The image shows the cover of the Pink Floyd album 'The Final Cut'. The background is a dark, textured black. In the top left corner, there is a large, irregularly shaped red shape that resembles a torn piece of paper or a splash of paint. In the bottom right corner, there is a square patch of purple and white diagonal stripes. Along the bottom edge, there is a horizontal strip of various colored stripes: red, blue, brown, red, orange, and blue. The text 'pink floyd the final cut' is printed in a white, lowercase, serif font, centered on the right side of the cover.

pink  
floyd  
the  
final  
cut



a requiem for the post war dream  
by roger waters

THE ST PAULS MANSIONS

pink  
floyd  
the  
final  
cut

NEW 20th anniversary  
re-issued and remastered

26  
**UFO**

Album 1983  
Columbia/CBS Records

11 588 500 0000 000 000

Thursday & Friday 15 April 1970





## 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 tops  
being so good at building ships  
the yards would still be open on the shores  
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 brightest and cravé some frightened and lost  
a warning to anyone still in command  
of their possible future to take care  
in devil's adings the poppies entwine  
with cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time

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

she stood in the doorway the ghost of a smile  
haunting her face like a cheap hotel sign  
her cold eyes imploring the men in their mass  
for the gold in their bags or the knives in their backs  
stepping up boldly one put out his hand  
he said "i was just a child then now i'm only a man"

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

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

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



## one of the few

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

What do you do to make ends meet?

teach

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

make them me, make them you, make them do what you want, them to

make them laugh, make them cry, make them lie down and die



## the hero's return

jesus jesus what's it all about  
trying to clean these little ingrates into shape  
when i was their age all the lights went out  
there was no time to whine and hope about

and even now part of me flies over  
dreaded as angels one five  
though they'll never return it behind my  
sorrow desperate memories to

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

when we came back from the war the banners and  
flags hung on everyone's door  
we danced and we sang in the street and

the church bells rang  
but burning in my heart  
my memory smolders on  
of the gunners dying woods on the intercom

## the gunners dream

Slipping down through the clouds  
and the stars twinkling up to meet the glow  
in the ground between the houses  
and in the air over the fields.

1964 - 1965  
1966 - 1967  
1968 - 1969  
1970 - 1971  
1972 - 1973  
1974 - 1975  
1976 - 1977  
1978 - 1979  
1980 - 1981  
1982 - 1983  
1984 - 1985  
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2006 - 2007  
2008 - 2009  
2010 - 2011  
2012 - 2013  
2014 - 2015  
2016 - 2017  
2018 - 2019  
2020 - 2021  
2022 - 2023  
2024 - 2025



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

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

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





Smith  
is

REMEMBER  
LAST  
WINTER

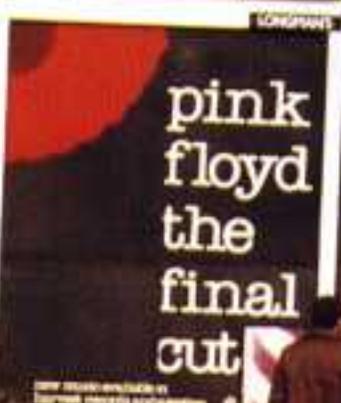
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Best tradition.



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Discover the  
Fast Strada and  
much more at

