

# Pink Floyd - Dogs

Tom: Bb  
Intro: Dm7 Eb7 A Bb7

Dm7  
You got to be crazy, you gotta have a real need  
Eb7  
Gotta sleep on your toes and when you're on the street  
A  
You got to be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed

Then moving in silently downwind and out of sight  
Bb7  
You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking  
Dm7  
And after a while you can work on points of style  
Eb7  
Like the club tie and the firm handshake  
A certain look in the eye and an easy smile  
A  
You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to  
Bb7  
So that when they turn their backs on you  
You'll get the chance to put the knife in

Solo 1: Dm7 Eb7 A Bb7

Solo 1:

Dm7  
You've gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder  
Eb7  
You know it's gonna get harder, harder and harder as you get older  
A  
Bb7  
And in the end you'll pack up and fly down south, hide your head in the sand

Just another sad old man, all alone and dying of cancer  
Dm7  
( Eb7 A Bb7 Dm )

( C Dm C Dm C Bb F Eb F Eb ( Dm Dm7 8X ) ( Bb Bbm BIS ) A A A F Em )

Solo: ( D Dm7 8X ) ( Bb Bbm 4X ) ( Dm Dm7 4X ) ( Bb Bbm BIS )  
A A F Em

Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7  
Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7  
And when you lose control you'll reap the harvest  
you have sown  
Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Dm  
Bb A A7 F Em  
And as the fear grows the bad blood slows and

turns to stone  
Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7  
And it's too late to lose the weight you used to need to throw around  
Bb Bbm Bb Bbm A A  
So have a good drown as you go down all alone  
F Em Dm  
Dragged down by the stone

( Keyboard goes on through the INTRO chords )

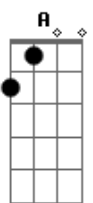
Dm7  
Gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused  
Eb7  
Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used  
A  
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise  
Bb7  
If I don't stand my own ground how can I find my way out of this maze  
Dm7  
Deaf, dumb and blind you just keep on pretending  
Eb7  
That everyone's expendable and no one has a real friend  
A  
And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner  
Bb7  
And everything's done under the sun  
And you believe at heart everyone's a killer

( Eb7 A Bb7 Dm )

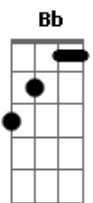
Solo: C Dm C Dm C Bb F Eb F Eb Dm

F C Dm C  
Who was born in a house full of pain  
F C Dm C  
Who was trained not to spit in the fan  
F C Dm C  
Who was told what to do by the man  
F C Dm C  
Who was broken by trained personnel  
F C Dm C  
Who was fitted with collar and chain  
F C Dm C  
Who was given a pat on the back  
F C Dm C  
Who was breaking away from the pack  
F C Dm C  
Who was only a stranger at home  
F C Dm C  
Who was ground down in the end  
F C Dm C  
Who was found dead on the phone  
F C Bb A  
Who was dragged down by the stone  
F Em Dm Dm7  
Who was dragged down by the stone

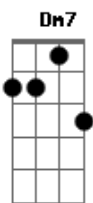
## Acordes



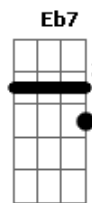
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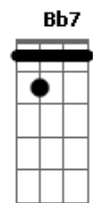
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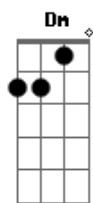
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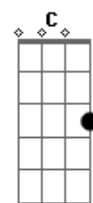
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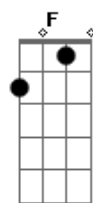
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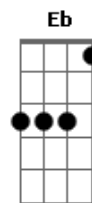
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