

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