pink  
floyd  
the  
final  
cut



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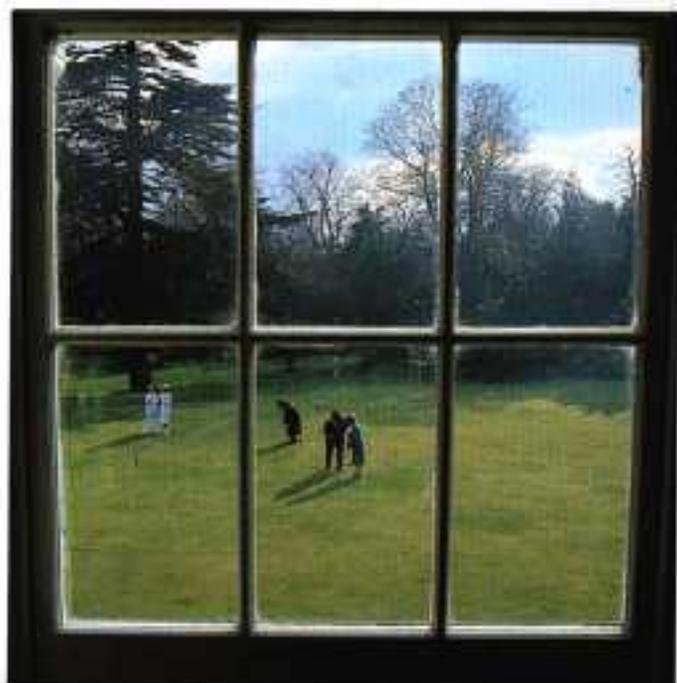
## paranoid eyes

button your lip don't let the shield slip  
take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask  
and if they try to break down your disguise with their questions  
you can hide hide hide  
behind paranoid eyes

you put on your brave face and slip over the road for a jar  
fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar  
laughing too loud at the rest of the world  
with the boys in the crowd  
you hide hide hide  
behind petrified eyes

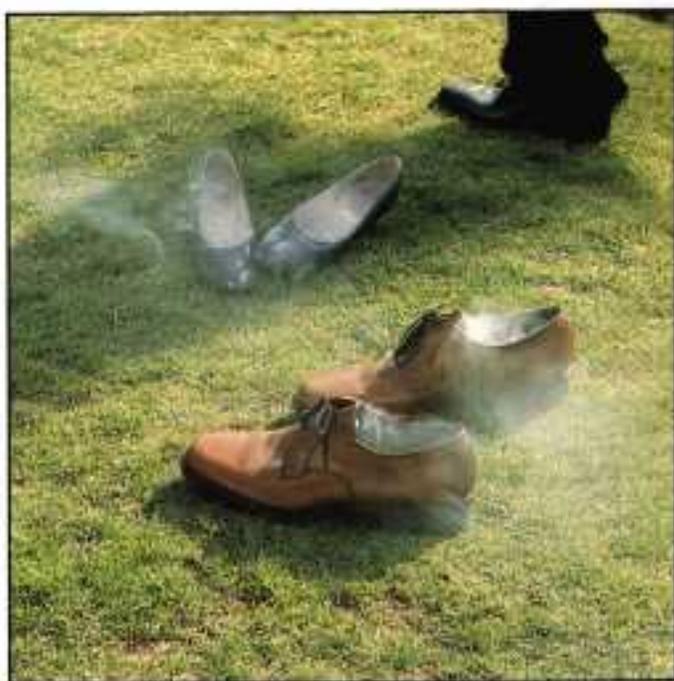
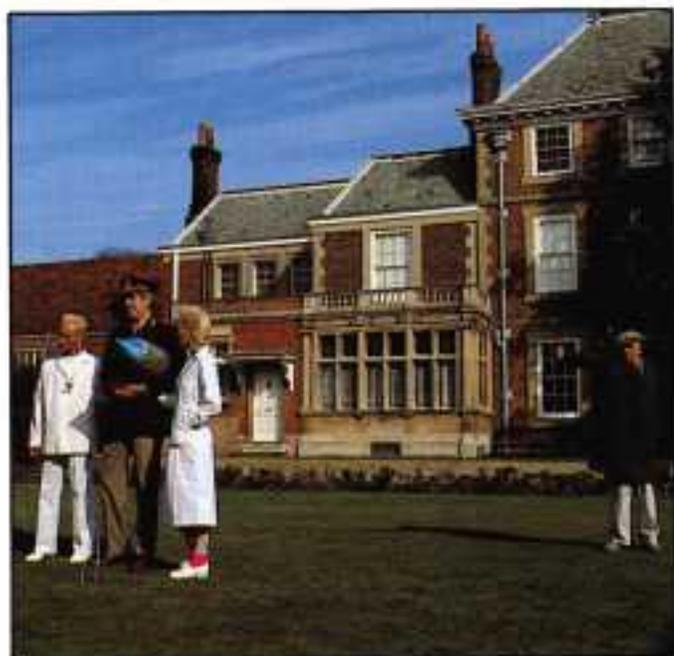
you believed in their stories of fame fortune and glory  
now you're lost in a haze of alcohol soft and cold  
the pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high  
and you hide hide hide  
behind brown and mild eyes

