build a wall?
Mother, should I run for President?
Mother, should I trust the government?
Mother, will they put me in the firing line?
Ooooowaa Is it just a waste of time?
Hush, my baby. Baby, don't you cry.
Momma's gonna make all of your nightmares come true.
Momma's gonna put all of her fears into you.
Momma's gonna keep you right here under her wing.
She won't let you fly, but she might let you sing.
Momma's gonna keep Baby cozy and warm.
Oooo Babe.
Oooo Babe.
Ooo Babe, of course Momma's gonna help build a wall.
Mother, do you think she's good enough,
For me?
Mother, do you think she's dangerous,
To me?
Mother will she tear your little boy apart?
Ooooowaa Mother, will she break my heart?
Hush, my baby. Baby, don't you cry.
Momma's gonna check out all your girlfriends for you.
Momma won't let anyone dirty get through.
Momma's gonna wait up until you get in.
Momma will always find out where you've been.
Momma's gonna keep Baby healthy and clean.
Oooo Babe.
Oooo Babe.
Ooo Babe, you'll always be Baby to me.
Mother, did it need to be so high?

Empty Spaces

What shall we use to fill the empty spaces,
Where we used to talk?
How shall I fill the final places?
How shall I complete the wall?

Young Lust

I am just a new boy,
Stranger in this town.
Where are all the good times?

Who's gonna show this stranger around?
Ooooo I need a dirty woman.
Ooooo 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.
Ooo Babe, set me free.
Ooooo I need a dirty woman.
Ooooo I need a dirty girl.
Ooooo I need a dirty woman.
Ooooo I need a dirty girl.

One Of My Turns

Spoken in background: Oh my God, what a fabulous room!
Are all these your guitars?
This place is bigger than our apartment.
Uh, could I have a drink of water?
Ya want some? Huh?
Oh wow! Look at this tub!
Wanna take a bath?
What're you watching?
Hello?
Are you feeling ok?
Day after day,
Our love turns gray,
Like the skin on a dying man.
And night after night,
We pretend it's all right,
But I have grown older,
And you have grown colder,
And nothing is very much fun, anymore.
And I can feel,
One of all my turns coming on.
I feel,
Cold as a razor blade,
Tight as a tourniquet,
Dry as a funeral drum.
Run to the bedroom,
In the suitcase on the left,
You'll find my favorite axe.
Don't look so frightened,
This is just a passing phase,
One of my bad days.
Would you like to watch TV?
Or get between the sheets?
Or contemplate a silent freeway?
Would you like something to eat?
Would you like to learn to fly?
Would ya?
Would you like to see me try?
Ooohh. No! Would you like to call the cops?
Do you think it's time I stopped?
Why are you running away?

Don't Leave Me Now

Oooooh Babe,
Don't leave me now.

Don't say it's the end of the road.
Remember the flowers I sent.
I need you, Babe,
To put through the shredder in front of my friends.
Oh Babe,
Don't leave me now.
How could you go?
When you know how I need you,
To beat to a pulp on a Saturday night.
Oh Babe,
Don't leave me now.
How can you treat me this way?
Running away.
Oh Babe,
Why are you running away?

Another Brick in the Wall, Part III

I don't need no walls around me.
And I don't need no drugs to calm me.
I have seen the writing on the wall.
Don't think I need any thing at all.
No. Don't think I need anything at all.
All in all it was all just the bricks in the wall.
All in all it was all just the bricks in the wall.

Goodbye Cruel World

Goodbye, cruel world,
I'm leaving you today.
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.
Goodbye all you people,
There's nothing you can say,
To make me change my mind.
Goodbye.

Hey You

Hey you,
Out there in the cold,
Getting lonely, getting old,
Can you feel me?
Hey you,
Standing in the aisle,
With itchy feet and fading smile,
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.

Is there anybody out there?

Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?

Nobody Home

I got a little black book with my poems in.
Got a bag, got a toothbrush and a comb.
When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone.
I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on.
Got those swollen hands blues.
Got thirteen channels of shit on the TV to choose from.
I got electric light,
And I got second sight.
Got amazing powers of observation.
And that is how I know,
When I try to get through,
On the telephone to you,
There'll be nobody home.
I got the obligatory Hendrix perm,
And the inevitable pinhole burns,
All down the front of my favorite satin shirt.
I got nicotine stains on my fingers.
I got a silver spoon on a chain.
Got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains.
I've got wild, staring eyes.
And I got a strong urge to fly,
But I got nowhere to fly to ...fly to... fly to... fly to.
Ooooo Babe,
When I pick up the phone,
There's still nobody home.
I got a pair of Gohill boots,
And I got fading roots.

Vera

Does anybody here remember Vera Lynn?
Remember how she said,
That we would meet again,
Some sunny day.
Vera!
Vera!
What has become of you?
Does anybody else in here feel the way I do?

Bring the Boys Back Home

Bring the boys back home
Bring the boys back home
Don't leave there children on there own.
Bring the boys back home.

Comfortably Numb

Hello?
Is there anybody in there?
Just nod if you can hear me.
Is there anyone home?
Come on, now.
I hear you're feeling down.
Well I can ease your pain,
Get you on your feet again.
Relax.
I need some information first.
Just the basic facts,
Can you show me where it hurts?
There is no pain, you are receding.
A distant ship's smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're sayin'.
When I was a child I had a fever.
My hands felt just like two balloons.
Now I got that feeling once again.
I can't explain, you would not understand.
This is not how I am.
I have become comfortably numb.
Ok.
Just a little pinprick.
There'll be no more ...Aaaaaahhhhh!
But you may feel a little sick.
Can you stand up?
I do believe it's working. Good.
That'll keep you going for the show.
Come on it's time to go.
There is no pain, you are receding.
A distant ship's smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're sayin'.
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.
I have become comfortably numb.

The Show Must Go On

Must the show go on?

Voices:

Oooooo Pa, (Let me go, let me go, let me go.)
Oooooo Ma, (Take me home, take me home, take me home.)
There must be some mistake,
I never meant to let them take,
Away my soul.
Am I too old?
Is it too late?
Where has the feeling gone?
Will I remember this song?
The show must go on.

In The Flesh

So ya thought ya might like to go to the show.
To feel the warm thrill of confusion, that space cadet glow.
I got me some bad news for you, Sunshine.
Pink isn't well, he stayed back at the hotel,
And he sent us along as a surrogate band.
We're gonna find out where you fans really stand.
Are there any queers in the theatre tonight?
Get 'em up against the wall. -- 'Gainst the wall!
And that one in the spotlight, he don't look right to me.

Get him up against the wall. -- 'Gainst the wall!
And that one looks Jewish, and that one's a coon.
Who let all this riffraff into the room?
There's one smoking a joint, and another with spots!

The Wall (Movie)

In the Flesh?

....we came in? So yaThought yaMight like to go to the show.To feel the
warm thrill of confusion
That space cadet glow.
Tell me is something eluding you, sunshine?
Is this not what you expected to see?
If you wanna find out what's behind these cold eyes
You'll just have to claw your way through this disguise.

Lights!
Roll the sound effects!
Action!

The Thin Ice

Momma loves her baby
And daddy loves you too.
And the sea may look warm to you babe
And the sky may look blue
But ooooh Baby
Ooooh baby blue
Ooooooh babe.

If you should go skating
On the thin ice of modern life
Dragging behind you the silent reproach
Of a million tear-stained eyes
Don't be surprised when a crack in the ice
Appears under your feet.
You slip out of your depth and out of your mind
With your fear flowing out behind you
As you claw the thin ice.
Another Brick in the Wall Part 1
Daddy's flown across the ocean
Leaving just a memory
Snapshot in the family album
Daddy what else did you leave for me?
Daddy, what'd'ja leave behind for me!?!?
All in all it was just a brick in the wall.
All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.

 You! Yes, you! Stand still laddy!
The Happiest Days of our Lives
When we grew up and went to school
There were certain teachers who would
Hurt the children in any way they could
 OOF! [someone being hit]
By pouring their derision
Upon anything we did
And exposing every weakness
However carefully hidden by the kids
But in the town, it was well known
When they got home at night, their fat and
Psychopathic wives would thrash them
Within inches of their lives.
Another Brick in the Wall part 2
We don't need no education

We dont need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave them kids alone
Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

We don't need no education
We dont need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave them kids alone
Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

Wrong, Do it again!
If you don't eat yer meat, you can't have any pudding.
How can you have any pudding if you don't eat yer meat?
You! Yes, you behind the bikesheds, stand still laddy!

Mother

Mother do you think they'll drop the bomb?
Mother do you think they'll like this song?
Mother do you think they'll try to break my balls?
Mother should I build the wall?
Mother should I run for president?
Mother should I trust the government?
Mother will they put me in the firing line?
Mother am I really dying?

Hush now baby, baby, dont you cry.
Mother's gonna make all your nightmares come true.
Mother's gonna put all her fears into you.
Mother's gonna keep you right here under her wing.
She wont let you fly, but she might let you sing.
Mama will keep baby cozy and warm.
Ooooh baby ooooh baby ooooooh baby,
Of course mama'll help to build the wall.

Mother do you think she's good enough -- to me?
Mother do you think she's dangerous -- to me?
Mother will she tear your little boy apart?
Mother will she break my heart?

Hush now baby, baby dont you cry.
Mama's gonna check out all your girlfriends for you.
Mama wont let anyone dirty get through.
Mama's gonna wait up until you get in.
Mama will always find out where you've been.
Mama's gonna keep baby healthy and clean.
Ooooh baby oooh baby oooh baby,
You'll always be baby to me.

Mother, did it need to be so high?
Goodbye Blue Sky
Look mummy, there's an aeroplane up in the sky!

Did you see the frightened ones?
Did you hear the falling bombs?
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?

Did you see the frightened ones?
Did you hear the falling bombs?
The flames are all gone, but the pain lingers on.

Goodbye, blue sky
Goodbye, blue sky.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.

The 11:15 from Newcastle is now approaching
The 11:18 arrival....

Empty Spaces

[backwards message:]
Congratulations, You have just discovered the secret message.
Please send your answer to 'Old Pink',
Care of the funny farm, Chalfont... - Spoken By Roger
[...interrupted...]
Roger, Caroline's on the phone... - Unknown Voice

What shall we use
To fill the empty spaces
Where we used to talk?
How shall I fill
The final places?
How can I complete the wall
Young Lust
I am just a new boy,
Stranger in this town.
Where are all the good times?
Who's gonna show this stranger around?
Ooooh, I need a dirty woman.
Ooooh, I need a dirty girl.

Will some cold woman in this desert land
Make me feel like a real man?
Take this rock and roll refugee
Ooh, baby set me free.

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

[Phone rings..Clunk of receiver being lifted]
Hello..?
Yes, a collect call for Mrs. Floyd from Mr. Floyd.
Will you accept the charges from United States?
[clunk! of phone being put down]
Oh, He hung up! That's your residence, right?
I wonder why he hung up?
Is there supposed to be someone else
there besides your wife there to answer?
[Phone rings again...clunk of receiver being picked up]

Hello?
 This is united states calling, are we reaching...
[interrupted by phone being put down]
 See he keeps hanging up, and it's a man answering.
[whirr of connection being closed]

One of My Turns

Oh my God! What a fabulous room! Are all these your guitars?
[Film in background: "I'm sorry sir, I didn't mean to startle you!]
 This place is bigger than our apartment!
[Film: Let me know when you're entering a room...Yes sir!]
 erm, Can I get a drink of water?
[Film: I was wondering about ...]
 You want some? Huh?
[Film: Yes]
 Oh wow, look at this tub? Do you wanna take a baaaath?
[Film: "I'll have to find out from Mrs. Bancroft what time she wants
tomeet us, for her main ...]
 What'cha watching?
[Film: If you'll just let me know as soon as you can ... Mrs Bancroft
Mrs Bancroft ...]
 Hello?
[Film: I don't understand ...]
 Are you feeling okay?...
Day after day, love turns grey
Like the skin of a dying man.
Night after night, we pretend its all right
But I have grown older and
You have grown colder and
Nothing is very much fun any more.
And I can feel one of my turns coming on.
I feel cold as a razor blade,
Tight as a tourniquet,
Dry as a funeral drum.
Run to the bedroom,
In the suitcase on the left
You'll find my favorite axe.
Don't look so frightened
This is just a passing phase,
One of my bad days.
Would you like to watch T.V.?
Or get between the sheets?
Or contemplate the silent freeway?
Would you like something to eat?
Would you like to learn to fly?

