

Pink Floyd - Free Four

Tom: G

G C D
 The memories of a man in his old age are the deeds of a man in his prime.

G C D
 You shuffle in gloom in the sickroom and talk to yourself till you die.

C D G
 Life is a short, warm moment and death is a long cold rest.

C G
 You get your chance to try in the twinkling of an eye:

D G
 Eighty years, with luck, or even less.

G
 So all aboard for the American tour, and maybe you'll make it to the top.

C
 And mind how you go, and I can tell you, 'cause I know.

D G
 You may find it hard to get off.

B B B G A B B B G A G
 G C D G
 You are the angel of death and I am the dead man's son.

C
 And he was buried like a mole in a fox hole.

D G
 And everyone is still on the run.

C
 And who is the master of fox hounds?

D G
 And who says the hunt has begun?

G
 And who calls the tune in the courtroom?

D G
 And who beats the funeral drum?

C D
 The memories of a man in his old age are the deeds of a man in his prime.

C D
 You shuffle in gloom in the sickroom and talk to yourself till you die.

B B B G A B B B G A G

Acordes

B

G

C

D

A

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