

Pink Floyd - Point Me At The Sky

Tom: D

Hey Jean misses Henry McLean an' I finished my beautiful flying machine
 An' I'm ringing to say that I'm leaving
 An' maybe you'd like to fly with me and hide with me baby
 Isn't it strange how little we change, isn't it sad we're insane
 Playing the game that we know ends in tears
 The game we've been playing for thousands and thousands and thousands
 Jumps into his cosmic flyer, pulls his plastic collar higher
 Light the fuse and stand well back, he cried, this is my last goodbye
 Point me at the sky and let it fly

Point me at the sky and let it fly
 Point me at the sky and let it fly...
 And if you survive 'till two thousand and five I hope you're exceedingly thin
 For if you are stout you will have to breathe out
 While the people around you breathe in, breathe in, breathe in
 People pressing on my sides is something that I hate
 And so is sitting down to eat with only little capsules on my plate
 Point me at the sky and let it fly
 Point me at the sky and let it fly
 Point me at the sky and let it fly...

Acordes