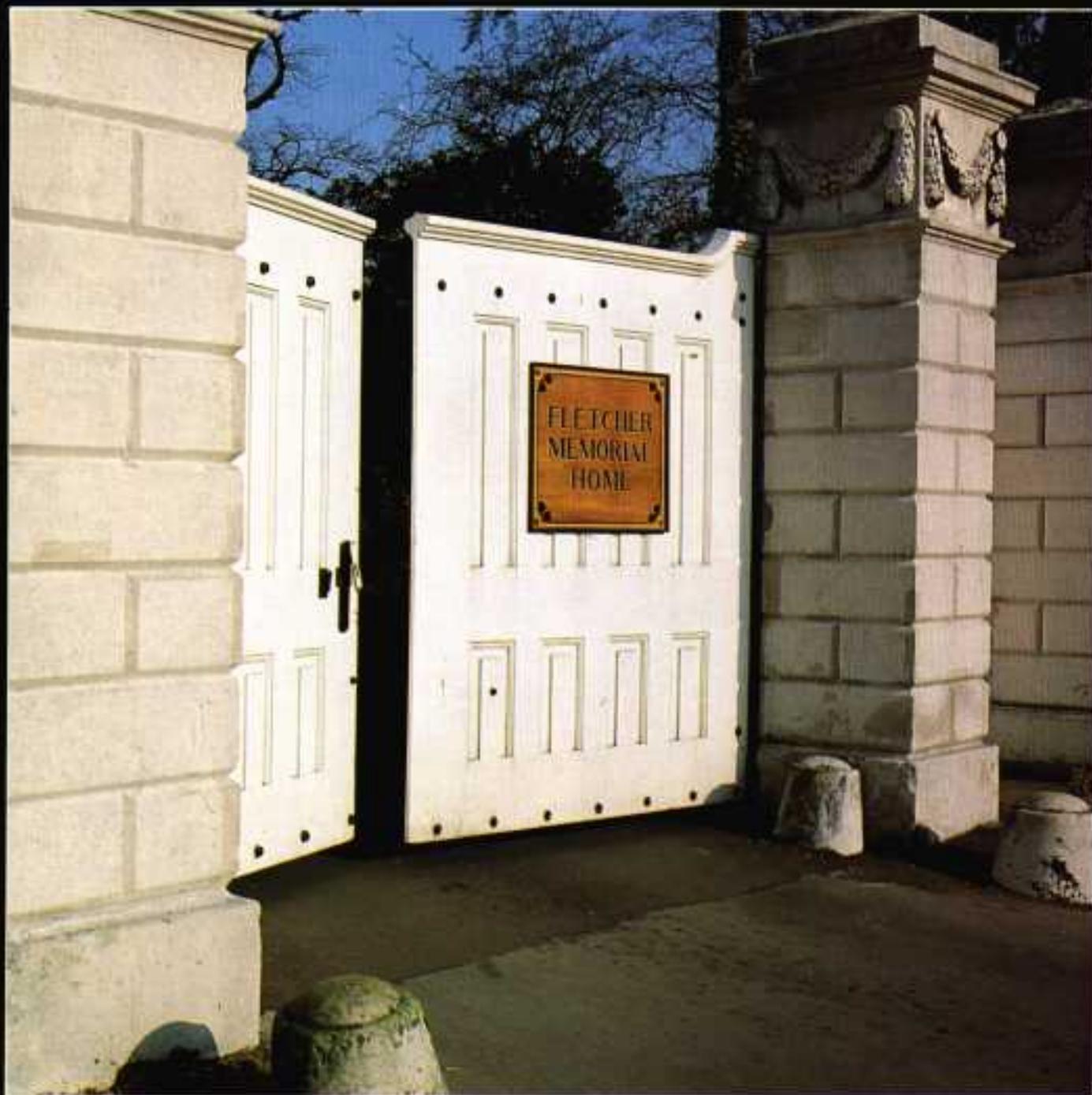




get your filthy hands  
off my desert

Desert's back algorithm  
light the heart  
Carter's back the million jack  
and middle over high the top  
use accuracy with all hands  
apparently to take 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 fletcher memorial  
home for insurable tyranas and kings

and they can appear to themselves every day  
in child creche's  
to make sure they're still real  
it's the only consolation they see  
"ladies and gentlemen, please welcome wagon and flag  
my begin and friend, Mrs. Thimble and pastry  
Mr. Twinkle and party  
the ghost of hoarding  
the memory of Nixon  
and now adding colour a group of anonymous latin  
american, most packing, different"

but 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

said in the permanent gaze of a cold glass eye  
with their favourite legs  
they'll be good girls and boys  
in the fletcher memorial home for ordinal  
wasters of life and limb

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



boom boom



bang bang



lie down you're dead

## southampton dock

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

she stands upon southampton dock  
with her hair shaved  
and her gutters from stings  
in her wet body in the rain  
in quiet desperation  
while upon the stumpy ruins  
she bravely waves the boys goodbye again

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

# the



# final

# cut

## the final cut

through the fish-eyed lens of your strained eyes  
I can barely define the shape of the notebook in time  
and the 7000 flying light in clear blue veins  
I'm spiraling down to the hole in the ground where I live

if you negotiate the minefield in the drive  
and bow the knee and cross the road when your eyes  
and if you make it past the shingles in the hall  
and the confirmation, open the private side  
and if I'm in I'll tell you what's behind the wall

there's a kid who had a big ballerina room  
wearing blue to give to his mother  
he wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith  
and anybody love him  
or is it just a lonely dream