Would'ya?
Would you like to see me try?
Would you like to call the cops?
Do you think it's time I stopped?
Why are you running away?
Don't Leave Me Now
Ooooh, babe
Don't leave me now.
Don't say it's the end of the road.
Remember the flowers I sent.
I need you, babe
To put through the shredder
In front of my friends
Ooooh Babe.
Dont leave me now.
How could you go?
When you know how I need you
To beat to a pulp on a Saturday night
Ooooh Babe.
How could you treat me this way?
Running away.
I need you, Babe. Why are you running away? Ooooooh Babe!

Another Brick in the Wall Part 3

[Sound of many TV's coming on, all on different channels]
The Bulls are already out there
Pink: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrgh!
This Roman Meal bakery thought you'd like to know.

I don't need no arms around me
And I dont need no drugs to calm me.
I have seen the writing on the wall.
Don't think I need anything at all.
No! Don't think I'll need anything at all.
All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.
All in all you were all just bricks in the wall.

Goodbye Cruel World

Goodbye cruel world,
I'm leaving you today.
Goodbye,
Goodbye,
Goodbye.

Goodbye, all you people,
There's nothing you can say
To make me change my mind.
Goodbye.
Hey You
Hey you, out there in the cold
Getting lonely, getting old
Can you feel me?
Hey you, standing in the aisles
With itchy feet and fading smiles
Can you feel me?
Hey you, dont 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 you 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, standing in 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.

[Click of TV being turned on]
Well, only got an hour of daylight left. Better get started
Isn't it unsafe to travel at night?
It'll be a lot less safe to stay here. You're
father's gonna pick up our trail before long
Can Loca ride?
Yeah, I can ride... Margaret, time to go! Margaret, thank
you for
everything
Goodbye Chenga
Goodbye miss ...
I'll be back

Is There Anybody Out There?
Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?

Nobody Home

Alright, I'll take care of them part of the time, but there's somebody
else that needs taking care of in Washington
Who's that?
Rose Pilchitt!
Rose Pilchitt? Who's that?

[Kid screams in background. foreground: Shut Up!]
36-24-36 [laughter] does that answer your question?
[foreground: Oi! I've got a little black book with me poems in!]
Who's she?
She was 'Miss Armoured Division' in 1961 ...

I've got a little black book with my poems in.
Got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb in.
When I'm a good dog, they sometimes throw me a bone in.

I got elastic bands keepin my shoes on.
Got those swollen hand blues.

Got thirteen channels of shit on the T.V. to choose from.
I've got electric light.
And I've got second sight.
And amazing powers of observation.
And that is how I know
When I try to get through
On the telephone to you
There'll be nobody home.

I've got the obligatory Hendrix perm.
And the inevitable pinhole burns
All down the front of my favorite satin shirt.
I've got nicotine stains on my fingers.
I've got a silver spoon on a chain.
I've got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains.

I've got wild staring eyes.
And I've got a strong urge to fly.
But I got nowhere to fly to.
Ooooh, Babe when I pick up the phone

Surprise, surprise, surprise... (from Gomer Pyle show)

There's still nobody home.

I've got a pair of Gohills boots
and I got fading roots.

Where the hell are you?
Over 47 German planes were destroyed with the loss of only
15 of our own aircraft
Where the hell are you Tyler?
[Machine gun sound, followed by plane crashing]

Vera

Does anybody here remember Vera Lynn?
Remember how she said that
We would meet again
Some sunny day?
Vera! Vera!
What has become of you?
Does anybody else in here
Feel the way I do?

Bring the Boys Back Home
Bring the boys back home.
Bring the boys back home.
Don't leave the children on their own, no, no.
Bring the boys back home.

Wrong! Do it again!
Time to go! [knock, knock, knock, knock]
Are you feeling okay?
There's a man answering, but he keeps hanging up!
Is there anybody out there?

Comfortably Numb

Hello?
Is there anybody in there?

Just nod if you can hear me.
Is there anyone at home?
Come on, now,
I hear you're feeling down.
Well I can ease your pain
Get you on your feet again.
Relax.
I'll need some information first.
Just the basic facts.
Can you show me where it hurts?

There is no pain you are receding
A distant ship, smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.
When I was a child I 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.

O.K.
Just a little pinprick. ping
There'll be no more aaaaaaaaah!
But you may feel a little sick.
Can you stand up?
I do believe it's working, good.
That'll keep you going through the show
Come on it's time to go.

There is no pain you are receding
A distant ship, smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.
When I was a child
I caught a fleeting glimpse
Out of the corner of my eye.
I turned to look but it was gone
I cannot put my finger on it now
The child is grown,
The dream is gone.
I have become comfortably numb.
The Show Must Go On
Ooooh, Ma, Ooooh Pa
Must the show go on?
Ooooh, Pa. Take me home
Ooooh, Ma. Let me go

There must be some mistake
I didnt mean to let them
Take away my soul.
Am I too old, is it too late?

Ooooh, Ma, Ooooh Pa,
Where has the feeling gone?
Ooooh, Ma, Ooooh Pa,
Will I remember the songs?

The show must go on.

In The Flesh

So ya
Thought ya
Might like to
Go to the show.
To feel that warm thrill of confusion,
That space cadet glow.
I've got some bad news for you sunshine,
Pink isn't well, he stayed back at the hotel
And they sent us along as a surrogate band
We're gonna find out where you folks really stand.

Are there any queers in the theater tonight?
Get them up against the wall!
There's one in the spotlight, he don't look right to me,
Get him up against the wall!
That one looks Jewish!
And that one's a coon!
Who let all of this riff-raff into the room?
There's one smoking a joint,
And another with spots!
If I had my way,
I'd have all of you shot!

Run Like Hell

Hammer, Hammer...

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run,
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run.
You better make your face up in
Your favorite disguise.
With your button down lips and your
Roller blind eyes.
With your empty smile
And your hungry heart.
Feel the bile rising from your guilty past.
With your nerves in tatters
When the conchshell shatters
And the hammers batter
Down the door.
You'd better run.

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run,
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run.
You better sleep all day
And run all night.
Keep your dirty feelings
Deep inside.
And if you're taking your girlfriend
Out tonight
You'd better park the car
Well out of sight.
Cause if they catch you in the back seat
Trying to pick her locks,
They're gonna send you back to mother
In a cardboard box.
You better run.

Hey, open up! HaHaHaHaHaaaaaaa!
[sound of car skidding, followed by loud scream]
Hammer, Hammer

Waiting for the Worms

Eins, zwei, drei, a ha!

Ooooh, you cannot reach me now
Ooooh, no matter how you try
Goodbye, cruel world, it's over
Walk on by.

Sitting in a bunker here behind my wall
Waiting for the worms to come.
In perfect isolation here behind my wall
Waiting for the worms to come.

We're {waiting to succeed} and going to convene outside Brixton
Town Hall where we're going to be...

Waiting to cut out the deadwood.
Waiting to clean up the city.
Waiting to follow the worms.
Waiting to put on a black shirt.
Waiting to weed out the weaklings.
Waiting to smash in their windows
And kick in their doors.
Waiting for the final solution
To strengthen the strain.
Waiting to follow the worms.
Waiting to turn on the showers
And fire the ovens.
Waiting for the queers and the coons
and the reds and the jews.
Waiting to follow the worms.

Would you like to see Britannia
Rule again, my friend?

All you have to do is follow the worms.
Would you like to send our colored cousins
Home again, my friend?
All you need to do is follow the worms.

The Worms will convene outside Brixton Bus Station. We'll be
moving
along at about 12 o'clock down Stockwell Road {....
.....} {Abbot's Road } {.....} twelve minutes
to three we'll be moving along Lambeth Road towards Vauxhall
Bridge.
Now when we get to the other side of Vauxhall Bridge we're in
Westminster {Borough } area. It's quite possible we may
encounter some {.....} by the way we go. {.....}."

Stop

Stop!
I wanna go home
Take off this uniform
And leave the show.
But I'm waiting in this cell
Because I have to know.
Have I been guilty all this time?

The Trial

Good morning, Worm your honor.
The crown will plainly show
The prisoner who now stands before you
Was caught red-handed showing feelings
Showing feelings of an almost human nature;
This will not do.
Call the schoolmaster!

I always said he'd come to no good
In the end your honor.
If they'd let me have my way I could
Have flayed him into shape.
But my hands were tied,
The bleeding hearts and artists
Let him get away with murder.
Let me hammer him today?

Crazy,
Toys in the attic I am crazy,
Truly gone fishing.
They must have taken my marbles away.
Crazy, toys in the attic he is crazy.

You little shit you're in it now,
I hope they throw away the key.
You should have talked to me more often
Than you did, but no! You had to go
Your own way, have you broken any
Homes up lately?
Just five minutes, Worm your honor,
Him and Me, alone.

Baaaaaaaaaabe!
Come to mother baby, let me hold you
In my arms.
M'lud I never wanted him to
Get in any trouble.
Why'd he ever have to leave me?
Worm, your honor, let me take him home.

Crazy,
Over the rainbow, I am crazy,
Bars in the window.
There must have been a door there in the wall
When I came in.
Crazy, over the rainbow, he is crazy.

The evidence before the court is
Incontrovertible, there's no need for
The jury to retire.
In all my years of judging
I have never heard before
Of someone more deserving
Of the full penaltie of law.
The way you made them suffer,
Your exquisite wife and mother,
Fills me with the urge to defecate!

Go Judge! Shit on him!

Since, my friend, you have revealed your
Deepest fear,
I sentence you to be exposed before
Your peers.
Tear down the wall!

Outside the Wall

All alone, or in two's,
The ones who really love you
Walk up and down outside the wall.
Some hand in hand
And some gathered together in bands.
The bleeding hearts and artists
Make their stand.

And when they've given you their all
Some stagger and fall, after all it's not easy
Banging your heart against some mad bugger's wall.

Isn't this where...

A Collection of Great Dance Songs

This is a "greatest hits album" for Pink Floyd. Although it is only seven songs, two cuts are over ten minutes long, this really extends the album. It contains no really old tracks, and only one real deep cut. It is good to listen to, but doesn't really play as a greatest hits, in my opinion, there should be more from before Dark Side.

One of These Days
Money
Sheep
Shine on You Crazy Diamond (I-VII)
Wish You Were Here
Another Brick in the Wall (Part 2)

One of These Days

(Instrumental)

One of these days I'm gonna cut you into little pieces

Money

Money, get away

Get a good job with more pay and your O.K.

Money it's a gas

Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash

New car, caviar, four star daydream,

Think I'll buy me a football team

Money get back

I'm all right Jack keep your hands off my stack.

Money it's a hit

Don't give me that do goody good bullshit

I'm in the hi-fidelity first class traveling set

And I think I need a Lear jet

Money it's a crime

Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie

Money so they say

Is the root of all evil today

But if you ask for a rise it's no surprise that they're giving none away

"HuHuh! I was in the right!"

"Yes, absolutely in the right!"

"I certainly was in the right!"

"You was definitely in the right. That geezer was cruising for a bruising!"

"Yeah!"

"Why does anyone do anything?"

"I don't know, I was really drunk at the time!"

