In the Flesh ?

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly
No Chord

f

A D A

D A Bm C♯m

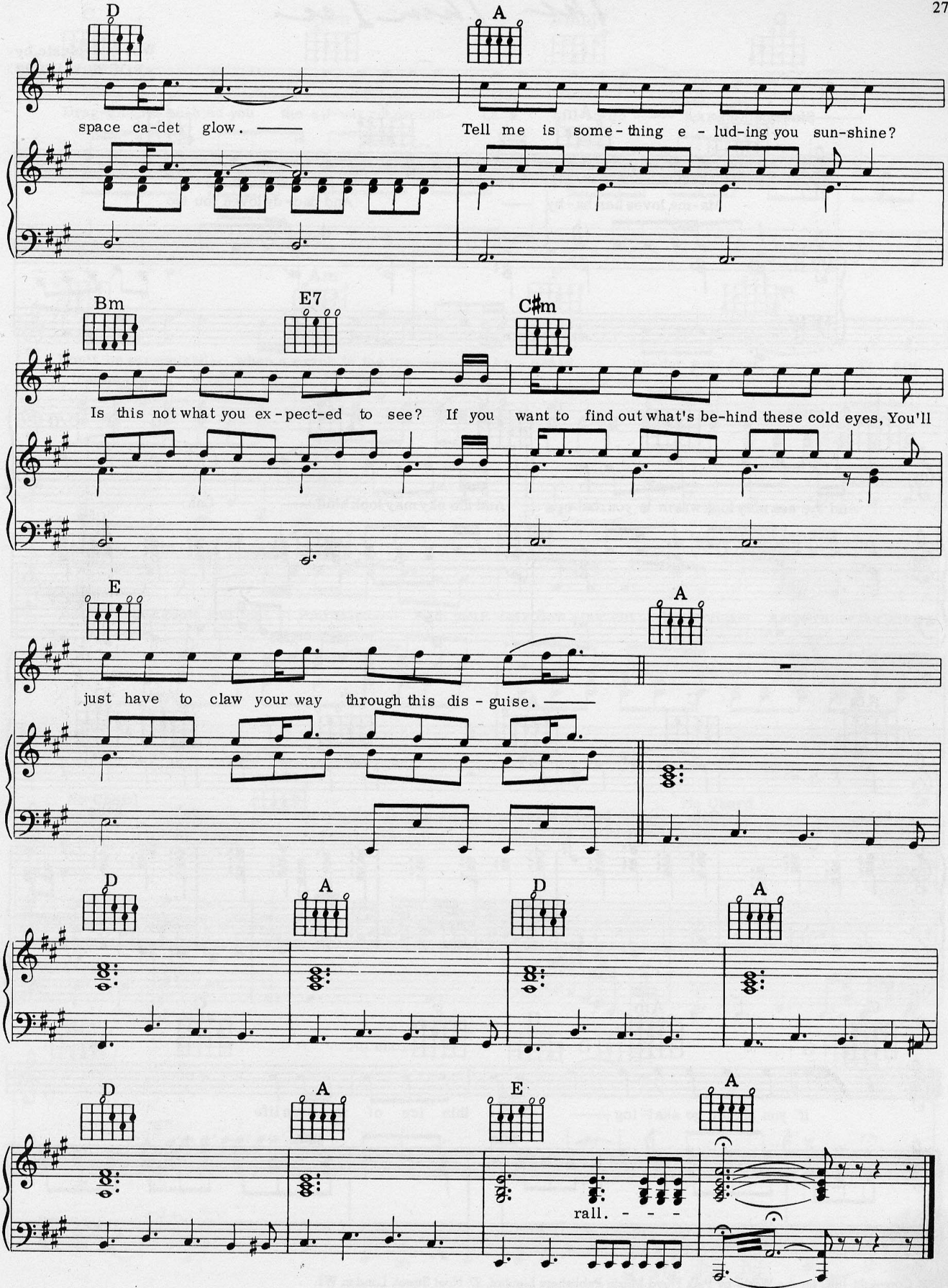
E A

So ya Thought ya Might like to

D A

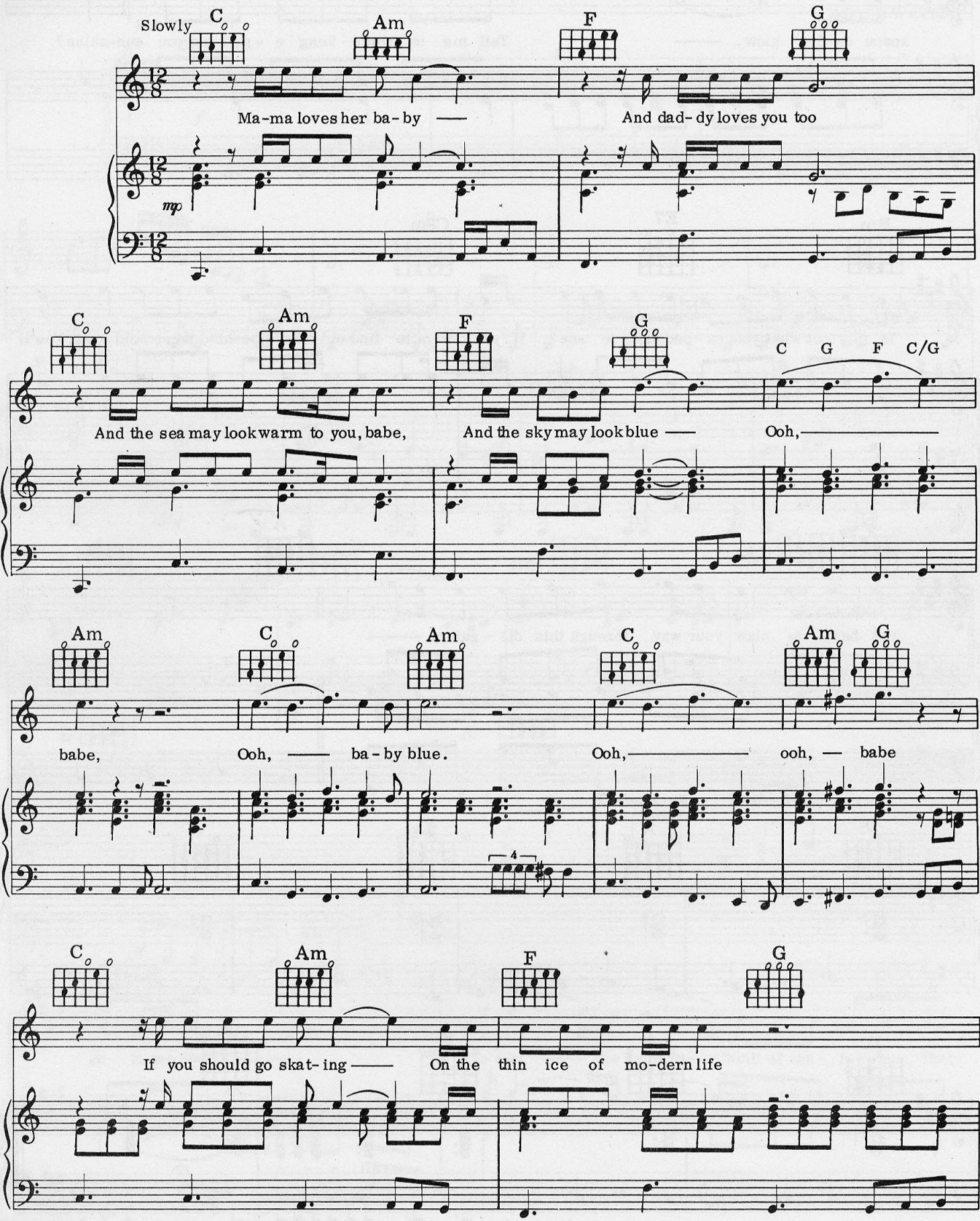
go to the show — To feel — the warm — thrill of con - fu - sion That

© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.

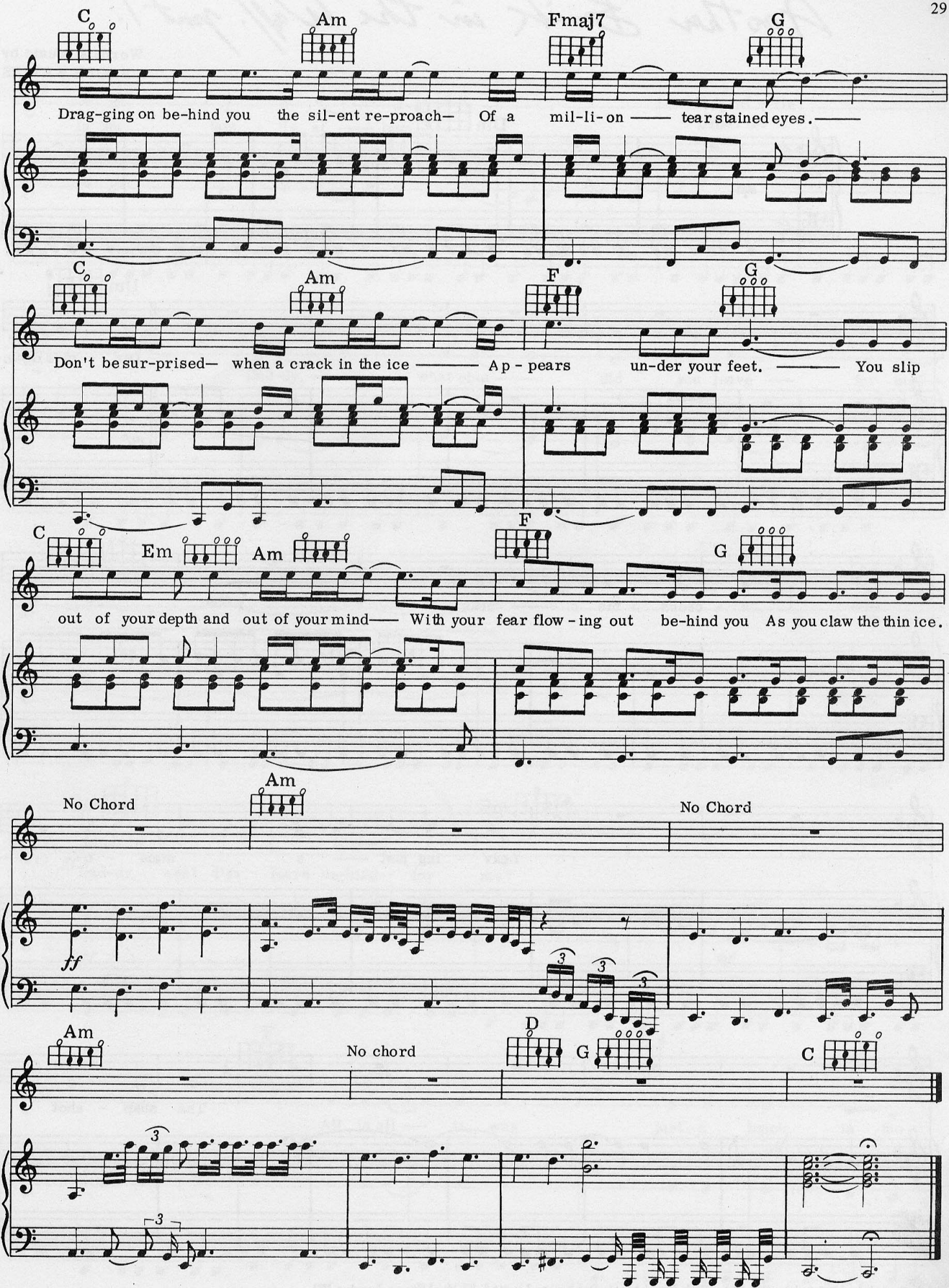

D
A
space ca-det glow. ——
Tell me is some-thing e-lud-ing you sun-shine?
Bm
E7
C♯m
Is this not what you ex-pect-ed to see? If you want to find out what's be-hind these cold eyes, You'll
E
A
just have to claw your way through this dis-guise. ——
D
A
D
A
D
A
E
A
rall. - - -

