

Pink Floyd - The Heros Return

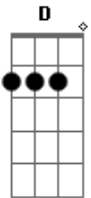
G tom:

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
C D
And even now part of me flies over
C
Dresden at angels one five
D C
Though they'll never fathom it behind my
D
Sarcasm desperate memories lie

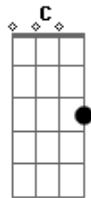
Acordes



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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
C D C
When we came back from the war the banners and
D
Flags hung on everyone's door
C
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