and if I show you my dark side  
and you still love the thought  
and if I open my heart to you  
and show you my weak side  
what would you do  
would you sell your soul to killing them  
would you take the children away  
and leave the alone  
and make it impossible  
or you whisper down the phone  
would you watch me walking  
or would you hate the home

through I might have my faded feelings  
through I might have the perfect love  
I built the same in breathing hands  
prepared to make it but just over the phone ring  
I never had the nerve to make the final cut



not now john





## not now john

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

cutt stop, lose job, want good, pillow  
what fuck, get away, gay day, make bag  
break down, need the, big one  
choking stick, food on, on no, interesting tonight

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

not nah john  
we've got to get on with the film show  
but we can't wait at the end of the road  
who cares what it's about  
asking 'as the kids go'  
not now john  
got to get on with the show

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

fuck on john  
i think there's something good in  
i used to read to you too  
it could be the news  
or some other show  
or it could be reasonable show

fuck all that we've got to get on with these  
got to compete with the wily japanese  
no need to worry about the wily japanese  
got to bring the fuckin' beer to the knees  
well, maybe not the fuckin' beer  
maybe the wily  
we showed appetaria  
how fuck go and show these  
make on see rough  
and wouldn't maybe be played  
nah nah nah nah nah nah

where's my bar  
no pain on the job, then we'll see  
it's some place, it's not in here  
or wherever the fuckin' 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 behind  
and i suffer profound  
ecstatic raptures  
of the not-having to come

The wire that holds the wire  
that keeps the anger in  
green way  
and suddenly it's day again  
The sun is in the east  
seen through the day is done  
two suns in the sunset  
in the sunset  
could be the bright face of the