"I was just telling him, he couldn't get into

number 2. He was asking
why he wasn't coming up on freely, after I was yelling
and screaming and telling him why he wasn't coming up
on freely.
It came as a heavy blow, but we sorted the matter out"

Sheep

Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away
Only dimly aware of a certain unease in the air
You better watch out
There may be dogs about
I've looked over Jordan and I have seen
Things are not what they seem.
What do you get for pretending the danger's not real
Meek and obedient you follow the leader
Down well trodden corridors into the valley of steel
What a surprise!
A look of terminal shock in your eyes
Now things are really what they seem
No, this is no bad dream.
The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want
He makes me down 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 the art of karate
Lo, we shall rise up
And then we'll make the bugger's eyes water.
Bleating and babbling I fell on his neck with a scream
Wave upon wave of demented avengers
March cheerfully out of obscurity into the dream.
Have you heard the news?

The dogs are dead!
You better stay home
And do as you're told
Get out of the road if you want to grow old.

Shine on You Crazy Diamond I-VII

Remember when you were young, you shone like the sun.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Now there's a look in your eyes, like black holes in the sky.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
You were caught on the crossfire of childhood and stardom,
blown on the steel breeze.
Come on you target for faraway laughter,
come on you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine!
You reached for the secret too soon, you cried for the moon.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Threatened by shadows at night, and exposed in the light.

Shine on you crazy diamond.
Well you wore out your welcome with random precision,
rode on the steel breeze.
Come on you raver, you seer of visions,
come on you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine!
Nobody knows where you are, how near or how far.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Pile on many more layers and I'll be joining you there.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
And we'll bask in the shadow of yesterday's triumph,
sail on the steel breeze.

Wish You Were Here

(Sounds from a movie or radio)
cough
So, so you think you can tell Heaven from Hell,
blue skies from pain.
Can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail?
A smile from a veil?
Do you think you can tell?
And did they get you to trade your heroes for ghosts?
Hot ashes for trees?
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?
How I wish, how I wish you were here.
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year,
Running over the same old ground.
What have you found? The same old fears.
Wish you were here.

Another Brick In The Wall, Part II

We don't need no education.
We don't need no thought control.
No dark sarcasm in the classroom.
Teacher, leave those kids alone.
Hey, Teacher, leave those kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
We don't need no education.
We don't need no thought control.

No dark sarcasm in the classroom.
Teachers, leave those kids alone.
Hey, Teacher, leave those kids alone!
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

The Final Cut

A Requiem For The Post War Dream

Originally named "Spare Bricks", The Final Cut: A Requiem for Post War Dream, is a dark, melodramatic album. The album is a remembrance of Fletcher Waters, Roger Waters father who died in World War II. This concept album is good to listen to, and interesting. It is the album you would pick up if you wanted to hear Pink Floyd, but something not off The Wall or Darkside of the Moon.

Roger did all the writing instrumentally, and lyrically. Many people consider this to be a Roger Waters solo album because of his dominance over the album.

The album is very well written and recorded. The best song on the album is the title track, The Final Cut. Most the tracks are good, but don't stand out as being great, also, some of the songs should've been played more. Not Now John, The Final Cut, and A Heroes return should be FM goodies, but never made it.

A few lyrical errors on Water's part. But for the most part it is a good album. Most of the songs are under five minutes, and there are no real long instrumental pieces. But the album is very unique, especially for Floyd.

The album is rightfully called the Final Cut for more than one reason. One, the reason that it fits the album. Two, this is the last record the Waters does with Pink Floyd. Three, it basically breaks Floyd up.

After this album was released, Roger officially calls a permanent breakup of Pink Floyd, due to reason of disagreements in the group. But only to be showed up by Mason and Gilmour (and the "session musician" Richard Wright) who releases A Momentary Lapse of

Reason.

When Waters got the news of Pink Floyd releasing an album, he tried claiming all rights to Pink Floyd, including the name, and all it's works. He failed to retire the name Pink Floyd.

The Post War Dream
Your Possible Pasts
On of the Few
Heroes Return
Gunners Dream
Paranoid Eyes
Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Desert
The Fletcher Memorial Home
The Final Cut
Not Now John
Two Suns in the Sunset

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 nips
being so good at building ships
the yards would still be open on the clyde
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 brighteyed and crazy some frightened and lost
a warning to anyone still in command
of their possible future to take care
in derilict sidings the poppies entwine
with cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time
do you remember me? how we used to be?
do you thing 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 macs

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 thing we should be closer?
by the cold and religious we were taken in hand
shown how to feel good and told to feel bad
tongue 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 thing 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 clout these little ingrates into shape
when I was their age all the lights went out
there was no time to whine and mope about
and even now part of me flies over
dresden at angels one five
though they'll never fathom it behind my
sarcasm 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 locked 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 everyones 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 words on the intercom

The Gunners Dream

floating down through the clouds
memories come rushing up to meet me now
in the space between the heavens
and in the corner of some foreign field
I had a dream
I had a dream
goodbye max

goodbye ma
after the service when you're walking slowly to the car
and the silver 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
you take her frail hand
and hold on to the dream
a place to stay
enough to eat
somewhere old heroes 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 maniacs don't blow holes in bandsmen by remote control
and everyone has recourse 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
what's done is done
we cannot just write off his final scene
take heed of the dream
take heed

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 alchohol 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

Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Desert

Brezhnev took Afghanistan
Begin took Beirut
Galtieri took the Union Jack
and Maggie over lunch one day
took a cruiser with all hands
apparently to make him give it back

The Fletcher Memorial Home

take all your overgrown infants away somewhere
and build them a home a little place of their own

the Ffletcher Memorial
home for incurable tyrants and kings
and they can appear to themselves every day
on closed circuit t.v.
to make sure they're still real
it's the only connection they feel
"ladies and gentlemen, please welcome reagan and haig
mr. begin and friend Mrs. Thatcher and Paisley
Mr. Brezhnev and party
the ghost of Mccarthy
the memories of Nixon
and now adding colour a group of anonymous Latin
american meat 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
safe 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 for colonial
wasters of life and limb
is everyone in?
are you having a nice time?
now the final solution can be applied
Southampton Dock
they disembarked in 45
and no one spoke and no one smiled
there were too many spaces in the line
gathered at the cenotaph
all agreed with hand on heart

The Fletcher Memorial Home (Cont'd)

to sheath the sacrificial knives
but now
she stands upon Southampton Dock
with her handkerchief
and her summer frock clings
to her wet body in the rain
in quiet desperation knuckles
white upon the slippery reins
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 graves
and when the fight was over
we spent what they had made
but in the bottom of our hearts
we felt the final cut

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 spiralling down to the hole in the ground where I hide
if you negotiate the minefield in the drive
and beat the dogs and cheat the cold electronic eyes
and if you make it past the shotgun in the hall
dial the combination. open the priesthole
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
he 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 tonight
and if i open my heart to you
and show you my weak side
what would you do
would you sell your story to rolling stone
would you take the children away
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
thought I oughta bare my naked feelings
thought i oughta tear the curtain down
I held the blade in trembling hands
prepared to make it but just then the phone rang
I never had the nerve to make the final cut

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 fires burning
and not enough trees
so fuck all that
we've got to get on with these
cant stop lose job mind gone silicon
what bomb get away pay day make hay
break down need fix big six
clickity click hold on oh no brrrrrrrrrrring bingo!
make em laugh make em cry make em dance in the aisles
make em pay make em stay make em feel ok
not now John
we've got to get on with the film show
hollywood waits at the end of the rainbow
who cares what it's all about
as long as the kids go
not now John
got to get on with the show
hang on John
we've got to get on with this
I don't know what it is
but it fits on here like this ...
come at the end of the shift
we'll go and get pissed
but not now John
i've got to get on with this

hold on John
i think there's something good on
I used to read books but.....
it could be the news
or some other abuse
or it could be reusable shows
fuck all that we've got to get on with these
got to compete with the wily Japanese
no need to worry about the Vietnamese
got to bring the Russian bear to his knees
well, maybe not the Russian bear
maybe the Swedes
we showed Argentina
now lets go and show these
make us feel tough
and won't maggie be pleased
nah nah nah nah nah nah!
s'cusi dove il bar
se para collo pou eine toe bar
s'il vous plait ou est le bar
oi' where's the fucking bar John!

Two Suns in the Sunset

in my rear view mirror the sun is going down
sinking behind bridges in the road
and i think of all the good things
that we have left undone
and i suffer premonitions
confirm suspicions
of the Holocaust to come
the wire that holds the cork
that keeps the anger in
gives way
and suddenly it's day again
the sun is in the east
even though the day is done
two suns in the sunset
hmmmm
could be the human race is run
like the moment when your brakes lock
and you slide toward the big truck
and stretch the frozen moments with your fear
and you'll never hear their voices
and you'll never see their faces
you have no recourse to the law anymore
and as the windshield melts
my tears evaporate
leaving only charcoal to defend
finally I understand

the feelings of the few
ashes and diamonds
foe and friend
we were all equal in the end

Delicate Sounds of Thunder

This must have been some show! Playing most of Floyds hits live. The variety ranges from 1971's One of These Days to 1986's Momentary Lapse of Reason. Better yet, it all open's up with an awesome cut of Shine On You Crazy Diamond. It plays allot off the Momentary Lapse of Reason for the first disk, then in the second disk, it plays a greatest hits, ranging from One of These Days to Wish You Were Here. This album is very energetic, and live. To end with an extended version of Comfortably Numb and a fast paced Run Like Hell, tops the album off as one of there best.

**Shine On You Crazt Diamond I-V
Learning to Fly
Yet Another Movie
Round and Around
Sorrow**

Dogs of War
Turning Away
One of These Days
Time
Wish You Were Here
Us and Them
Money
Another Brick in the Wall Part 2
Comfortably Numb
Run Like Hell

Shine on You Crazy Diamond I-V

Remember when you were young, you shone like the sun.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Now there's a look in your eyes, like black holes in the sky.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
You were caught on the crossfire of childhood and stardom,
blown on the steel breeze.
Come on you target for faraway laughter,
come on you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine!
You reached for the secret too soon, you cried for the moon.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Threatened by shadows at night, and exposed in the light.

Shine on you crazy diamond.
Well you wore out your welcome with random precision,
rode on the steel breeze.
Come on you raver, you seer of visions,
come on you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine!

Learning to Fly

Into the distance, a ribbon of black
Stretched to the point of no turning back
A flight of fancy on a windswept field
Standing alone my senses reeled
A fatal attraction holding me fast, how
Can I escape this irresistible grasp?
Can't keep my eyes from the circling skies

Tongue-tied and twisted Just an earth-bound misfit, I
Ice is forming on the tips of my wings
Unheeded warnings, I thought I thought of everything
No navigator to guide my way home
Unladen, empty and turned to stone
A soul in tension that's learning to fly
Condition grounded but determined to try
Can't keep my eyes from the circling skies
Tongue-tied and twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I
Above the planet on a wing and a prayer,
My grubby halo, a vapour trail in the empty air,
Across the clouds I see my shadow fly
Out of the corner of my watering eye
A dream unthreatened by the morning light
Could blow this soul right through the roof of the night
There's no sensation to compare with this
Suspended animation, A state of bliss
Can't keep my eyes from the circling skies
Tongue-tied and twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I

Yet another movie

One sound one single round
One kiss one single kiss
A face outside the window pane
However did it come to this
A man who ran a child who cried
A girl who heard a voice that lied
The sun that burned a fiery red
The vision of an empty bed
The use of force he was so tough
She'll soon submit she's had enough
The march of fate the broken will
Someone is lying very still
He has laughed and he has cried
He has fought and he has died
He's just the same as all the rest
He's not the worst he's not the best
And still the ceaseless murmuring
The babbling that I brook
The seas of faces eyes upraised
The empty screen the vacant look
A man in black on a snow white horse
A pointless life has run its course
The red rimmed eyes the tears still run
As he fades into the setting sun

Round and Around

(Instrumental)

Sorrow

The sweet smell of a great sorrow lies over the land
Plumes of smoke rise and merge into the leaden sky:
A man lies and dreams of green fields and rivers,
But awakes to a morning with no reason for waking
He's haunted by the memory of a lost paradise
In his youth or a dream, he can't be precise
He's chained forever to a world that's departed
It's not enough, it's not enough
His blood has frozen & curdled with fright
His knees have trembled & given way in the night
His hand has weakened at the moment of truth
His step has faltered
One world, one soul
Time pass, the river rolls
And he talks to the river of lost love and dedication
And silent replies that swirl invitation
Flow dark and troubled to an oily sea
A grim intimation of what is to be
There's an unceasing wind that blows through this night
And there's dust in my eyes, that blinds my sight
And silence that speaks so much louder than words,
Of promises broken

