

Pink Floyd - The final cut

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Tom: F
                                                               Would you send me packing, ::
Through the fish-eyed lens of tear stained eyes_
                                                               Or would you take me home?
I can barely define the shape of this moment in time
                                                               (Am F Am C Bb Dm Gm C F)
And far from flying high in clear blue skies___,
                                                               Solo:
I'm spiralling down to the hole in the ground where I hide
                                                               Lead guitar: lightly distorted
If you negotiate the minefield in the drive, ::
                                                               4/4
And beat the dogs and cheat the cold electronic eyes, ::
                               Dm ::
And if you make it past the shotgun in the hall, ::
Dial the combination, open the priesthole ::
And if I'm in I'll tell you what's behind the wall. ::
There's a kid who had a big hallucination
                                                               G|-14 p12--10~
Making love to girls in magazines
He wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith
Could anybody love him
                                   F C Bb F
Or is it just a crazy dream_
                                                                                                                       Q.
And if I show you my dark side
                   Bb
Will you still hold me tonight?
And if I open my heart to you
                                                               G|-14 p12--10~~~~~\---
And show you my weak side, \mathsf{F}
What would you do?
Would you sell your story to Rolling Stone? ::
                                                               Thought I oughta bare my naked feelings, ::
Would you take the children away ::
                                                               Thought I oughta tear the curtain down ::
::
And leave me alone? ::
                                                                 Bb ::
                                                               I held the blade in trembling hands, ::
And smile in reassurance ::
                                                               Prepared to make it but just then the phone rang, ::
As you whisper down the phone, ::
                                                               I never had the nerve to make the final cut
```

Acordes