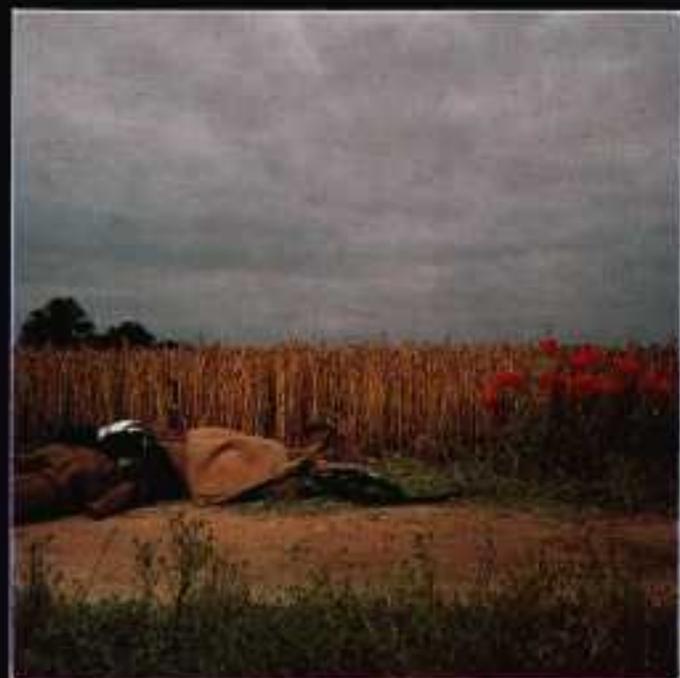
like the moment when the brake lock  
and you walk towards the hot truck  
it's stretch the frame moments with your feet  
and you'll never hear their voices  
and you'll never see their faces  
you have no resistance to the low angle

and as the sun sets  
my hair is wet  
making my attention to demand  
finally i understand  
the beauty of the few  
after and before  
and from  
we were all equal in the end

pink floyd



# the final cut





# Paranoid Eyes

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Slow Beat

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a piano accompaniment with a G chord. The notation is in 4/4 time and includes a treble and bass clef.

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "But-ton your lip and don't let the shield— slip,". The piano accompaniment features G, C, and G chords.

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "Take a fresh grip on your bul-let proof mask." The piano accompaniment features C and G chords.

C G D

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

C G D C G/B Am D

You can hide, hide, hide

Am G

behind par-an-oid eyes. You put

G C G

on your brave face and slip over the road for a jar-  
 lied in their stor-les of fame, for-tune and glo-ry. Now you're

C G

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

C G D C

Laugh-ing too loud at the rest of the world with the boys in the crowd. You can  
 pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high. And you

G D C 1 Am D Am

hide, hide, hide  
 hide, hide, hide be-hind pet-ri-fied

G C G C G

eyes.

C G Em D Am

12

G Am

You be -

D Am

be-hind brown and mild eyes.

## One of the Few

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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(Vocal tacet 1<sup>o</sup>)  
 (2.) one of the few — to land on your feet. —

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

make them sad — Make them add — two and

1 2

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

make them you, Make them do— what you

want them to, Make them laugh,—

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

## The Post War Dream

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Tempo ad lib.

B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$ /F F B $\flat$

C B $\flat$ /F F Colla voce F B $\flat$

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

C C7 F B $\flat$ /F F

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

*The Boy Who Dreamed*  
*Charles Mackintosh*

**Bb** **C** **F** **Bb/F** **F**

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

**F** **F7** **Bb** **C** **C9**

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

**F** **F7** **Bb**

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

**C** **C7** **F** **Bb**

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

**F** **Bb** **C** **A Tempo (Slow and steady)**

— What have we done— to Eng-land? Should we

**F** **A** **Bb** **Bbm**

shout, should we scream, "What hap-pened— to the post- war

**F/C** **Dm7** **Gm7** **C7** **C7-7** **F**

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

**C** **Bb** **F**

# Not Now John

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Musical score for the song "Not Now John". The score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