The Dogs of War

Dogs of war and men of hate
With no cause, we don't discriminate
Discovery is to be disowned
Our currency is flesh and bone
Hell opened up and put on sale
Gather 'round and haggle
For hard cash, we will lie and deceive
Even our masters don't know the web we weave
One world, it's a battleground
One world, and we will smash it down
One world ... One world
Invisible transfers, long distance calls,
Hollow laughter in marble halls
Steps have been taken, a silent uproar
Has unleashed the dogs of war
You can't stop what has begun
Signed, sealed, they deliver oblivion
We all have a dark side, to say the least
And dealing in death is the nature of the beast
One world, it's a battleground
One world, and we will smash it down
One world ... One world
The dogs of war don't negotiate
The dogs of war won't capitulate,
They will take and you will give,

And you must die so that they may live
You can knock at any door,
But wherever you go, you know they've been there before
Well winners can lose and things can get strained
But whatever you change, you know the dogs remain.
One world, it's a battleground
One world, and we will smash it down
One world ... One world

On the Turning Away

On the turning away
From the pale and downtrodden
And the words they say
Which we won't understand
"Don't accept that what's happening
Is just a case of others' suffering
Or you'll find that you're joining in
The turning away"
It's a sin that somehow
Light is changing to shadow
And casting it's shroud
Over all we have known
Unaware how the ranks have grown
Driven on by a heart of stone
We could find that we're all alone
In the dream of the proud
On the wings of the night
As the daytime is stirring
Where the speechless unite
In a silent accord
Using words you will find are strange
And mesmerised as they light the flame
Feel the new wind of change
On the wings of the night

No more turning away
From the weak and the weary
No more turning away
From the coldness inside
Just a world that we all must share
It's not enough just to stand and stare
Is it only a dream that there'll be
No more turning away?

One of These Days

One of these days I'm gonna cut you into little pieces

Time

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
You fritter and waste the hours in an off-hand way
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way
Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today
And then the one day you find ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun
And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's
sinking
And racing around to come up behind you again
The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older

And shorter of breath and one day closer to death
Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled
lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation in the English way
The time is gone the song is over, thought I'd something more to
say

Wish You Were Here

(Sounds from Movie or Radio)

Cough
So, so you think you can tell Heaven from Hell,
blue skies from pain.
Can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail?
A smile from a veil?
Do you think you can tell?
And did they get you to trade your heroes for ghosts?
Hot ashes for trees?
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?
How I wish, how I wish you were here.
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after
year,
Running over the same old ground.
What have you found? The same old fears.
Wish you were here.

Us and Them

Us and Them
And after all we're only ordinary men
Me, and you

God only knows it's not what we would choose to do
Forward he cried from the rear
and the front rank died
And the General sat, as the lines on the map
moved from side to side
Black and Blue
And who knows which is which and who is who
Up and Down
And in the end it's only round and round and round
Haven't you heard it's a battle of words
the poster bearer cried
Listen son, said the man with the gun
There's room for you inside
Down and Out
It can't be helped but there's a lot of it about
With, without
And who'll deny that's what the fightings all about
Get out of the way, it's a busy day
And I've got things on my mind
For want of the price of tea and a slice
The old man died

Money

Money, get away
Get a good job with more pay and your O.K.
Money it's a gas
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash
New car, caviar, four star daydream,
Think I'll buy me a football team
Money get back
I'm all right Jack keep your hands off my stack.
Money it's a hit
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit
I'm in the hi-fidelity first class traveling set
And I think I need a Lear jet
Money it's a crime
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie
Money so they say
Is the root of all evil today
But if you ask for a rise it's no surprise that they're
giving none away
"HuHuh! I was in the right!"
"Yes, absolutely in the right!"
"I certainly was in the right!"
"You was definitely in the right. That geezer was
cruising for a bruising!"

"Yeah!"
"Why does anyone do anything?"
"I don't know, I was really drunk at the time!"
"I was just telling him, he couldn't get into
number 2. He was asking
why he wasn't coming up on freely, after I was yelling
and screaming and telling him why he wasn't coming up
on freely.
It came as a heavy blow, but we sorted the matter out"

Another Brick In The Wall, Part II

We don't need no education.
We don't need no thought control.
No dark sarcasm in the classroom.
Teacher, leave those kids alone.
Hey, Teacher, leave those kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
We don't need no education.
We don't need no thought control.
No dark sarcasm in the classroom.
Teachers, leave those kids alone.
Hey, Teacher, leave those kids alone!
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

Comfortably Numb

Hello?
Is there anybody in there?
Just nod if you can hear me.
Is there anyone home?
Come on, now.
I hear you're feeling down.
Well I can ease your pain,
Get you on your feet again.
Relax.
I need some information first.
Just the basic facts,
Can you show me where it hurts?
There is no pain, you are receding.
A distant ship's smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're sayin'.
When I was a child I had a fever.
My hands felt just like two balloons.
Now I got that feeling once again.
I can't explain, you would not understand.
This is not how I am.
I have become comfortably numb.

Ok.
Just a little pinprick.
There'll be no more ...Aaaaaahhhhh!
But you may feel a little sick.
Can you stand up?
I do believe it's working. Good.
That'll keep you going for the show.
Come on it's time to go.
There is no pain, you are receding.
A distant ship's smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're sayin'.
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.
I have become comfortably numb.

Run Like Hell

You better make your face up,
In your favorite disguise,
With your button-down lips,
And your roller blind eyes.
With your empty smile,
And your hungry heart,
Feel the bile rising,
From your guilty past.
With your nerves in tatters,
As the cockleshell shatters,
And the hammers batter,
Down your door,
You better run.
You better run all day,
And run all night.
And keep your dirty feelings deep inside.
And if you're taking your girlfriend out tonight,
You better park the car well out of sight.
'Cause if they catch you in the back seat,
Trying to pick her lock,
They're gonna send you back to Mother,

In a cardboard box.
You better run!

The Division Bell

Pink Floyd's newest Studio release, The Division Bell is an excellent album. All 11 tracks are well recorded and written. This album hits all the points of being great.

There is a theme throughout the album, communication, and how we should "Keep Talking". Some people think it is a reference to Roger Waters' split, or David Gilmours divorce. But either way, this is one of my favorite albums.

All the band members can be heard really distinctively, and the recording is of awesome quality. This is also the first album that Richard Wright is "officially" brought back to the group after his 1980 split. Richard was a session artist for A Momentary Lapse of Reason, and Delicate Sounds of Thunder.

This album reached the tops of the American Charts in early 1995, and stayed for a few months. This album also won Pink Floyd's only Grammy award, Marooned won it for best Rock instrumental.

"This album sounds like the most Floydian since Wish You Were Here" - David Gilmour

Cluster One
What Do You Want From Me
Poles Apart
Marooned
A Great Day for Freedom
Wearing the Inside Out
Take It Back
Coming Back to Life
Keep Talking
Lost For Words
High Hopes

Cluster One
(Instrumental)

What do you want from me

As you look around this room tonight
Settle in your seat and dim the lights
Do you want my blood, do you want my tears
What do you want
What do you want from me
Should I sing until I can't sing anymore
Play these strings until my fingers are raw
You're so hard to please
What do you want from me
Do you think that I know something you don't know
What do you want from me
If I don't promise you the answers would you go
What do you want from me
Should I stand out in the rain
Do you want me to make a daisy chain for you
I'm not the one you need
What do you want from me
You can have anything you want

You can drift, you can dream, even walk on water
Anything you want
You can own anything you see
Sell your soul for complete control
Is that really what you need
You can lose yourself this night
See inside there is nothing to hide
Turn and face the light
What do you want from me

Poles Apart

Did you know...it was all going to go so wrong for you
And did you see it was all going to be so right for me
Why did we tell you then
You were always the golden boy then
And that you'd never lose that light in your eyes
Hey you...did you realize what you'd become
And did you see that it wasn't only me you were running from
Did you know all the time but it never bothered you anyway
Leading the blind while I stared out the steel in your eyes
The rain fell slow, down on all the roofs of uncertainty
I thought of you and the years and all the sadness fell away from me
And did you know...
I never thought that you'd lose the light in your eyes

Marooned

(Instrumental)

A Great Day For Freedom

On the day the wall came down
They threw the locks onto the ground
And with glasses high we raised a cry for freedom had arrived
On the day the wall came down
The Ship of Fools had finally ran aground
Promises lit up the night light doves in flight
I dreamed you had left my side
No warmth, not even pride remained
And even though you needed me
It was clear that I could not do a thing for you
Not life devalues day by day
As friends and neighbors turn away
And there's a change that, even with regret, cannot be undone
Now frontiers shift like desert sands
While nations wash their bloodied hands
Of loyalty, of history, in shades of grey
I woke to the sound of drums
The music played, the morning sun streamed in
I turned and I looked at you
And all but the bitter residues slipped away...slipped away

Wearing the Inside Out

From morning to night I stayed out of sight
Didn't recognize I'd become
No more than alive I'd barely survive
In a word...overrun
Won't hear a sound
From my mouth
I've spent too long
On the inside out
My skin is cold
To the human touch
This bleeding heart's
Not beating much
I murmured a vow of silence and now
I don't even hear when I think aloud
Extinguished by light I turn on the night
Wear its darkness with an empty smile
I'm creeping back to life
My nervous system all awry
I'm wearing the inside out
Look at him now
He's paler somehow
But he's coming round
He's starting to choke
It's been so long since he spoke
Well he can have the words right from my mouth
And with these words I can see
Clear through the clouds that covered me
Just give it time then speak my name
Now we can hear ourselves again
I'm holding out
For the day
When all the clouds
Have blown away
I'm with you now
Can speak your name
Now we can hear
Ourselves again

Take It Back

Her love rains down on me easy as the breeze
I listen to her breathing it sounds like the waves on the sea
I was thinking all about her, burning with rage and desire
We were spinning into darkness; the earth was on fire
She could take it back, she might take it back someday
So I spy on her, I lie to her, I make promises I cannot keep
Then I hear her laughter rising, rising from the deep
And I make her prove her love for me, I take all that I can take
And I push her to the limit to see if she will break
She might take it back, she could take it back some day
Now I have seen the warnings, screaming from all sides
It's easy to ignore them and G-d knows I've tried
All this temptation, it turned my faith to lies
Until I couldn't see the danger or hear the rising tide
She can take it back, she will take it back some day
She can take it back, she will take it back some day
She can take it back, she will take it back some day

Coming Back To Life

Where were you when I was burned and broken

While the days slipped by from my window watching
Where were you when I was hurt and helpless
Because the things you say and the things you do surround me
While you were hanging yourself on someone else's words
Dying to believe in what you heard
I was staring straight into the shining sun
Lost in thought and lost in time
While the seeds of life and the seeds of change were planted
Outside the rain fell dark and slow
While I pondered on this dangerous but irresistible pastime
I took a heavenly ride through our silence
I knew the moment had arrived
For killing the past and coming back to life
I took a heavenly ride through our silence
I knew the waiting had begun
And headed straight..into the shining sun

Keep Talking

For millions of years mankind lived just like the animals
Then something happened which unleashed the power of our
imagination
We learned to talk
There's a silence surrounding me
I can't seem to think straight
I'll sit in the corner
No one can bother me
I think I should speak now
I can't seem to speak now
My words won't come out right
I feel like I'm drowning
I'm feeling weak now
But I can't show my weakness
I sometimes wonder
Where do we go from here
It doesn't have to be like this
All we need to do is make sure we keep talking
Why won't you talk to me

