

## PINK FLOYD

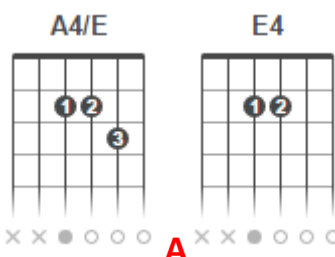
(CANTAR JUNTO)



F#M A E F#M // F#M A E F#M

F#M

TICKING AWAY THE MOMENTS THAT MAKE UP



A x x ● ○ ○ ○ A x x ● ○ ○ ○ A

A DULL DAY

E

F#M

YOU FRITTER AND WASTE THE HOURS IN AN OFF HAND WAY

KICKING AROUND ON A PIECE OF GROUND IN YOUR HOME TOWN

E WAITING FOR SOME ONE OR SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU THE WAY F#M

D7+ TIRED OF LYING IN THE SUNSHINE A7+ STAYING HOME TO WATCH THE RAIN

D7+ YOU ARE YOUNG AND LIFE IS LONG A7+ AND THERE IS TIME TO KILL TODAY

D7+ AND THEN ONE DAY YOU FIND TEN YEARS HAVE GOT BEHIND YOU A7+

BM NO ONE TOLD YOU WHEN TO RUN E

YOU MISSED THE STARTING GUN

F#M A E F#M

AND YOU RUN AND YOU RUN

TO CATCH UP WITH THE SUN BUT IT'S SINKING A

E AND RACING AROUND TO COME UP BEHIND YOU AGAIN F#M

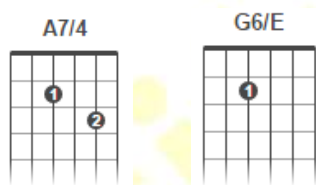
THE SUN IS THE SAME IN THE RELATIVE WAY, BUT YOU'RE OLDER  
E F#M  
AND SHORTER OF BREATH AND ONE DAY CLOSER TO DEATH

D7+ A7+  
EVERY YEAR IS GETTING SHORTER NEVER SEEM TO FIND THE TIME  
D7+ A7+  
PLANS THAT EITHER COME TO NAUGHT OR HALF A PAGE OF SCRIBBED  
LINES

D7+ A7+  
HANGING ON IN QUIET DESPERATION IS THE ENGLISH WAY

BM  
THE TIME IS GONE, THE SONG IS OVER  
DM F  
THOUGHT I'D SOMETHING MORE TO SAY.....

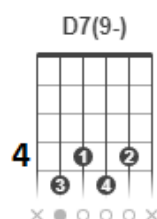
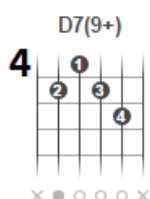
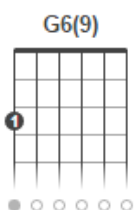
EM A7 // EM A7



EM A7 A7 A7 EM A7 (S)  
HOME, HOME AGAIN I LIKE TO BE HERE WHEN I CAN  
EM A7 (SOLO)  
WHEN I COME HOME COLD AND TIRED

EM A7  
IT'S GOOD TO WARM MY BONES BESIDE THE FIRE

C7+ BM  
FAR AWAY ACROSS THE FIELD THE TOLLING OF THE IRON BELL  
F  
CALLS THE FAITHFUL KNEES



BM  
TO HEAR THE SOFTLY SPOKEN MAGIC SPELLS