

# Pink Floyd - The Heros Return

G tom:

D  
Jesus, Jesus, what's it all about?  
Trying to clout these little ingrates into shape  
When I was their age all the lights went out  
There was no time to whine or mope about  
C7M D  
And even now part of me flies over  
C7M  
Dresden at angels one five  
D C7M  
Though they'll never fathom it behind my  
D  
Sarcasm desperate memories lie

D  
Sweetheart sweetheart are you fast asleep? Good  
'Cause that's the only time that I can really speak to you  
And there is something that I've locked away  
A memory that is too painful  
To withstand the light of day  
C7M D C7M  
When we came back from the war the banners and  
D  
Flags hung on everyone's door  
C7M  
We danced and we sang in the street and  
D  
The church bells rang  
G C  
But burning in my heart  
G C  
My memory smoulders on

## Acordes

