

Pink Floyd - Cymbaline

Tom: C

(intro) Am

Am Bm
The path you tread is narrow and the drop is sheer and very high.

Am Bm
The ravens all are watching from a vantage point nearby.

Am Bm
Apprehension creeping like a choo-train up your spine.

Am Bm
Will the tightrope reach the end? Will the final cuplet rhyme?

C(addG) F C(addG) F
And it's high time Cymbaline it's high time Cymbaline.

Em
Please wake me.

Am Bm
A butterfly with broken wings is falling by your side.

Am Bm
The ravens all are closing in, there's nowhere you can hide.

Am Bm
Your manager and agent are both busy on the phone.

Am Bm
Selling colored photographs to magazines back home.

C(addG) F C(addG) F

And it's high time Cymbaline it's high time Cymbaline.

Em
Please wake me.

Bm
The lines converging where you stand, they must have moved the picture plane.

Am Bm
The leaves are heavy around your feet you hear the thunder of the train.

Am Bm
Suddenly it strikes you that they're moving into range.

Am Bm
And Doctor Strange is always changing sides.

C(addG) F C(addG) F
And it's high time Cymbaline it's high time Cymbaline.

Em
Please wake me.

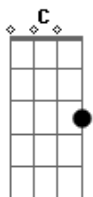
(then) Am Bm Am Bm Am Bm Am Bm
C(addG) F C(addG) F
And it's high time Cymbaline it's high time Cymbaline.

Em
Please wake me.

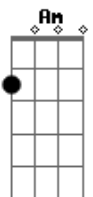
(outro) Am Bm Am Bm Am Bm C(addG) Bm

C(addG) F C(addG) F Em...

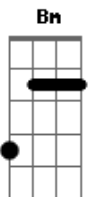
Acordes



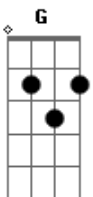
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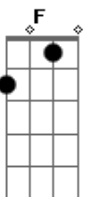
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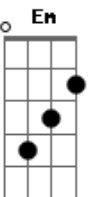
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