

David Gilmour - Luck And Strange

tom:

A

Intro: Em D

In the light before the dawn
Shadows snake in my peripheral

Mesmerise me, bring it on

Heart beats with fear here in the theatre of my soul

You see, I hope it will go on and on

And when the curtain call is done
(Em D)

Morning always comes

It was a fine time to be born
De-mob happy street and free milk for us all

It was the right place to be sure
Those dreaming spires and, yeah, oh so pastoral

But let's hope it's not just luck and strange

A one-off peaceful golden age
D. Em D

That's a dark thought in the dark

Seek what you won't find, that is a wasted life?

Or so the Ancients dropped by to tell me
They drank me dry but my oh my so far

Quite the time to be a boy
Six-string masters of an expanding universe

It was a high time to be sure
Soaring and free from the bounds of the Earth

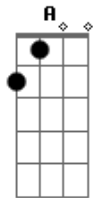
But let's hope it's not just luck and strange

A one-off peaceful golden age
That's a dark thought in the dark

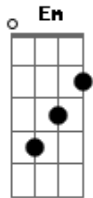
Time for this mortal man to love the child that holds my hand

And the woman who smiles when I embrace here
These eyes stay dry but my oh my guitar

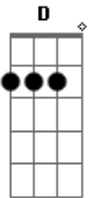
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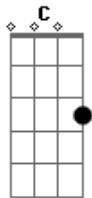
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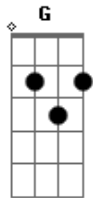
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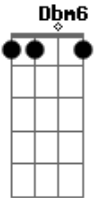
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