

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

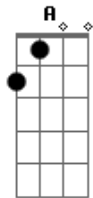
Time for this mortal man

to love the child that holds my hand

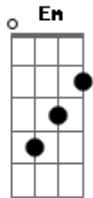
And the woman who smiles when I embrace here

These eyes stay dry but my oh my guitar

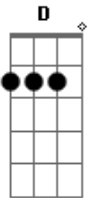
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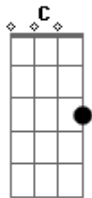
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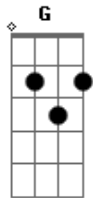
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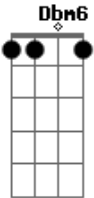
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