(that) So fuck all that, we've got to get on - with these.  
So not now John, we've got to get on - with the  
But not now John, I've got to get on - with this

on D. C. SEGUE

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

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

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

Bin - go -

Half Tempo  
C/E Em D/E  
Make them laugh, - make them cry, - Make them dance - in the aisles  
Hold on John, - I think there's some - thing good - on, I used to read books - but \* \* \*

Em C/E Em

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

TO CODA

D/E Em A Tempo <sup>10</sup>/<sub>6</sub> Asus

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

D.C. to 1<sup>o</sup> bar

CODA

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

D Em

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

## The Flicker Memorial Song

© 1964 by Bob Wynn

G D Em

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

G D

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

Em G

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

D Em Ad lib. to Fade

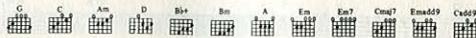
let's go and show these, —

# The Fletcher Memorial Home

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Moderate Beat

The first system of musical notation for the song. It features a vocal line in G major, a piano accompaniment, and lyrics. The lyrics are: "Take all your o-ver-grown in-fants a-way some-where Safe in the per-man-ent gaze of a cold glass eye, R.H."

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "And build them a home, A lit-tle With their fav-our-ite toys, They'll be"

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "place of their own, good girls and boys. In the Flet-cher Memor-i-al- Home for in-Flet-cher Memor-i-al- Home for col-

TO CODA

D Em7 D/F# G C

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

G C G/B Am

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

D

on closed cir - cuit T. V. to make

Bb Bm A/B Bm C

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

D Em

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

Cmaj7 D

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

Cmaj7

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

D G D/F# C

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

Em D

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

G D/F# C

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

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

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

Em add9 (S>lo) G

Lie down - you're dead.

D/F# Em D/F# G

D/F# Em D

Cmaj7 D

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

CmaJ7 D G D/F# CmaJ7 Em add9

D.C. al CODA

CODA  
G D/F# C

limb. Is ev-'ryone in?—

G D/F# C add9

Are you hav-ing— a nice— time? Now the

D/F# C Em add9

fin-al— so-lu-tion— can be ap-pled.

## Southampton Dock

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Moderately

F Bb

They dis-embarked in for-ty five, And no one spoke and no—  
stands up on South-amp-ton dock with her hand-kerchief And her

C

one smiled There were too ma-ny wet spa-ces in the line—  
sum-mer frock clings to her bod-y in the rain—

F

And gathered at the line—  
In qui-et des-per-

Bb

Gen - tion, Knack - les bright up - on the hip - ocr's reins. All a - greed with hand on heart, She

C F

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

1/2 Bb

now she Mm.

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

And still the

dark stain spreads be - tween — their

F

shoul - der blades.

Bb

A mute re - mind - er of the

F F7 Gm7 F7

pop - py fields and graves. And

bb C

when the — fight — was o — ver —

Dm7 C7/E F Am7

we spect what — they had —

Dm Ad lib. Gm7

made. But in the bot-tom of our

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

hearts, — we felt the fin-al cut

## The Final Cut

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:

F	C	Bbadd9	Bb	Dm	Gm7	Am

Slow F F/C C

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

Bbadd9 F

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

F/C C Bbadd9 F

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

B $\flat$  F B $\flat$

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

F B $\flat$  C Dm

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

Gm7 /C

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

F Am F

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

Am C

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

TO CODA  
B $\flat$  Dm

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

Gm7 /C

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

F F/C C E $\flat$ add9

F F C

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

Bb F F

— me to — night? And if I o — pen my

C Bb F

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

Bb F Bb

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

The Gypsy Dream

F Bb C Dm

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

Gm7 /C

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

F (solo) Am

home?

