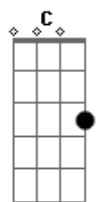


Pink Floyd - Nobody Home

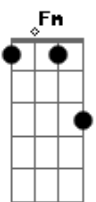
Tom: C
 Intro: dução - Am C C D7 F Fm
 Tom - C
 I've got a little black book with my poems in
 I've got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb in
 When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in
 I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on
 Got these swollen hand blues.
 Got thirteen channels of shit on the T.V. to choose from
 I've got electric light
 And I've got second sight
 I've got amazing powers of observation
 And that is how I know
 When I try to get through
 On the telephone to you

Fm C F
 They'll be nobody home
 I've got the obligatory Hendrix perm
 And the inevitable pinhole burns
 All down in the front of my favourite satin shirt
 I've got nicotine stains on my fingers
 I've got a silver spoon on a chain
 I've got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains
 I've got wild staring eyes
 I've got a strong urge to fly
 But I've got nowhere to fly to
 Ooooh Babe when I pick up the phone
 There's still nobody home
 I've got a pair of Gohills boots
 And I've got fading roots

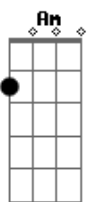
Acordes



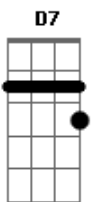
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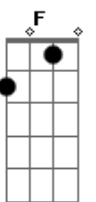
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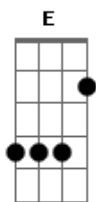
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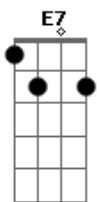
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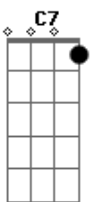
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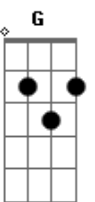
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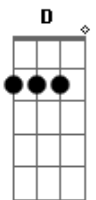
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