You never talk to me
What are you thinking
What are you feeling
Why won't you talk to me
You never talk to me
What are you thinking
Where do we go from here
It doesn't have to be like this
All we need to do is make sure we keep talking
Why won't you talk to me
You never talk to me
What are you thinking
What are you feeling
Why won't you talk to me
You never talk to me
What are you thinking
What are you feeling
I feel like I'm drowning
You know I can't breathe now
We're going nowhere
We're going nowhere

Lost for Words

I was spending my time in the doldrums
I was caught in the cauldron of hate
I felt persecuted and paralyzed
I thought that everything else would just wait
While you are wasting your time on your enemies
Engulfed in a fever of spite
Beyond your tunnel vision reality fades
Like shadows into the night
To martyr yourself to caution
Is not going to help at all
Because there'll be no safety in numbers
When the Right One walks out of the door
Can you see your eyes blighted by darkness?
Is it true you beat your fists on the floor?
Stuck in a world of isolation
While ivy grows over the door
So I open my door to my enemies
And I ask could we wipe the slate clean

But they tell me to please go fuck myself
You know you just can't win

High Hopes

Beyond the horizon of the place we lived when we were young
In a world of magnets and miracles
Our thoughts strayed constantly and without boundary
The ringing of the division bell had begun
Along the Long Road and on down the Causeway
Do they still meet there by the Cut
There was a ragged band that followed our footsteps
Running before time took our dreams away
Leaving the myriad small creatures trying to tie us to the
ground
To a life consumed by slow decay
The grass was greener
The light was brighter
With friends surrounded
The nights of wonder
Looking beyond the embers of bridges glowing behind us
To a glimpse of how green it was on the other side

Steps taken forwards but sleepwalking back again
Dragged by force of some inner tide
At a higher altitude with flag unfurled
We reached the dizzy heights of that dreamed of world
Encumbered forever by desire and ambition
There's a hunger still unsatisfied
Though down this road we've been so many times
The grass was greener
The light was brighter
The taste was sweeter
The nights of wonder
With friends surrounded
The dawn mist growing
The water flowing
The endless river
Forever and ever

Hidden Message

Voice 1: Hello
Voice 2: Yes
Voice 1: Is This Charlie?
Voice 2: Yes
Voice 1: Hello Charlie
Voice 2 hangs up the phone on Voice 1
Voice 1 (deeper tone): Oh, great.

P.U.L.S.E

This is a must buy for Floyd fans, It plays an entire version of Shine On You Crazy Diamond (the only one officially released), the best, in my opinion, version of Astronomy Domine, and the ENTIRE Darkside of the Moon album. And better yet, all of it LIVE. This is one of Floyd's best. It reviews Floyd's past with Barrett release Astronomy Domine, and their best off the last two studio albums (Division Bell and Momentary Lapse of Reason). It also hits up classic like Wish You Were Here, Hey You, and Comfortably Numb. it Does the entire Darkside of the Moon (first time in 19 years), and a high paced Run Like Hell.

This live box set comes with a full color book covering the entire tour. With Awesome pics of Laser and personal close-ups.

Shine On You Crazy Diamond (1-5)
 Astronomy Domine
 What Do You Want From Me
 Learning to Fly
 Keep Talking
 Coming Back To Life
 Hey You
 A Great Day For Freedom
 Sorrow
 High Hopes
 Another Brick in Wall (part 2)
 Speak To Me
 Breathe
 On the Run
 Time
 The Great Gig in the Sky
 Money
 Us and Them
 Any Colour you Like
 Brain Damage
 Eclipse
 Wish You Were Here
 Comfortably Numb
 Run Like Hell

Shine On You Crazy Diamond (1-5)

Part 1:Wright, Waters, Gilmour
 Part 2:Gilmour, Waters, Wright
 Part 3:Waters, Gilmour, Wright
 Part 4:Gilmour, Wright, Waters
 Part 5:Waters

Remember when you were young,
 You shone like the sun.
 Shine on you crazy diamond.
 Now there's a look in your eyes,
 Like black holes in the sky.
 Shine on you crazy diamond.
 You were caught on the crossfire
 Of childhood and stardom,
 Blown on the steel breeze.
 Come on you target for faraway laughter,
 Come on you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine!

You reached for the secret too soon,
You cried for the moon.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Threatened by shadows at night,
And exposed in the light.
Shine on you crazy diamond.
Well you wore out your welcome
With random percision,
Rode on the steel breeze.
Come on you raver, you seer of visions,
Come on you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine!

Astronomy Domine

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.

Blinding signs flap,
Flicker, flicker, flicker blam. Pow, pow.
Stairway scare Dan dare who's there?
Lime and limpid green, the sounds surrounds
The icy waters under
Lime and limpid green, the sounds surrounds
The icy waters underground.

What Do You Want From Me

As you look around this room tonight
Settle in your seat and dim the lights
Do you want my blood, do you want my tears
What do you want
What do you want from me
Should I sing until I can't sing any more
Play these strings until my fingers are raw
You're so hard to please
What do you want from me

Do you think I know something you don't know
What do you want from me
If I don't promise you the answers would you go
What do you want from me
Should I stand out in the rain
Do you want me to make a daisy chain for you

I'm not the one you need
What do you want from me

You can have anything you want
You can drift, you can dream, even walk on water
Anything you want

You can own everything you see
Sell your soul for complete control
Is that really what you need

You can lose yourself this night
See inside there is nothing to hide
Turn and face the light

What do you want from me

Learning to Fly

Into the distance, a ribbon of black
Stretched to the point of no turning back
A flight of fancy on a windswept field
Standing alone my senses reeled
A fatal attraction holding me fast, how
Can I escape this irresistible grasp?

Can't keep my eyes from the circling skies
Tongue-tied and twisted Just an earth-bound misfit, I

Ice is forming on the tips of my wings
Unheeded warnings, I thought I thought of everything
No navigator to guide my way home
Unladen, empty and turned to stone

A soul in tension that's learning to fly

Condition grounded but determined to try
 Can't keep my eyes from the circling skies
 Tongue-tied and twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I
 Friction lock - set.
 Mixture - rich
 Propellers - fully forward
 Flaps - set - 10 degrees
 Engine gauges and suction - check

 Mixture set to maximum percent - recheck
 Flight instruments...
 Altimeters - check both
 (garbled word) - on
 Navigation lights - on
 Strobes - on
 (to tower): Confirm 3-8-Echo ready for departure
 (tower): Hello again, this is now 129.4
 (to tower): 129.4. It's to go.
 (tower): You may commence your takeoff, winds over 10 knots.
 (to tower): 3-8-Echo
 Easy on the brakes. Take it easy. Its gonna roll this time.
 Just hand the power gradually, and it...
 Above the planet on a wing and a prayer,
 My grubby halo, a vapour trail in the empty air,
 Across the clouds I see my shadow fly
 Out of the corner of my watering eye
 A dream unthreatened by the morning light
 Could blow this soul right through the roof of the night

 There's no sensation to compare with this
 Suspended animation, A state of bliss
 Can't keep my eyes from the circling skies
 Tongue-tied and twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I

Coming Back To Life"

Where were you when I was burned and broken
 While the days slipped by from my window watching
 And where were you when I was hurt and I was helpless
 Because the things you say and the things you do surround me
 While you were hanging yourself on someone else's words
 Dying to believe in what you heard
 I was staring straight into the shining sun
 Lost in thought and lost in time
 While the seeds of life and the seeds of change were planted
 Outside the rain fell dark and slow
 While I pondered on this dangerous but irresistible pastime
 I took a heavenly ride through our silence
 I knew the moment had arrived
 For killing the past and coming back to life
 I took a heavenly ride through our silence
 I knew the waiting had begun

And headed straight into the shining sun

Hey You

Hey you, out there in the cold
Getting lonely, getting old
Can you feel me?
Hey you, standing in the aisles
With itchy feet and fading smiles
Can you feel me?
Hey you, dont 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 you 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, standing in 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.
[Click of TV being turned on]
"Well, only got an hour of daylight left. Better get started"
"Isnt it unsafe to travel at night?"
"It'll be a lot less safe to stay here. You're father's gunna pick
up our trail before long"
"Can Loca ride?"
"Yeah, I can ride... Magaret, time to go! Maigret, thank you for
everything"
"Goodbye Chenga"
"Goodbye miss ..."
"I'll be back"

A Great Day For Freedom

On the day the wall came down
They threw the locks onto the ground
And with glasses high we raised a cry for freedom had arrived

On the day the wall cane down
The Ship of Fools had finally run aground
Promises lit up the night like paper doves in flight

I dreamed you had left my side
No warmth, not even pride remained
And even though you needed me
It was clear that I could not do a thing for you

Now life devalues day by day
As friends and neighbours turn away

And there's a change that, even with regret, cannot be undone

Now frontiers shift like desert sands
While nations wash their bloodied hands
Of loyalty, of history, in shades of gray

I woke to the sound of drums
The music played, the morning sun streamed in
I turned and I looked at you
And all but the bitted residue slipped away...slipped away

Sorrow

The sweet smell of a great sorrow lies over the land
Plumes of smoke rise and merge into the leaden sky:
A man lies and dreams of green fields and rivers,
But awakes to a morning with no reason for waking

He's haunted by the memory of a lost paradise
In his youth or a dream, he can't be precise
He's chained forever to a world that's departed
It's not enough, it's not enough

His blood has frozen & curdled with fright
His knees have trembled & given way in the night
His hand has weakened at the moment of truth
His step has faltered

One world, one soul
Time pass, the river rolls
It's not enough it's not enough
His hand has faltered

.....

And he talks to the river of lost love and dedication
And silent replies that swirl invitation
Flow dark and troubled to an oily sea
A grim intimation of what is to be

There's an unceasing wind that blows through this night
And there's dust in my eyes, that blinds my sight
And silence that speaks so much louder than words,
Of promises broken

High Hopes"

Beyond the horizon of the place we lived when we were young
In a world of magnets and miracles
Our thoughts strayed constantly and without boundary
The ringing of the division bell had begun

Along the Long Road and on down the Causeway
Do they still meet there by the Cut

There was a ragged band that followed in our footsteps
Running before times took our dreams away
Leaving the myriad small creatures trying to tie us to the ground
To a life consumed by slow decay

The grass was greener

The light was brighter
When friends surrounded
The nights of wonder

Looking beyond the embers of bridges glowing behind us
To a glimpse of how green it was on the other side
Steps taken forwards but sleepwalking back again
Dragged by the force of some sleeping tide
At a higher altitude with flag unfurled
We reached the dizzy heights of that dreamed of world

Encumbered forever by desire and ambition
There's a hunger still unsatisfied
Our weary eyes still stray to the horizon
Though down this road we've been so many times

The grass was greener
The light was brighter
The taste was sweeter
The nights of wonder
With friends surrounded
The dawn mist glowing
The water flowing
The endless river

Forever and ever

Another Brick in the Wall part 2

We don't need no education
We dont need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave them kids alone
Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
We don't need no education
We dont need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave them kids alone
Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

"Wrong, Do it again!"

"If you don't eat yer meat, you can't have any pudding. How can you have any pudding if you don't eat yer meat?"

"You! Yes, you behind the bikesheds, stand still laddy!"

Speak to Me

"I've been mad for fucking years, absolutely years, been over the edge for yonks, been working me buns off for bands..."

"I've always been mad, I know I've been mad, like the most of us...very hard to explain why you're mad, even if you're not mad..."

(Instrumental)

Breathe

Breathe, breathe in the air.
Don't be afraid to care.
Leave but don't leave me.
Look around and choose your own ground.

Long you live and high you fly
And smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be.

Run, rabbit run.
Dig that hole, forget the sun,
And when at last the work is done
Don't sit down it's time to dig another one.

For long you live and high you fly
But only if you ride the tide
And balanced on the biggest wave
You race towards an early grave.

On The Run"

[female announcer, announcing flights at airport, including 'Rome']
"Live for today, gone tomorrow, that's me, HaHaHaaaaaa!"
(Instrumental)

Time

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
You fritter and waste the hours in an offhand way.
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way.

Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain.
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today.
And then one day you find ten years have got behind you.
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun.