The Thin Ice

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS



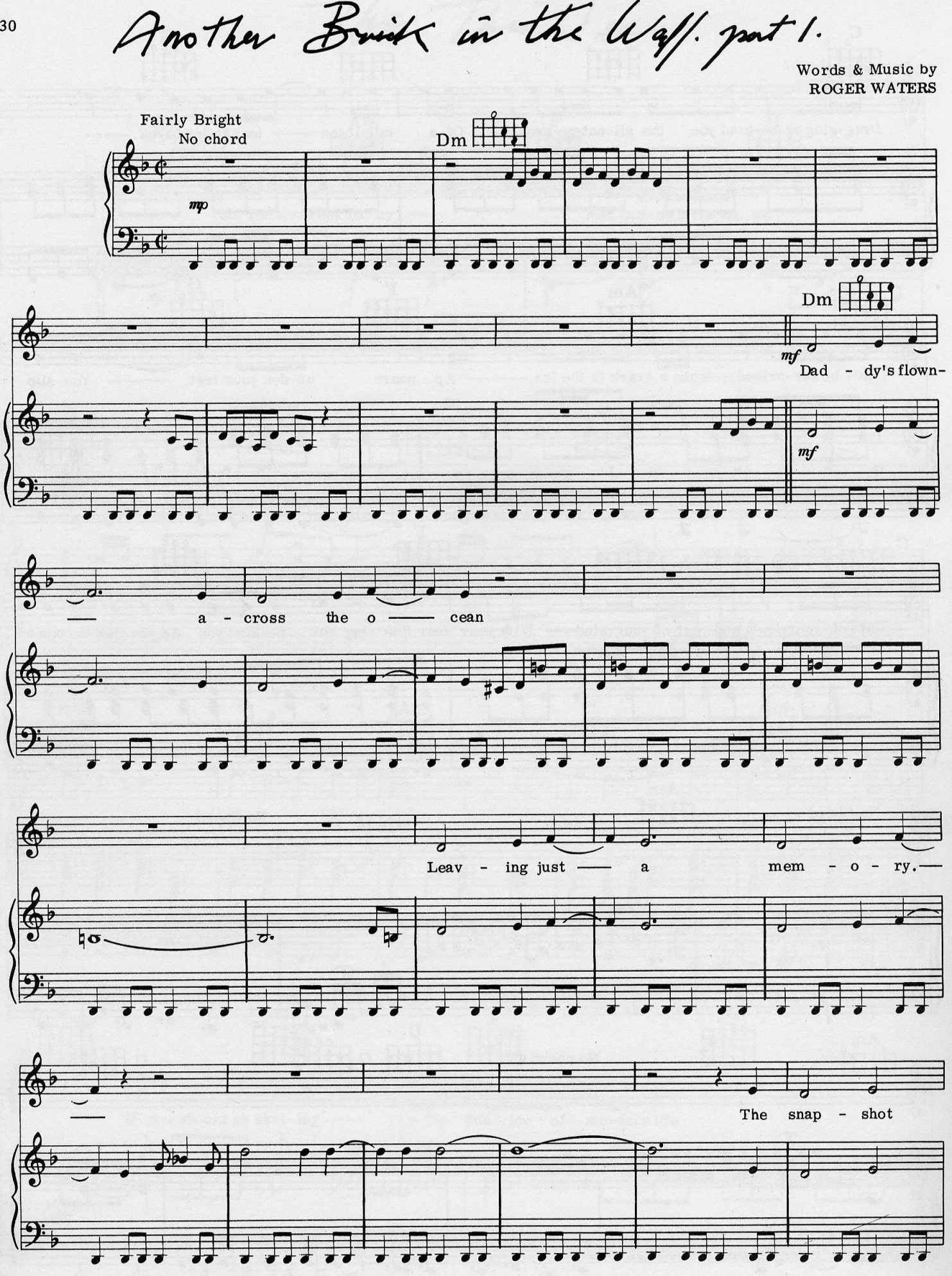
© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.


C
Am
Fmaj7
G
Drag-ging on be-hind you the sil-ent re-proach— Of a mil-li-on —— tear stained eyes. ——
C
Am
F
G
Don't be sur-prised— when a crack in the ice —— Ap - pears un-der your feet. —— You slip
C
Em
Am
F
G
out of your depth and out of your mind—— With your fear flow - ing out be-hind you As you claw the thin ice.
Am
No Chord
No Chord
ff
Am
No chord
D
G
C

