

Pink Floyd - Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Desert/southampton Dock (in The Flesh Tour)

Tom: G

^G
Brezhnev took Afghanistan.

^C
Begin took Beirut.

^D ^G
Galtieri took the Union Jack.

^G
And Maggie, over lunch one day,

^C
Took a cruiser with all hands.

^D ^G
Apparently, to make him give it back

^C ^G ~ ~
Uuuuh! Maggie what have you done?

(G)

^G
They disembarked in 45

^C ^C
And no-one spoke and no-one smiled

^D ^G
There were to many spaces in the line.

^G ^C
Gathered at the cenotaph

^C
All agreed with the hand on heart

^D ^G
To sheath the sacrificial Knives.

^G ~ ~ ^G
But now

^G ^G
She stands upon Southampton dock

^C
With her handkerchief

^D
And her summer frock clings

^G
To her wet body in the rain.

^G ^C
In quiet desperation knuckles

^C
White upon the slippery reins

^D ^G
She bravely waves the boys goodbye again.

^C ^G ~ ~
Uuuuh! Maggie what have you done?

^C
And still the dark stain spreads between

^G
His shoulder blades.

^C ^G
A mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves.

^C ^D
And when the fight was over

^G ^D ^C
We spent what they had made.

^{Am7} ~ ~ ~ ~
But

in the bottom of our hearts

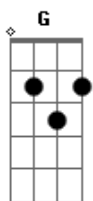
We felt the final cut.

(Riff final Guitarra)

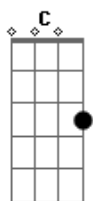
(Riff final violão, fazer ao mesmo tempo da guitarra)

^G ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

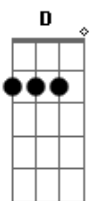
Acordes



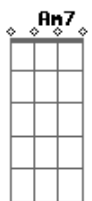
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