

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