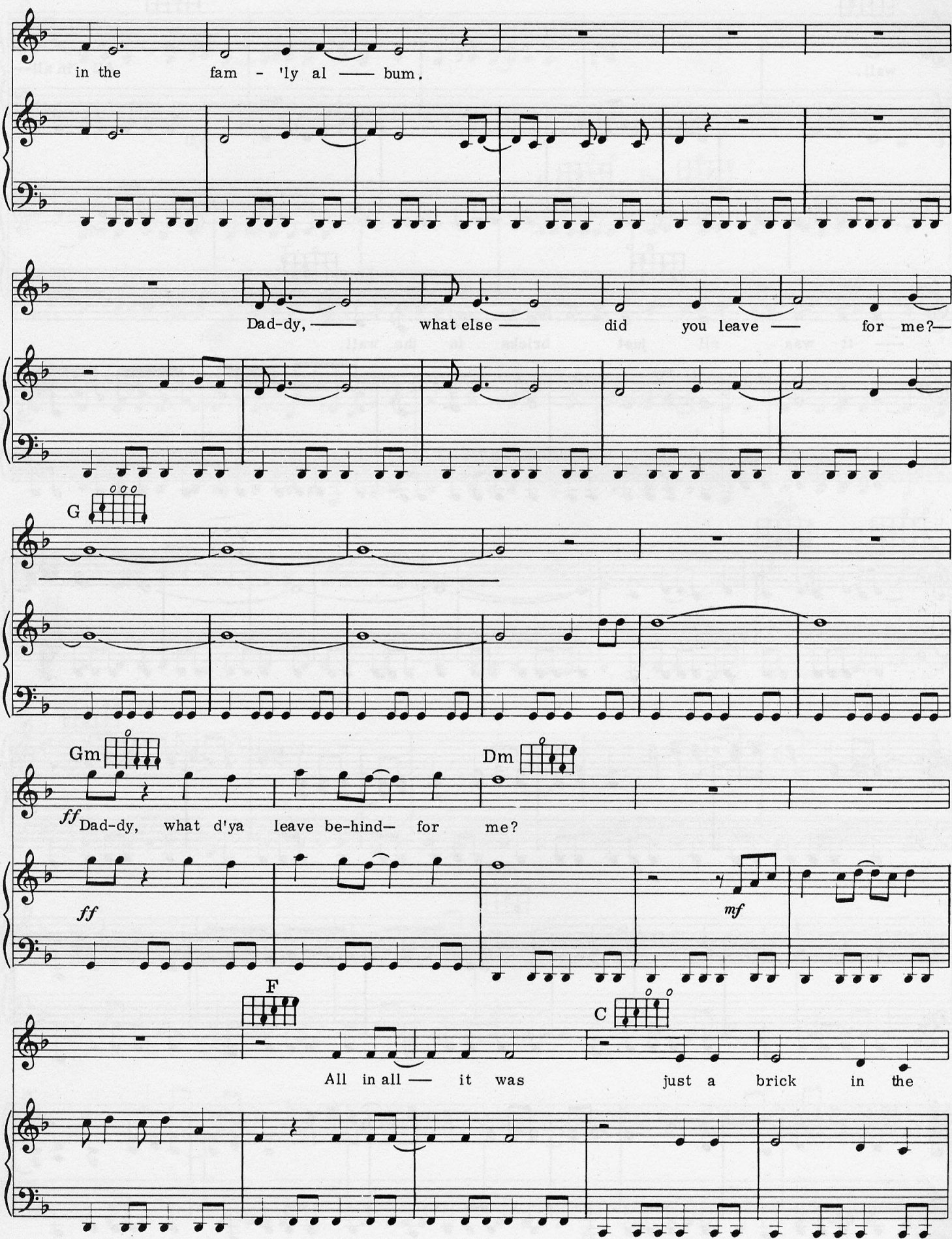
Another Brick in the Wall. part 1.

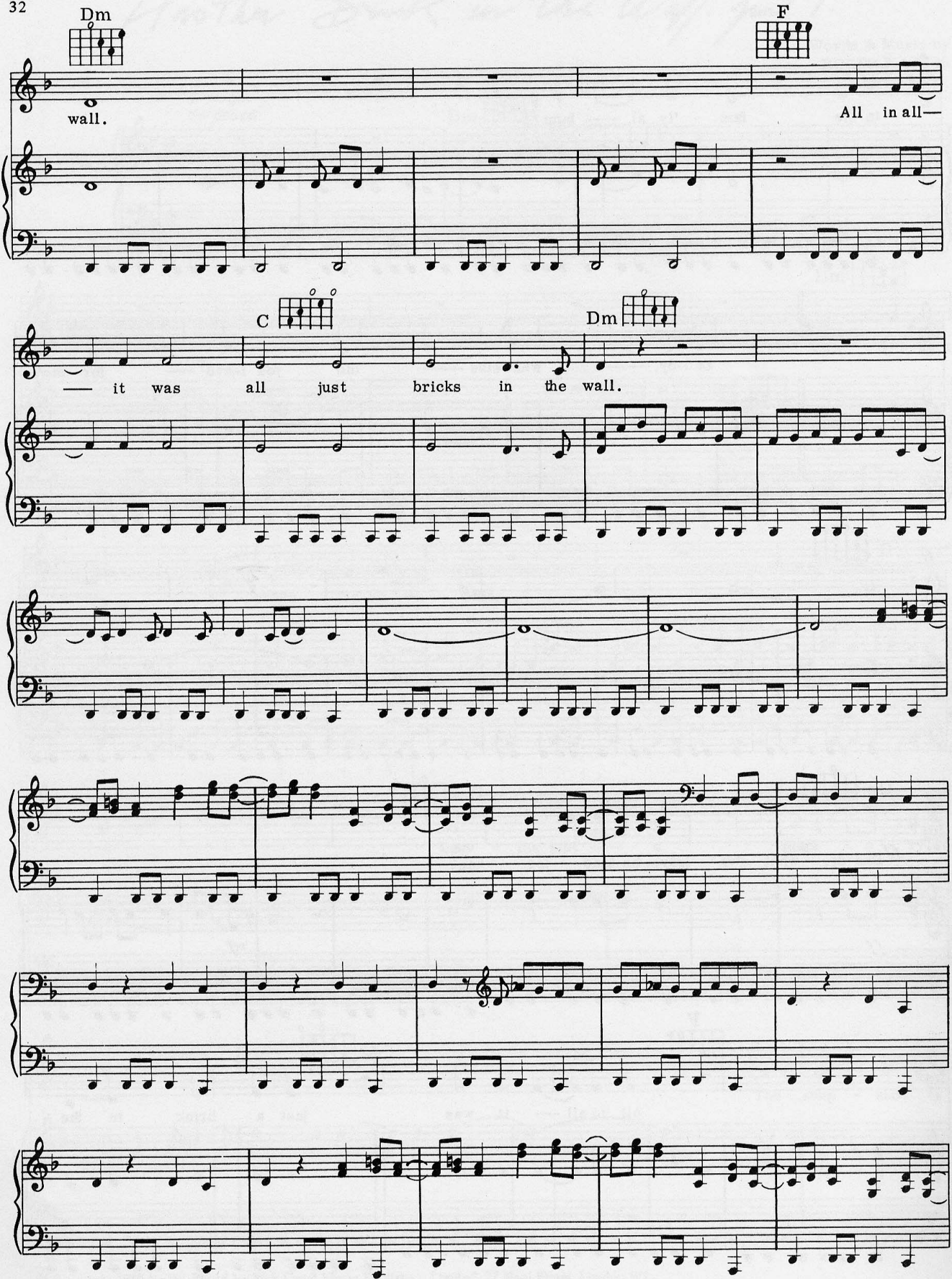
Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