So you run and you run to catch up with the sun but it's sinking
Racing around to come up behind you again.
The sun is the same in a relative way but you're older,
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death.

Every year is getting shorter never seem to find the time.
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way
The time is gone, the song is over,
Thought I'd something more to say.

The Great Gig in the Sky

"And I am not frightened of dying, any time will do, I
don't mind. Why should I be frightened of dying?
There's no reason for it, you've gotta go sometime."

"If you can hear this whispering you are dying."

"I never said I was frightened of dying."
(Instrumental)

Money

Money, get away.
Get a good job with good pay and you're okay.
Money, it's a gas.

Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash.
New car, caviar, four star daydream,
Think I'll buy me a football team.

Money, get back.
I'm all right Jack keep your hands off of my stack.
Money, it's a hit.
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit.
I'm in the high-fidelity first class traveling set
And I think I need a Lear jet.

Money, it's a crime.
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie.
Money, so they say
Is the root of all evil today.
But if you ask for a raise it's no surprise that they're
giving none away.

"HuHuh! I was in the right!"

"Yes, absolutely in the right!"

"I certainly was in the right!"

"You was definitely in the right. That geezer was cruising for a
bruising!"

"Yeah!"

"Why does anyone do anything?"

"I don't know, I was really drunk at the time!"

"I was just telling him, he couldn't get into number 2. He was asking
why he wasn't coming up on freely, after I was yelling and
screaming and telling him why he wasn't coming up on freely.

It came as a heavy blow, but we sorted the matter out"

Us and Them

Us, and them
And after all we're only ordinary men.
Me, and you.
God only knows it's noz what we would choose to do.
Forward he cried from the rear
and the front rank died.
And the general sat and the lines on the map
moved from side to side.
Black and blue
And who knows which is which and who is who.
Up and down.
But in the end it's only round and round.
Haven't you heard it's a battle of words
The poster bearer cried.

Listen son, said the man with the gun
There's room for you inside.

"I mean, they're not gunna kill ya, so if you give 'em a quick
short,
sharp, shock, they won't do it again. Dig it? I mean he get off
lightly, 'cos I would've given him a thrashing - I only hit him
once!

It was only a difference of opinion, but really...I mean good
manners

don't cost nothing do they, eh?"

Down and out

It can't be helped but there's a lot of it about.

With, without.

And who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about?

Out of the way, it's a busy day

I've got things on my mind.

For the want of the price of tea and a slice

The old man died.

Any Colour You Like

(Instrumental)

Brain Damage

The lunatic is on the grass.

The lunatic is on the grass.

Remembering games and daisy chains and laughs.

Got to keep the loonies on the path.

The lunatic is in the hall.

The lunatics are in my hall.

The paper holds their folded faces to the floor

And every day the paper boy brings more.

And if the dam breaks open many years too soon

And if there is no room upon the hill

And if your head explodes with dark forebodings too

I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.

The lunatic is in my head.
The lunatic is in my head
You raise the blade, you make the change
You re-arrange me 'til I'm sane.
You lock the door
And throw away the key
There's someone in my head but it's not me.

And if the cloud bursts, thunder in your ear
You shout and no one seems to hear.
And if the band you're in starts playing different tunes
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.
"I can't think of anything to say except...
I think it's marvelous! HaHaHa!"

Eclipse

All that you touch
All that you see
All that you taste
All you feel.
All that you love
All that you hate
All you distrust
All you save.
All that you give
All that you deal
All that you buy,
beg, borrow or steal.
All you create
All you destroy
All that you do
All that you say.
All that you eat
And everyone you meet
All that you slight
And everyone you fight.
All that is now
All that is gone
All that's to come
and everything under the sun is in tune
but the sun is eclipsed by the moon.

"There is no dark side of the moon really. Matter of fact it's all dark."

Wish You Were Here

So, so you think you can tell
Heaven from Hell,
Blue skys from pain.
Can you tell a green field
From a cold steel rail?
A smile from a veil?
Do you think you can tell?
And did they get you to trade
Your heros for ghosts?
Hot ashes for trees?
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?
How I wish, how I wish you were here.
We're just two lost souls
Swimming in a fish bowl,
Year after year,
Running over the same old ground.
What have we found?
The same old fears.
Wish you were here.

Comfortably Numb

Hello?
Is there anybody in there?
Just nod if you can hear me.
Is there anyone at home?
Come on, now,
I hear you're feeling down.
Well I can ease your pain
Get you on your feet again.
Relax.
I'll need some information first.
Just the basic facts.
Can you show me where it hurts?

There is no pain you are receding
A distant ship, smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.
When I was a child I 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.
O.K.
Just a little pinprick.
There'll be no more aaaaaaaaah!
But you may feel a little sick.
Can you stand up?
I do believe it's working, good.
That'll keep you going through the show
Come on it's time to go.
There is no pain you are receding
A distant ship, smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.
When I was a child
I caught a fleeting glimpse
Out of the corner of my eye.
I turned to look but it was gone
I cannot put my finger on it now
The child is grown,
The dream is gone.
I have become comfortably numb.

Run Like Hell

"Pink Floyd, Pink Floyd"
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run,
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run.
You better make your face up in
Your favorite disguise.
With your button down lips and your
Roller blind eyes.
With your empty smile
And your hungry heart.
Feel the bile rising from your guilty past.
With your nerves in tatters

When the conchshell shatters
And the hammers batter
Down the door.
You'd better run.

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run,
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run.
You better sleep all day
And run all night.
Keep your dirty feelings
Deep inside.
And if you're taking your girlfriend
Out tonight
You'd better park the car
Well out of sight.
Cause if they catch you in the back seat
Trying to pick her locks,
They're gonna send you back to mother
In a cardboard box.
You better run.
"Hey, open up! HaHaHaHaHaaaaaaaaaaa!
[sound of car skidding, followed by loud scream]
"Hammer, Hammer"

Singles and other rare songs

"Arnold Layne" (Barrett)

Arnold Layne had a strange hobby
Collecting clothes
Moonshine washing line
They suit him fine
On the wall hung a tall mirror
Distorted view, see through baby blue
Oh, Arnold Layne

It's not the same, takes two to know
Two to know, two to know
Why can't you see?
Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne

Now he's caught - a nasty sort of person.
They gave him time
Doors bang - chain gang - he hates it
Oh, Arnold Layne
It's not the same, takes two to know
Two to know, two to know
Why can't you see?
Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne, Arnold Layne

Don't do it again

"Candy and a Currant Bun" (Barrett)

Oh my, girl sitting in the sun
Go buy, candy and a currant bun
I like, to see you run
Like that.....

Oooh, don't talk to me
Please just fuck with me
Please you know I'm feeling frail

It's true, sun shining very bright
It's you, who I'm gonna love tonight
Ice cream, taste good in the afternoon
Ice cream, taste good if you eat it soon

Oooh, don't touch me child
Please you know you drive me wild
Please you know I'm feeling frail

Don't try another cat
Don't go where other you must know why
Very very very frail

Oh my, girl sitting in the sun
Go buy, candy and a currant bun
I like, to see you run
Like that.....

"See Emily Play" (Barrett)

Emily tries but misunderstands, ah ooh
She often inclined to borrow somebody's dreams till tomorrow
There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your mind and play
Free games for may
See Emily play
Soon after dark Emily cries, ah ooh
Gazing through trees in sorrow hardly a sound till tomorrow

There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your mind and play
Free games for may
See Emily play
Put on a gown that touches the ground, ah ooh
Float on a river forever and ever, Emily
There is no other day
Let's try it another way
You'll lose your mind and play
Free games for may
See Emily play

"Apples and Oranges" (Barrett)

Got a flip-top pack of cigarettes in her pocket
Feeling good at the top
Shopping in sharp shoes
Walking in the sunshine town feeling very cool
But the butchers and the bakers in the supermarket stores
Getting everything she wants from the supermarket stores
Apples and oranges
Apples and oranges

Cornering neatly she trips up sweetly
To meet the people
She's on time again
And then
I catch her by the eye then I stop and have to think
What a funny thing to do 'cause I'm feeling very pink
Apples and oranges
Apples and oranges

I love she
She loves me
See you
See you

Thought you might to know
I'm the lorry driver man
She's on the run
Down by the river side
feeding ducks by the afternoon tide
(quack quack)
Apples and oranges
Apples and oranges
Apples and oranges

"Paint Box" (Wright)

Last night I had too much to drink
Sitting in a club with so many fools
Playing to rules
Trying to impress but feeling rather empty
I had another drink
Drink - a - drink - a - drink - a - drink

What a way to spend that evening
They all turn up with their friends

Playing the game
But in the scene I should have been
Far away
Away - away - away - away - away
Getting up, I feel as if I'm remembering this scene before
I open the door to an empty room
Then I forget

The telephone rings and someone speaks
She would very much like to go out to a show
So what can I do - I can't think what to say
She sees through anyway
Away - away - away - away - away

Out of the front door I go
Traffic's moving rather slow
Arriving late, there she waits
Looking very angry, as cross as she can be
Be - a - be - a - be - a - be - a - be
Getting up, I feel as if I'm remembering this scene before
I open the door to an empty room
Then I forget

"It Would Be So Nice" (Wright)

It would be so nice
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
To meet, sometime

Everybody wakes, and in the morning
Hot tea and can't stop yawning
Pass the butter please.
Have you ever read the Daily Standard?
Reading all about the plane that's landed
Upside down?

And no one knows what I did today
There can be no other way
But I would just like to say

It would be so nice
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
To meet sometime
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
To meet sometime

Everybody cares about the weather
And everybody should know better
What a waste of time
Everybody lives beneath the ceiling
Living out a dream that sends them reeling
To a distant place

But no one knows what I did today
There can be no other way

But I would just like to say

It would be so nice
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
To meet sometime
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
To meet sometime
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
It would be so nice
To meet sometime

"Julia Dream" (Waters)

Sunlight bright upon my pillow
Lighter than an eiderdown
Will she let the weeping willow
Wind his branches round
Julia dream, dreamboat queen, queen of all my dreams
Every night I turn the light out

Waiting for the velvet bride
Will the scaly armadillo
Find me where I'm hiding
Julia dream, dreamboat queen, queen of all my dreams
Will the misty master break me
Will the key unlock my mind
Will the following footsteps catch me
Am I really dying
Julia dream, dreamboat queen, queen of all my dreams

"Point Me at the Sky" (Waters)

Hey, Eugene,
This is Henry McClean
And I've finished my beautiful flying machine
And I'm ringing to say
That I'm leaving and maybe
You'd like to fly with me
And hide with me, baby

Isn't it strange

How little we change
Isn't it sad we're insane
Playing the games that we know and in tears
The games we've been playing for thousands and thousands and

Pointing to the cosmic glider
"Pull this plastic glider higher
Light the fuse and stand right back"
He cried "This is my last good-bye."

Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly

And if you survive till two thousand and five
I hope you're exceedingly thin
For if you are stout you will have to breathe out
While the people around you breathe in

People pressing on might say
It's something that I hate to say
I'm slipping down to eat the ground
A little refuge on my brain

Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly
Point me at the sky and tell it fly

And all we've got to say to you is good-bye
It's time to go, better run and get your bags, it's good-bye
Nobody cry, it's good-bye
Crash, crash, crash, crash, good-bye...

"Careful With That Axe, Eugene" (Waters, Wright, Mason, Gilmour)

(Instrumental)

Unreleased songs

"Scream Thy Last Scream" (Barrett)

Scream thy last scream old woman with a casket
Blam blam your pointers point your pointers
What'll be to crunch in your sisters
She'll be scrubbing bubbles on all fours

Scream thy last scream old woman with a casket

Fling your arms madly old lady with a daughter
Flack chap chau fauses, mouses, houses
Flittin and hittin and fittin quack quack

Watching the teley till all hours big time
Fling your arms madly old lady with a daughter

Scream thy last scream old woman with a casket
Blam blam your pointers point your pointers
What'll be coming to crunch in your sisters
She'll be scrubbing bubbles on all fours

Scream thy last scream old woman with a casket

"Vegetable Man" (Barrett)

In yellow shoes I get the blues
Though I walk the streets with my plastic feet
With my blue velvet trousers, make me feel pink
There's a kind of stink about blue velvet trousers
In my paisley shirt I look a jerk
And my turquoise waistcoat is quite out of sight
But oh oh my haircut looks so bad
Vegetable man how are you?

