

## Pink Floyd - Your possible pasts

Tom: <sup>G</sup>

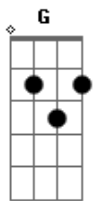
<sup>G</sup> They flutter behind you your <sup>D</sup> possible <sup>Am</sup> pasts,  
<sup>C</sup> Some brighteyed and crazy, some frightened and lost.  
<sup>G</sup> A warning to anyone still in command  
<sup>C</sup> Of their possible future, to take care.  
<sup>G</sup> In derelict sidings the poppies entwine  
<sup>C</sup> With cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time.  
<sup>Em</sup> Do you remember me, how we used to be,  
<sup>D</sup> Do you think we should be closer?

<sup>G</sup> She stood in the doorway, the ghost of a smile  
<sup>C</sup> Haunting her face like a cheap hotel sign.  
<sup>G</sup> Her cold eyes imploring the men in their <sup>Am</sup> macs

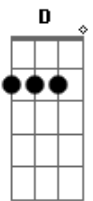
<sup>C</sup> For the gold in their bags or the <sup>D</sup> knives in their <sup>G</sup> backs.  
<sup>G</sup> Stepping up boldly one put out his <sup>Am</sup> hand.  
<sup>C</sup> He said, "I was just a child then, now I'm only a <sup>G</sup> man."  
<sup>Em</sup> Do you remember me, how we used to be,  
<sup>D</sup> Do you think we should be closer?  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> Cmaj9

<sup>G</sup> By the cold and religious we were taken in <sup>Am</sup> hand  
<sup>C</sup> Shown how to feel good and told to feel <sup>G</sup> bad.  
<sup>G</sup> Strung out behind us the banners and <sup>Am</sup> flags  
<sup>C</sup> Of our possible pasts lie in tatters and <sup>G</sup> rags.  
<sup>Em</sup> Do you remember me, how we used to be,  
<sup>D</sup> Do you think we should be closer?

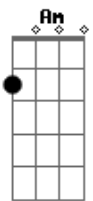
## Acordes



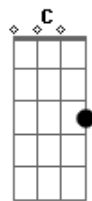
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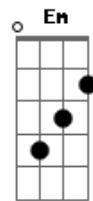
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