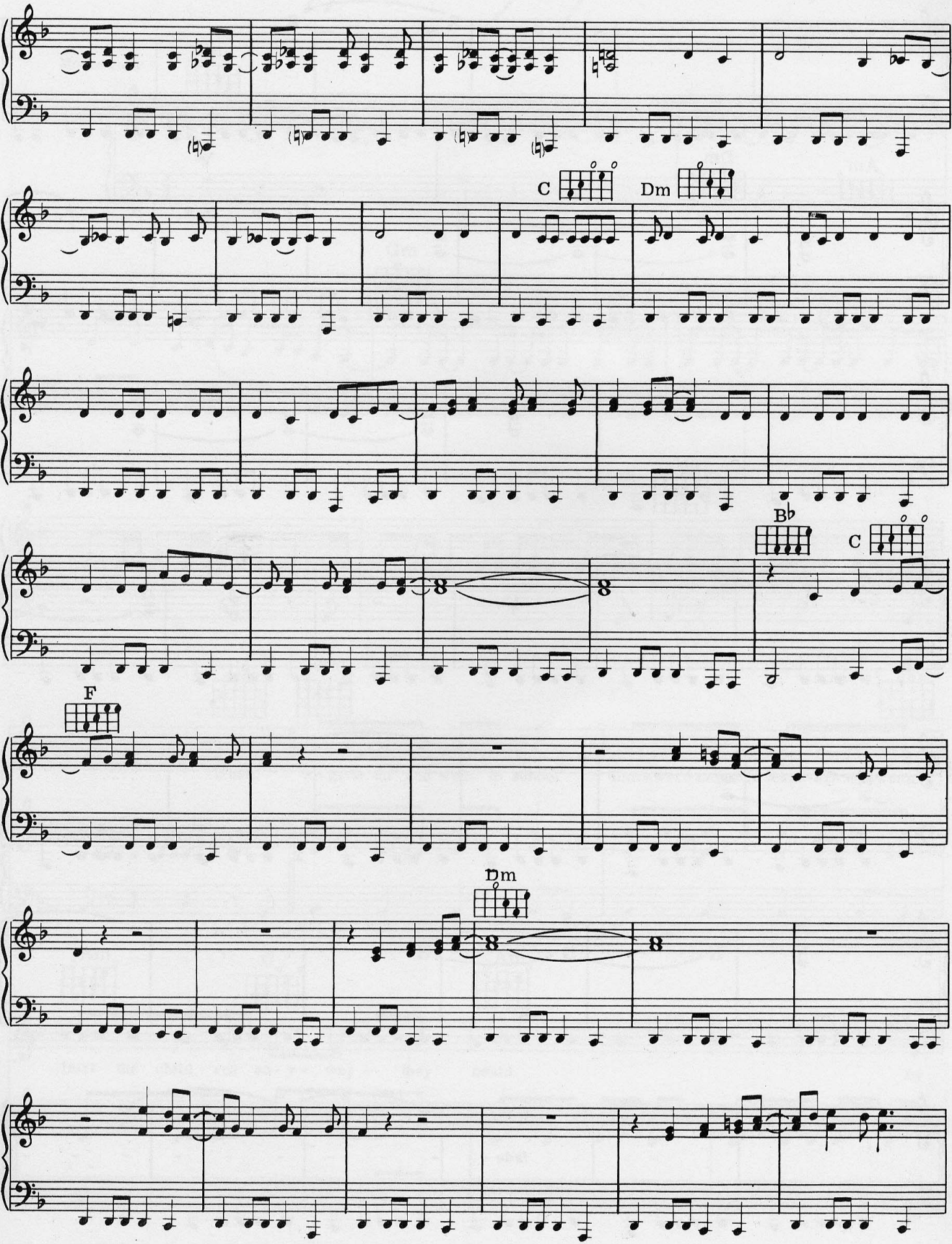
Fairly Bright
No chord

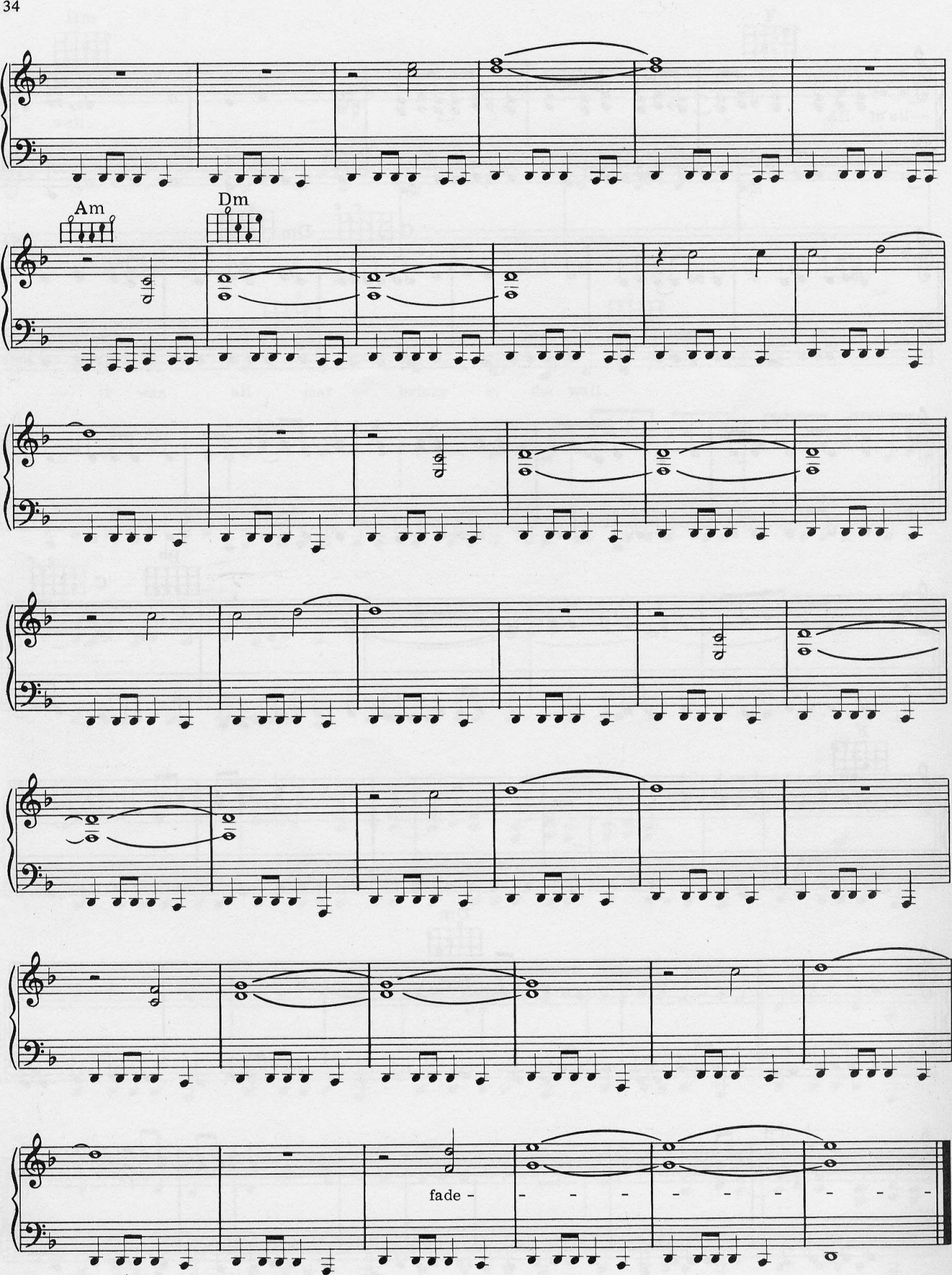


© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.


in the fam - 'ly al —— bum.
Dad-dy, —— what else —— did you leave —— for me?—