F Am C

B $\flat$  3 3 3 Dm Gm7 3

3 /C F D 3/4 1  $\phi$

CODA  
Dm

pared to make it, but

(ad lib) Gm7

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

F C F#m4/9 F

a tempo cut.

a tempo rall. . . . .

## The Gunners Dream

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:

G G+ Em C D Cmaj7 D7

Slow

G G+ Em C G D

mp

Em G G+

Float-ing down through the clouds

Em/G C G

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

D C G Em

oor-ner of some for-aign field, - I had a dream, -

C G G G+

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

Em/G C G

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

D Em Cma7 D/C C

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

G D Em

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

C D

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

G (sax solo) G+ Em C D

G D Em D

C D/C G D C

G Em C Em

Two systems of musical notation. The top system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

G G+ Em

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

(pp)

Two systems of musical notation. The top system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

C G D

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

Two systems of musical notation. The top system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

Em Cmaj7

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

Two systems of musical notation. The top system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

## Two Suns in the Sunset

Lyrics by Graham G. Brown, Music by...

G D Em

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

Two systems of musical notation. The top system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

C D7/C G D

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

Two systems of musical notation. The top system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

C G Em C

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

Two systems of musical notation. The top system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

G C D Em D

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

*ff*

Two systems of musical notation. The top system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom system is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

C D G

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

G D Em D

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

C D/C G D C

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

G Em C Em

dream, take heed — ...

rall.....

## Two Suns in the Sunset

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



$\text{♩} = 144$  D A G A D

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

D D G A

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

D G A D A

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

G D/F# Em Bm

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

TO CODA

Em A D A G A D

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

2. D A G A D Bm A

Like the moment when the brakes lock

Bm G A

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

D Bm A Bm

fear. And you'll never hear their voic—es, and you'll never see their fac—es.

G A D A G A D A

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

G A D D.  $\frac{3}{4}$  al  $\phi$  CODA D A G A

Solo ad lib to fade

And

## Your Possible Pasts

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



$\text{♩} = 152$

Musical notation for the first system, showing a G chord and a melodic line.

Musical notation for the second system, including lyrics: "They flut-ter-behind you, your poss-ible paste stood in-the door-way, the ghost of a smile".

Musical notation for the third system, including lyrics: "Some bright eyed-and haunting-her".

Musical notation for the fourth system, including lyrics: "cra-zy some fright-ened and lost. face like a cheap bot-el sign."

**G** **Am**

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

**C**

for the gold in their poss - si - ble  
 shown how to feel good or the

**D** **G**

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

**G** **Am**

In der - el - lect sid - ings the pop - pies es - twine  
 Step - ping up bold - ly one put out his hand  
 Strung out be - hind us the ban - ners and flags

**C**

He said with cat - tle trucks ly - ing in  
 I was just - a child then  
 of our poss - i - ble pasts He in

**D** **G** Not 2nd time

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

**Em**

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

*ff*

**TO CODA**  
**D**

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

The Hero's Act

Cmaj9

1.

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

2.

solo

Em

3

clos - er.)

C

Em

C

Em

D

C

D

Cmaj9

D.  $\text{♩} = 1$

By the

D Repeat till fade

CODA

clos - er,

# The Hero's Return

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Musical score for 'The Hero's Return' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff. The melody in the treble staff features eighth and quarter notes, often beamed together, and includes some grace notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

**D**

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

(good)

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

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

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

**D**

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

**Cma7** **D**

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

**Cma7** **D** **Cma7**

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

1. **D**

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

2.

D

street and the church bells rang,

G C

But burn-ing— in my heart, the

G C G

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

C Em add9

dy-ing — words on the In-ter-com.

## Get Your Filthy Hands Off my Desert

(Testo e musica di Roger Waters)

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Guitar chords used in this composition:



Slow beat

G C D G

Bresh-nev took Af-ghan-i-stan and Be-gin took Bel-ut, Galt-1-er-1 took the Un-ion

G C D

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

D G C G

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



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