So I've changed my dear, and I find my knees,
And I covered them up with the latest cut,
And my pants and socks all point in a box,
They don't make long of my nylon socks,
The watch, black watch
My watch with a black face
And a big pin, a little hole,
And all the lot is what I got,
It's what I wear, it's what you see,
It must be me, it's what I am,
Vegetable man.

I've been looking all over the place for a place for me,
But it ain't anywhere, it just ain't anywhere.
Vegetable man, vegetable man,
He's the kind of person, you just gonna see him if you can,
Vegetable man.

"Lucy Leave" (Barrett)

Leave, when I ask you to leave, Lucy
Please, far away from me, Lucy
Oh, go little girl
Seen, is (oh so) broken up about you, Lucy
Mean, treat me and done me harm, Lucy
Been, in love with you and your charms, Lucy
Oh, go little girl
I'm in love with you, Lucy

You got my heart
You got my heart, oh no!
You tear me apart
You just won't let me go
You hold on so tight, so tight I just can't breath
Now Lucy leave, Lucy

Leave, when I ask you to leave, little girl
Please, far away from me, little girl
Yeah! go little girl
Seen, is (oh so) broken up about you, Lucy
Yeah!
Go.

King Bee (Slim Harpo (1957))

Well, I'm a King Bee
Buzzing around your hive
Yes, I'm a King Bee, child
Buzzing around your hive

I can make good honey
Let me come inside
I'm young and able
To buzz all night long
You know I'm young and able
To buzz all night long

When you hear me buzz, little girl
You know some stinging's going on
(Well, buzz some) I'll sting (yeah)

Well, I'm a King Bee
Can buzz all night long
Yes I'm a King Bee
Can buzz all night long

Well, I buzz better baby,
When your man is gone.

"Biding My Time" (Waters)

(released only on _Relics_)

Wasting my time,
Resting my mind
And I'll never pine
For the sad days and the bad days
When we was workin' from nine to five.
And if you don't mind

I'll spend my time
Here by the fire side
In the warm light of her eyes.
And if you don't mind
I'll spend my time
Here by the fire side
In the warm light of her eyes.

"Embryo" (Waters)

(released only on _Works_)

All this love
Is all I am,
A ball is all I am.
I'm so new
Compared to you
And I am very small.
Warm glow,
Moon glow,

Always need a little more room.
Waiting here,
Seems like years,
Never see the light of day.

All around
I hear strange sounds
Come gurgling in my ear.
Red the light
And dark the night
I feel my dawn is near.
Warm glow,
Moon glow,
Always need a little more room.
Whisper low
Here I go,
I will see the sunshine show.

Note: "Hollywood," "Theme (Beat Version)" and "Seabirds" are all unreleased songs from the _More_ sessions. It is not known if they were ever recorded, but they were copyrighted.

"Hollywood" (Gilmour)

(Instrumental)

"Theme (Beat Version)" (Waters, Mason, Wright, Gilmour)

(Instrumental)

"Seabirds" (Waters)

Mighty waves come crashing down,
The spray is lashing high into the eagle's eye
Shrieking as it cuts the devil wind,
is calling sailors to the deep
But I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
Surf is high an' the sea is awash
An' a haze of candy floss, glitter and beads
Rock that we sat on and watched in the sun
That was hot to touch
And the sea was emerald green
I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
And I can see you smile
Surf comes rushing up the beach
Now will it reach the castle wall and will it fall
Catfish dappled silver flashing
Dogfish puffing bubbles in my deep

Songs only in the Wall movie

"What Shall We Do Now?" (Waters)

What shall we use to fill the empty spaces
Where waves of hunger roar?
Shall we set out across the sea of faces
In search of more and more applause?

Shall we buy a new guitar?
Shall we drive a more powerful car?
Shall we work straight through the night?
Shall we get into fights?
Leave the lights on?
Drop bombs?
Do tours of the east?
contract diseases?
Bury bones?
Break up homes?
Send flowers by phone?
Take to drink?
Go to shrinks?
Give up meat?
Rarely sleep?
Keep people as pets?
Train dogs?
Race rats?
Fill the attic with cash?
Bury treasure?
Store up leisure?
But never relax at all
With our backs to the wall.

"When the Tigers Broke Free" (Waters)

It was just before dawn
One miserable morning in black 'forty four.
When the forward commander
Was told to sit tight
When he asked that his men be withdrawn.
And the Generals gave thanks
As the other ranks held back
The enemy tanks for a while.
And the Anzio Beachhead
Was held for the price
Of a few hundred ordinary lives.

And old King George
Sent Mother a note
When he heard that father was gone.
It was, I recall,
In the form of a scroll,
With gold leaf and all.
And I found it one day
In a drawer of old photographs, hidden away.
And my eyes still grow damp to remember
His Majesty signed
With his own rubber stamp.

It was dark all around.
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.

List of vocalists of Pink Floyd songs (by album)

THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN

UK release: Columbia, August 5th, 1967

US release:Tower

- 1.Astronomy Domine [4'08] Barrett
(Barrett)
 - 2.Lucifer Sam [3'03] Barrett
(Barrett)
 - 3.Mathilda Mother [3'05] Wright Barrett (only the last verse)
(Barrett)
 - 4.Flaming [2'42] Barrett
(Barrett)
 - 5.Pow R. Toc H. [4'22]
(Barrett,Waters,Wright,Mason)
 - 6.Take Up Thy Stethoscope And Walk
(Waters) [3'03] Waters
 - 7.Interstellar Overdrive [9'41]
(Barrett,Waters,Wright,Mason)
 - 8.The Gnome [2'11] Barrett
(Barrett)
 - 9.Chapter 24 [3'38] Barrett
(Barrett)
 - 10.The Scarecrow [2'07] Barrett
(Barrett)
 - 11.Bike [3'22] Barrett
(Barrett)
- Total Time: 41'58

A SAUCERFUL OF SECRETS

Recorded at EMI Studios,Abbey Road,London

UK release:Colombia,June 29th,1968

US release:Tower

- 1.Let There Be More Light [5'29] Gilmour[]
(Waters)
- 2.Remember A Day [4'23] Wright
(Wright)
- 3.Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun
(Waters) [5'18] Waters
- 4.Corporal Clegg [4'06] Gilmour (Barrett has some lines)
(Waters)
- 5.A Saucerful Of Secrets [11'50] Gilmour
(Waters,Wright,Mason,Gilmour)
- 6.See Saw [4'28] Wright
(Wright)
- 7.Jugband Blues [3'00] Barrett
(Barrett)

Total Time:37'54

MORE

UK release:Columbia,July 1969

US release:Tower,July 1969

- 1.Cirrus Minor [5'09] Waters
(Waters)
- 2.The Nile Song [3'22] Gilmour

(Waters)
3.Crying Song [3'31] Gilmour Wright doing the harmonies
(Waters) or Waters
4.Up The Khyber [2'10]
(Mason,Wright)
5.Green Is The Colour [2'55] Gilmour
(Waters)
6.Cymbaline [4'46] Gilmour
(Waters)
7.Party Sequence [1'07]
(Waters,Wright,Gilmour,Mason)
8.Main Theme [5'28]
(Waters,Wright,Gilmour)
9.Ibiza Bar [3'13] Gilmour
(Waters,Wright,Gilmour,Mason)
10.More Blues [2'12]
(Waters,Wright,Gilmour,Mason)
11.Quicksilver [7'07]
(Waters,Wright,Gilmour,Mason)
12.A Spanish Piece [1'02] Gilmour doing the lisp-guy
(Gilmour)
13.Dramatic Theme [2'16]
(Waters,Wright)

Total Time:45'01

-Soundtrack From The Film 'More' directed by Barbet Schroeder

UMMAGUMMA

UK release:Harvest,October 25th,1969

US release:Capitol,November 1969

track 1-4 recorded live at Mother's Club,Birmingham,April 27th
& at Manchester College Of Commerce,May 2nd

- 1.Astronomy Domine [8'28] Barrett? Gilmour Wright)
(Barrett)
- 2.Carefull With That Axe,Eugene [8'47] Waters
(Waters,Wright,Mason,Gilmour)
- 3.Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun
(Waters) [9'22] Waters
- 4.A Saucerful Of Secrets [12'49]
a.Something Else {Strange Noises}
b.Syncopated Pandemonium {Drum part}
c.Storm Signal {Organ part}
d.Celestial Voices Gilmour {Singing Part}
(Waters,Wright,Mason,Gilmour)
- 5.Sysyphus part.1 [1'08]
- 6.Sysyphus part.2 [3'25]
- 7.Sysyphus part.3 [1'48]
- 8.Sysyphus part.4 [6'56] Wright
(Wright)
- 9.Grantchester Meadows [7'28] Waters
(Waters)
- 10.Several Species Of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together In A Cave
And Grooving With A Pict [4'57] Waters
(Waters)
- 11.The Narrow Way part.1 [3'29]
- 12.The Narrow Way part.2 [2'53]
- 13.The Narrow Way part.3 [5'52] Gilmour
(Gilmour)
- 14.The Grand Vizier's Garden Party
Part.1(entrance) [0'59]
- 15.The Grand Vizier's Garden Party
Part.2(entertainment) [7'06]
- 16.The Grand Vizier's Garden Party
Part.3(exit) [0'40]
(Mason)

Total Time:86'33

ZABRINSKIE POINT

US release:M.G.M.,January 1970

UK release:M.G.M.,March 1970

- 1.Heart Beat,Pig Meat [3'11]
(Waters,Wright,Gilmour,Mason)

- 2.Crumbling Land [4'13] Gilmour
(Waters,Wright,Gilmour,Mason)
*3.Come In Number 51,Your Time Is Up [4'58] Waters
(Waters,Wright,Gilmour,Mason)

Total Time:12'22

-Soundtrack From The Motion Picture
directed by Michaelangelo Antonioni
complete tracklist: Zabriskie Point Soundtrack (36.17)
* Heart Beat, Pig Meat - The Pink Floyd
Brother Mary - The Kaleidoscope
Excerpt from "Dark Star" - The Grateful Dead
* Crumbling Land - The Pink Floyd
Tennessee Waltz - Patti Page
Sugar Babe - The Youngbloods
Love Scene - Jerry Garcia (The Grateful Dead)
I Wish I Were A Single Girl Again - Roscoe Holcomb
Mickey's Tune - The Kaleidoscope
Dance Of Death - John Fahey
* Come In Number 51, Your Time Is Up - The Pink Floyd

ATOM HEART MOTHER

Recorded at EMI Studios,Abbey Road,London
UK release:Harvest,October 10th,1970
US release:Harvest,October 1970

- 1.Atom Heart Mother [23'45]
a.Father's Shout
b.Breast Milky
c.Mother Fore
d.Funky Dung
e.Mind Your Throats Please
f.Remergence
(Mason,Gilmour,Waters,Wright,Geesin)
featuring:The John Aldiss Choir
2.If [4'31] Waters
(Waters)
3.Summer'68 [5'29] Wright
(Wright)
4.Fat Old Sun [5'24] Gilmour
(Gilmour)
5.Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast [13'01] Alan the Roadie
a.Rise And Shine
b.Sunny Side Up
c.Morning Glory
(Waters,Mason,Gilmour,Wright)
Total Time:52'10

RELICS

A Compilation Of Early Singles And Tracks

UK release:EMI Starline,May 1971

- 1.Arnold Layne [2'52] Barrett
(Barrett)