G
Gm
Dm
ff Dad-dy, what d'ya leave be-hind— for me?
ff
mf
F
C
All in all —— it was just a brick in the

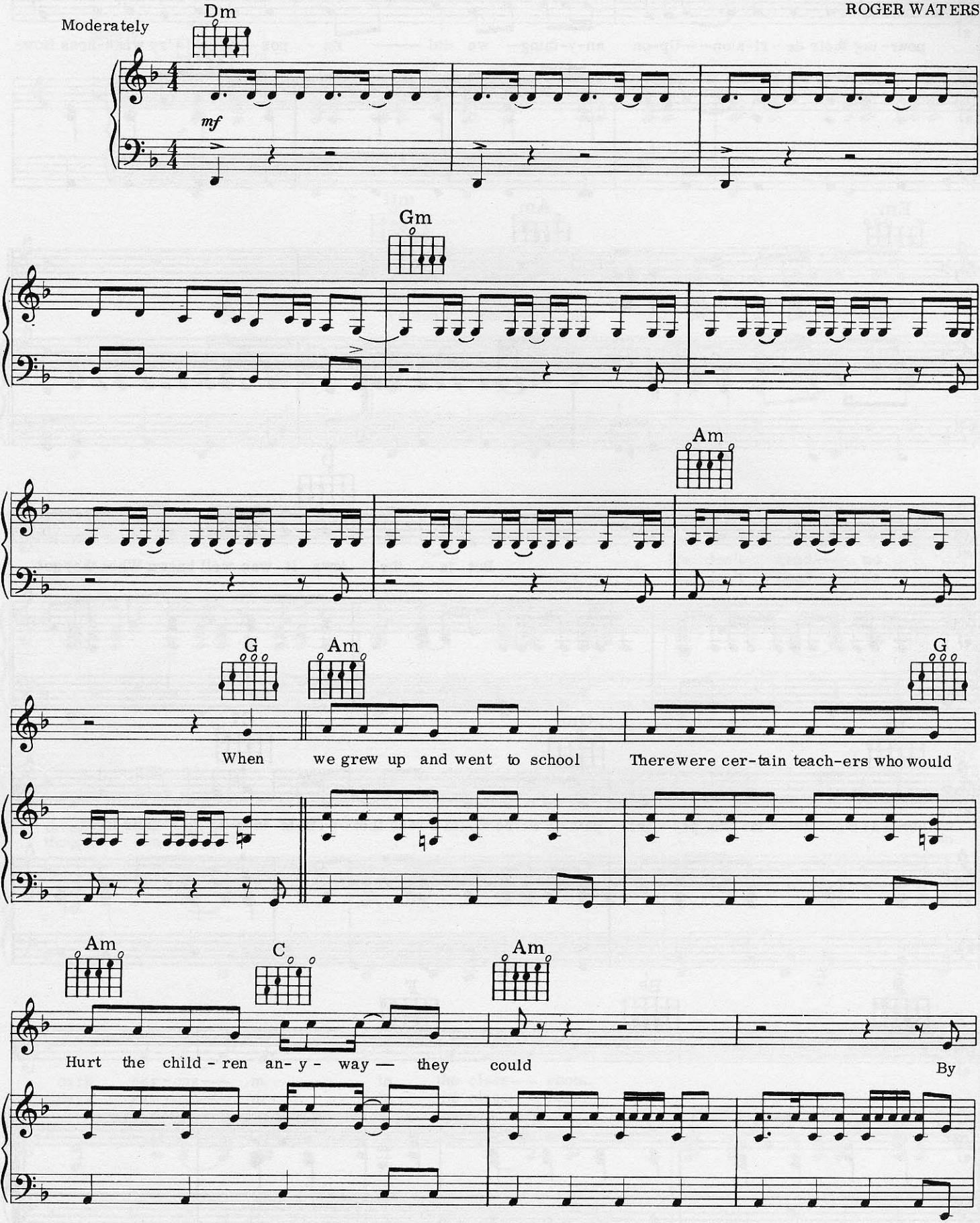

Dm
F
wall.
All in all—
C
Dm
— it was all just bricks in the wall.