2. Interstellar Overdrive [9'30]
(Barrett, Waters, Wright, Mason)
3. See Emily Play [2'50] Barrett
(Barrett)
4. Remember A Day [4'26] Wright
(Wright)
5. Paintbox [3'30] Wright
(Wright)
6. Julia Dream [2'34] Gilmour
(Waters)
7. Careful With That Axe, Eugene [7'45] Waters
(Waters, Wright, Gilmour, Mason)
8. Cirrus Minor [5'09] Gilmour
(Waters)
9. The Nile Song [3'20] Gilmour
(Waters)
10. Biding My Time [5'13] Waters
(Waters)
11. Bike [3'20] Barrett
(Barrett)

Total Time: 48'24

MEDDLE

Recorded at AIR Studios, EMI Studios, Abbey Road, and
at Morgan Sound, London

Date: Late January 1971

UK release: Harvest, November 1971

US release: Harvest, November 1971

1. One Of These Days [5'57] Mason
(Waters, Wright, Gilmour, Mason)
2. A Pillow Of Winds [5'07] Gilmour
(Waters, Gilmour)
3. Fearless [6'05] Gilmour
(Waters, Gilmour)
4. San Tropez [3'40] Waters
(Waters)
5. Seamus [2'13] Gilmour
(Waters, Wright, Gilmour, Mason)
6. Echoes [23'31] Gilmour Wright
(Waters, Wright, Gilmour, Mason)

Total Time: 46'33

OBSCURED BY CLOUDS

Recorded at Chateau d'Herouville, France

UK release: Harvest, June 3rd, 1972

US release: Harvest, June 1972

1. Obscured By Clouds [3'05]

(Waters,Gilmour)
2.When You're In [2'23]
(Waters,Gilmour,Wright,Mason)
3.Burning Bridges [3'24] Gilmour,Wright
(Wright,Waters)
4.The Gold It's In The ... [3'03] Gilmour,Wright
(Waters,Gilmour)
5.Wot's...Uh The Deal [5'05] Gilmour
(Waters,Gilmour)
6.Mudmen [4'17] Wright
(Wright,Gilmour)
7.Childhood's End [4'30] Gilmour
(Gilmour)
8.Free Four [4'11] Waters
(Waters)
9.Stay [4'02] Wright and Waters []
(Wright,Waters)
10.Absolutely Curtains [5'51] Movie-sounds
(Waters,Gilmour,Wright,Mason)

Total Time:40'30

-Soundtrack From The Film 'La Vallee'
directed by Barbet Schroeder

THE DARKSIDE OF THE MOON

Recorded at EMI Studios,Abbey Road,London
Date:June 1972-January 1973
UK release:Harvest,March 1973
US release:Harvest,March 1973

1a. Speak To Me [1'10]
(Mason)
b. Breathe In The Air [2'47] Gilmour
(Waters, Gilmour, Wright)
2. On The Run [3'51]
(Gilmour, Waters)
3a. Time [5'54] Gilmour and Wright
(Mason, Waters, Wright, Gilmour)
b. Breathe reprise [1'11] Gilmour
(Waters, Gilmour, Wright)
4. The Great Gig In The Sky [4'47] Clare Torry
(Wright)
5. Money [6'23] Gilmour
(Waters)
6. Us And Them [7'48] Waters Gilmour Wright[]
(Waters, Wright)
7. Any Colour You Like [3'25]
(Gilmour, Mason, Wright)
8. Brain Damage [3'50] Waters
(Waters)
9. Eclipse [2'06] Waters
(Waters)

Total Time: 42'52

Musicians:

David Gilmour - vocals, guitars, VCS3
Nick Mason - percussion, tape effects
Richard Wright - keyboard, vocals, VCS3
Roger Waters - bass guitar, vocals, VCS3, tape effects

Additional Musicians:

Dick Parry, saxophone on 'Us & Them' and 'Money'
Clare Torry, vocals on 'The Great Gig In The Sky'

Backing Vocals:

Doris Troy, Leslie Duncan, Liza Strike and Barry St. John

WISH YOU WERE HERE

Recorded at EMI Studios, Abbey Road, London

Date: January-July 1975

UK release: Harvest, September 15th, 1975 US release: Columbia, September 1975
1. Shine On You Crazy Diamond [13'33] Waters
(Waters, Wright, Gilmour)

2. Welcome To The Machine [7'26] Waters and Gilmour

(Waters)

3.Have A Cigar [5'07] Roy Harper

(Waters)

4.Wish You Were Here [5'40] Gilmour

(Waters,Gilmour)

5.Shine On You Crazy Diamond [12'21] Waters

(Waters,Wright,Gilmour)

Total Time:44'11

Additional Musicians:

Dick Parry, saxophone on 'Shine On You Crazy Diamond'

Roy Harper, vocal on 'Have A Cigar'

Backing Vocals:

Venetta Fields and Carlena Williams

ANIMALS

Recorded at Britannia Row Studios,London

UK release:Harvest,January 23rd,1977

US release:Columbia,January 23rd,1977

1.Pigs On The Wing part.1 [1'25] Waters

(Waters)

2.Dogs [17'03] Gilmour Waters from Gotta admit...

(Waters,Gilmour)

3.Pigs(Three Different Ones) [11'25] Waters

(Waters)

4.Sheep [10'25] Waters

(Waters)

5.Pigs On The Wing part.2 [1'23] Waters

(Waters)

Total Time:41'41

THE WALL

Recorded: Super Bear Studios,Miravel,France; CBS Studios,New York City and Producers Workshop,Los Angeles

Date:April-November 1979 Released:Harvest,November 30th,1979

1.In The Flesh? [3'17] Waters

(Waters)

2.The Thin Ice [2'28] Waters

(Waters) Gilmour does Momma loves ... Ooh babe

3. Another Brick In The Wall 1 [3'41] Waters
(Waters)
 4. The Happiest Days Of Our Lives [1'20] Waters
(Waters)
 5. Another Brick In The Wall 2 [3'56] Waters and Gilmour or Gilmour
(Waters)
 6. Mother [5'32] Waters Gilmour does the Mother
(Waters)
 7. Goodbye Blue Sky [2'48] Gilmour (Waters harmonizes)
(Waters)
 8. Empty Spaces [2'07] Waters
(Waters)
 9. Young Lust [3'29] Gilmour
(Waters, Gilmour)
 10. One Of My Turns [3'36] Waters
(Waters)
 11. Don't Leave Me Now [4'22] Waters
(Waters)
 12. Another Brick In The Wall 3 [1'17] Waters
(Waters)
 13. Goodbye Cruel World [1'05] Waters
(Waters)
 14. Hey You [4'39] Gilmour, Waters [But it was only...]
(Waters)
 15. Is There Anybody Out There? [2'40] Waters
(Waters)
 16. Nobody Home [3'25] Waters
(Waters)
 17. Vera [1'38] Waters
(Waters)
 18. Bring The Boys Back Home [0'50] Waters
(Waters)
 19. Comfortably Numb [6'49] Waters (The Doctor) Gilmour (Pink)
(Gilmour, Waters)
 20. The Show Must Go On [1'36] Gilmour
(Waters)
 21. In The Flesh! [4'16] Waters
(Waters)
 22. Run Like Hell [4'22] Waters and Gilmour
(Gilmour, Waters)
 23. Waiting For The Worms [3'56] Waters and Gilmour
(Waters)
 24. Stop [0'34] Waters
(Waters)
 25. The Trial [5'16] Waters
(Waters, Ezrin)
 26. Outside The Wall [1'42] Waters
(Waters)
- Total Time: 80'01
Backing Vocals: Bruce Johnston, Toni Tenille, Joe Chemay, John Joyce, Stan Farber, Jim Haas and the
Islington Green School
THE FINAL CUT

A Requiem for the Post War Dream

Recorded at Mayfair, Olympic, Abbey Road, Audio International,
RAK, Hookend and The Billiard Room Studios
Date: July-December 1982
Released: Harvest, March 21st, 1983

- 1.The Post War Dream [2'56] Waters
(Waters)
- 2.Your Possible Pasts [4'37] Waters
(Waters)
- 3.One Of The Few [1'14] Waters
(Waters)
- 4.The Hero's Return [2'34] Waters
(Waters)
- 5.The Gunners Dream [5'29] Waters
(Waters)
- 6.Paranoid Eyes [3'35] Waters
(Waters)
- 7.Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Desert
(Waters) [1'19] Waters
- 8.The Fletcher Memorial Home [4'10] Waters
(Waters)
- 9.Southampton Dock [2'13] Waters
(Waters)
- 10.The Final Cut [4'43] Waters
(Waters)
- 11.Not Now John [5'02] Gilmour, Waters:Make em., Hold on John
(Waters)
- 12.Two Suns In The Sunset [5'16] Waters
(Waters)

Total Time:43'14

Additional Musicians:

- *Michael Kamen - piano,harmonium
- *Andy Brown - organ
- *Ray Cooper - percussion
- *Raphael Ravenscroft - tenor sax
- *Andy Newmark, drums on 'Two Suns In The Sunset'
- *The National Philharmonic Orchestra

dedicated to Eric Fletcher Waters 1913 - 1944

A MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON

Released:EMI,September 7th,1987

- 1.Signs Of Life [4'24] Gilmour
(Gilmour,Ezrin)
- 2.Learning To Fly [4'52] Gilmour
(Gilmour,Moore,Ezrin,Carin)
- 3.The Dogs Of War [6'05] Gilmour
(Gilmour,Moore)

4. One Slip [5'07] Gilmour
(Gilmour, Manzanera)
5. On The Turning Away [5'39] Gilmour
(Gilmour, Moore)
- 6a. Yet Another Movie
(Gilmour, Leonard)
- b. Round And Around [7'25] Gilmour
(Gilmour)
7. A New Machine part.1 [1'46] Gilmour
(Gilmour)
8. Terminal Frost [6'17] Gilmour
(Gilmour)
9. A New Machine part.2 [0'36] Gilmour
(Gilmour)
10. Sorrow [8'46] Gilmour
(Gilmour)

Total Time: 50'57

Musicians:

- *David Gilmour - guitars, vocals, keyboards and sequencers
- *Richard Wright - piano, vocals, kurzweil, hammond organ
- *Nick Mason - electric and acoustic drums, sound effects

Additional Musicians:

- *Bob Ezrin - keyboards, percussion and sequencers
- *Tony Levin - bass guitar, stick
- *Jim Keltner - drums *Steve Forman - percussion
- *Jon Carin - keyboards
- *Tom Scott - alto and soprano saxophone
- *Scott Page - tenor saxophone *Carmin Abney - drums
- *Pat Leonard - synthesizers
- *Bill Payne - hammond organ *Michael Landau - guitar
- *John Halliwell - saxophone

Backing Vocals:

- *Darlene Koldenhaven *Carmen Twillie *Phyllis St. James
- *Donnie Gerrard

THE DIVISION BELL

1. Cluster One [5'58]
(Gilmour, Wright)
2. What Do You Want From Me [4'21] Gilmour
(Gilmour, Samson)
3. Poles Apart [7'01] Gilmour
(Gilmour, Samson, Laird-Clowes)
4. Marooned [5'21]
(Gilmour, Wright)
5. A Great Day For Freedom [4'18] Gilmour

(Gilmour/Samson)

6.Wearing The Inside Out [6'49] Wright

(Moor)

7.Take It Back [6'12] Gilmour

(Gilmour,Samson,Laird-Clowes)

8.Coming Back To Life [6'19] Gilmour

(Gilmour)

9.Keep Talking [6'11] Gilmour

(Gilmour,Samson)

10.Lost For Words [5'15] Gilmour

(Gilmour,Samson)

11.High Hopes [8'32] Gilmour

(Gilmour,Samson)

Musicians:

*David Gilmour - guitars,vocals,bass,keyboards and programming

*Richard Wright - piano,vocals

*Nick Mason - electric and acoustic drums,sound effects

Additional Musicians:

*Bob Ezrin - keyboards and percussion

*Jon Carin - keyboards and programming

*Guy Pratt - bass guitar

*Gary Wallis - played and programmed percussion

*Tim Renwick - guitars

*Dick Parry - tenor saxophone

Backing Vocals:

*Sam Brown *Durga McBroom *Carol Kenyan

*Jackie Sheridan *Rebecca Leigh-White