C
Dm
B♭
C
F
Dm

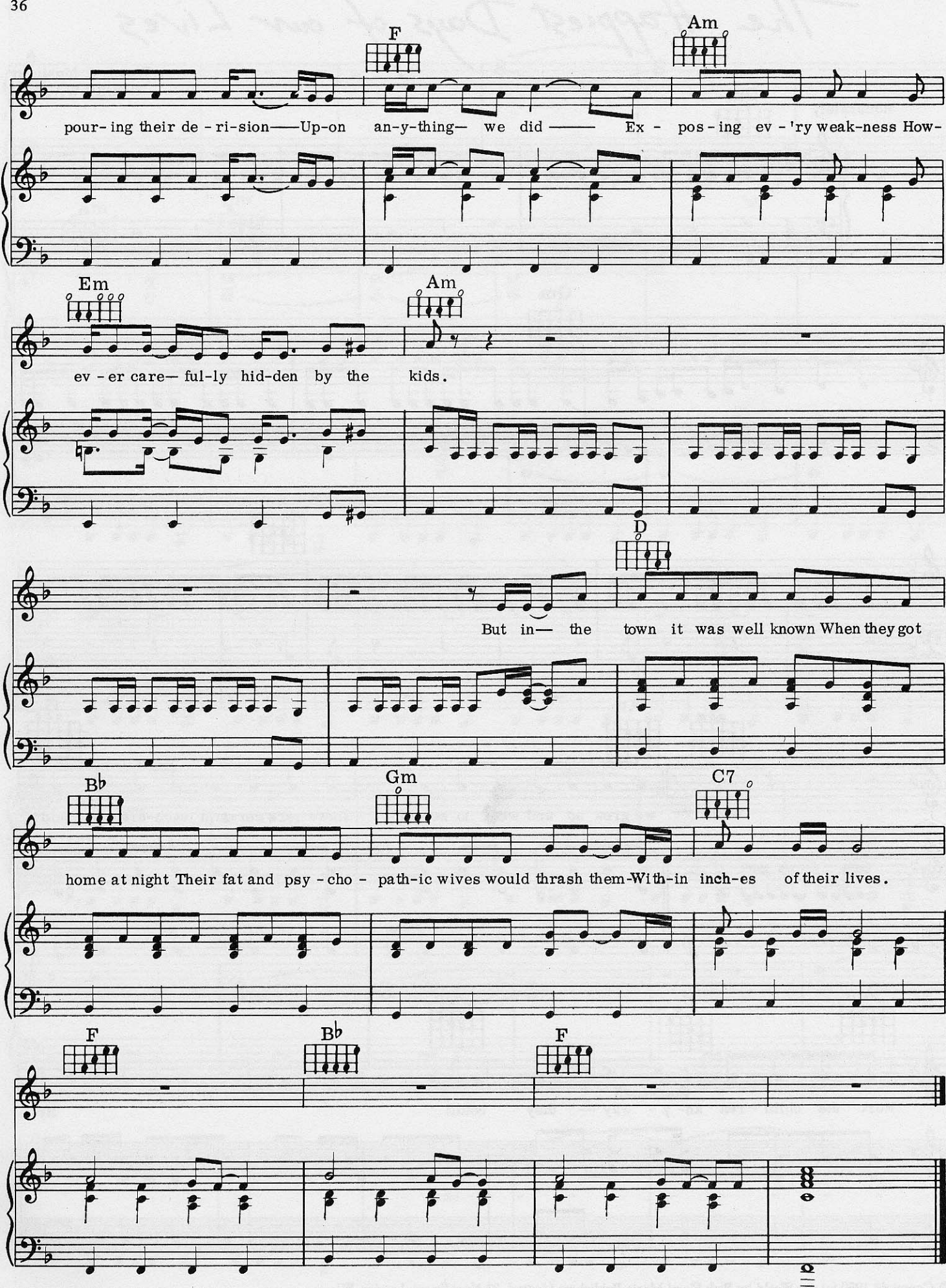

Am
Dm
fade - - - - - - - - -

The Happiest Days of our Lives

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS



© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1


F
Am
pour- ing their de - ri- sion——Up-on an-y-thing— we did —— Ex - pos - ing ev - 'ry weak-ness How-
Em
Am
ev - er care— ful-ly hid-den by the kids.
D
But in— the town it was well known When they got
B♭
Gm
C7
home at night Their fat and psy - cho - path-ic wives would thrash them-With-in inch-es of their lives.
F
B♭
F

Another Brick in the Wall, part 2.

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

Dm

f

Dm

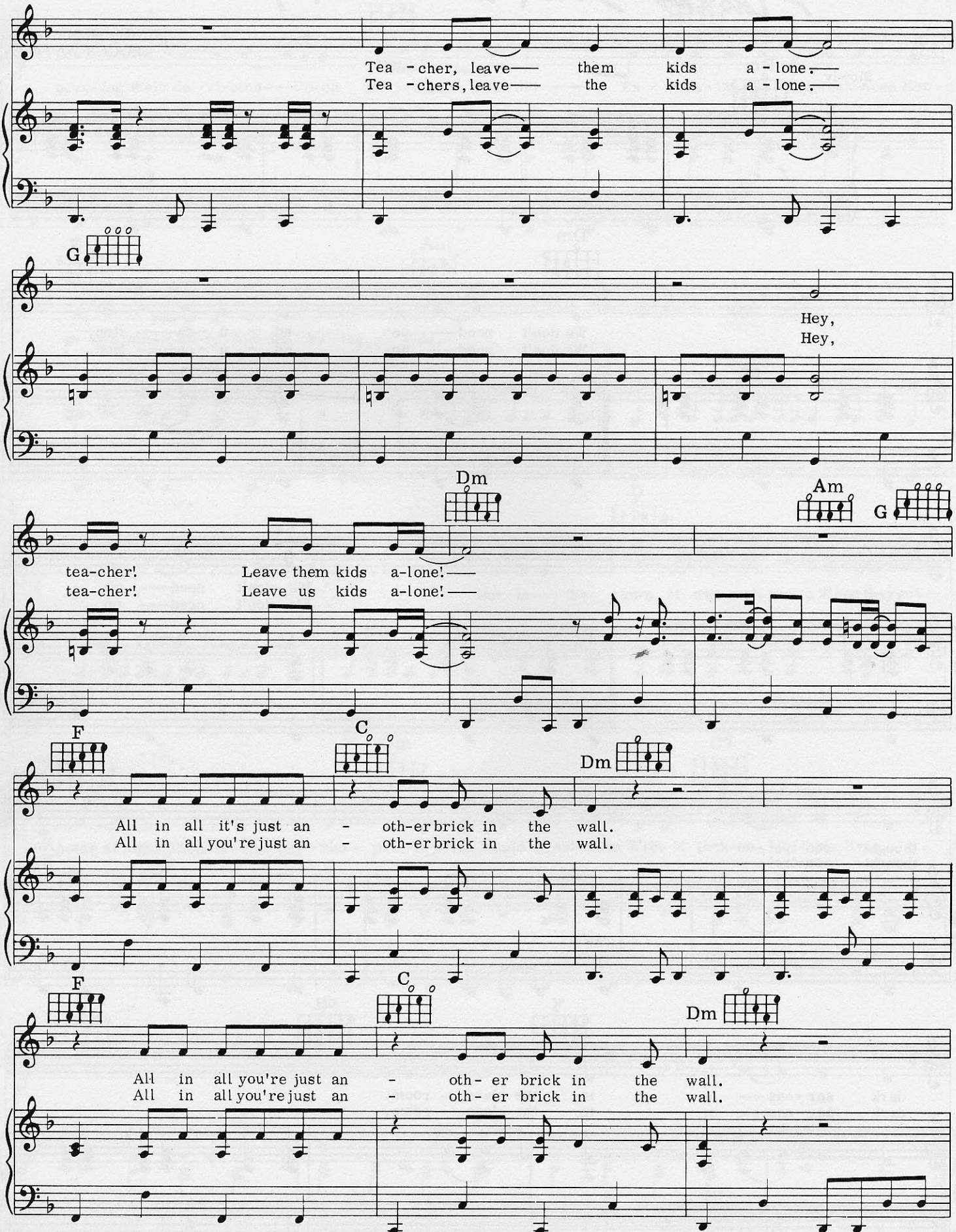
We don't need— no ed - u - ca— tion,
We don't need— no ed - u - ca— tion,

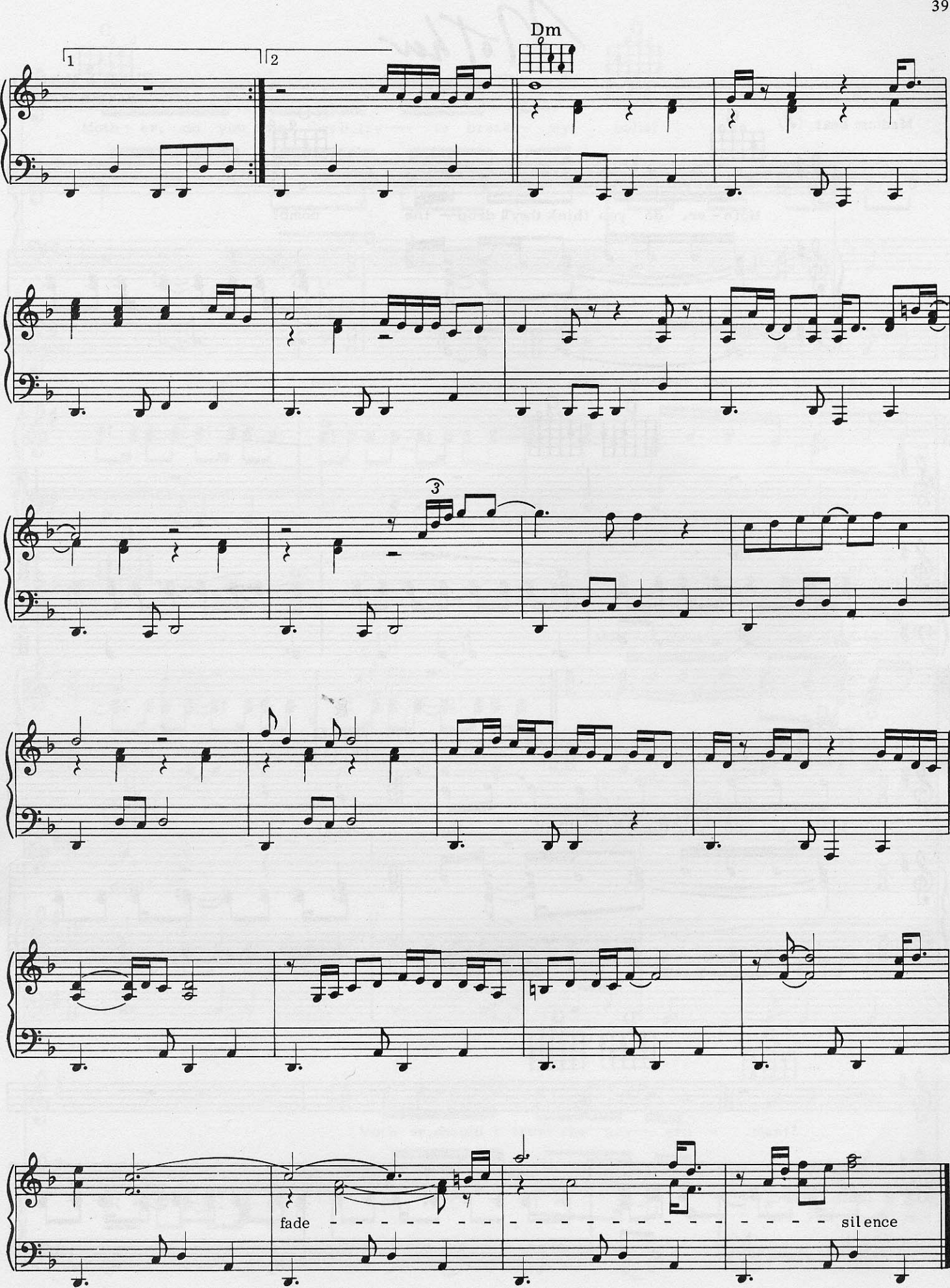
We don't need— no
We don't need— no

thought con-trol,—
thought con-trol,—

No
No

dark sar-cas— m in the class— room.
dark sar-cas— m in the class— room.

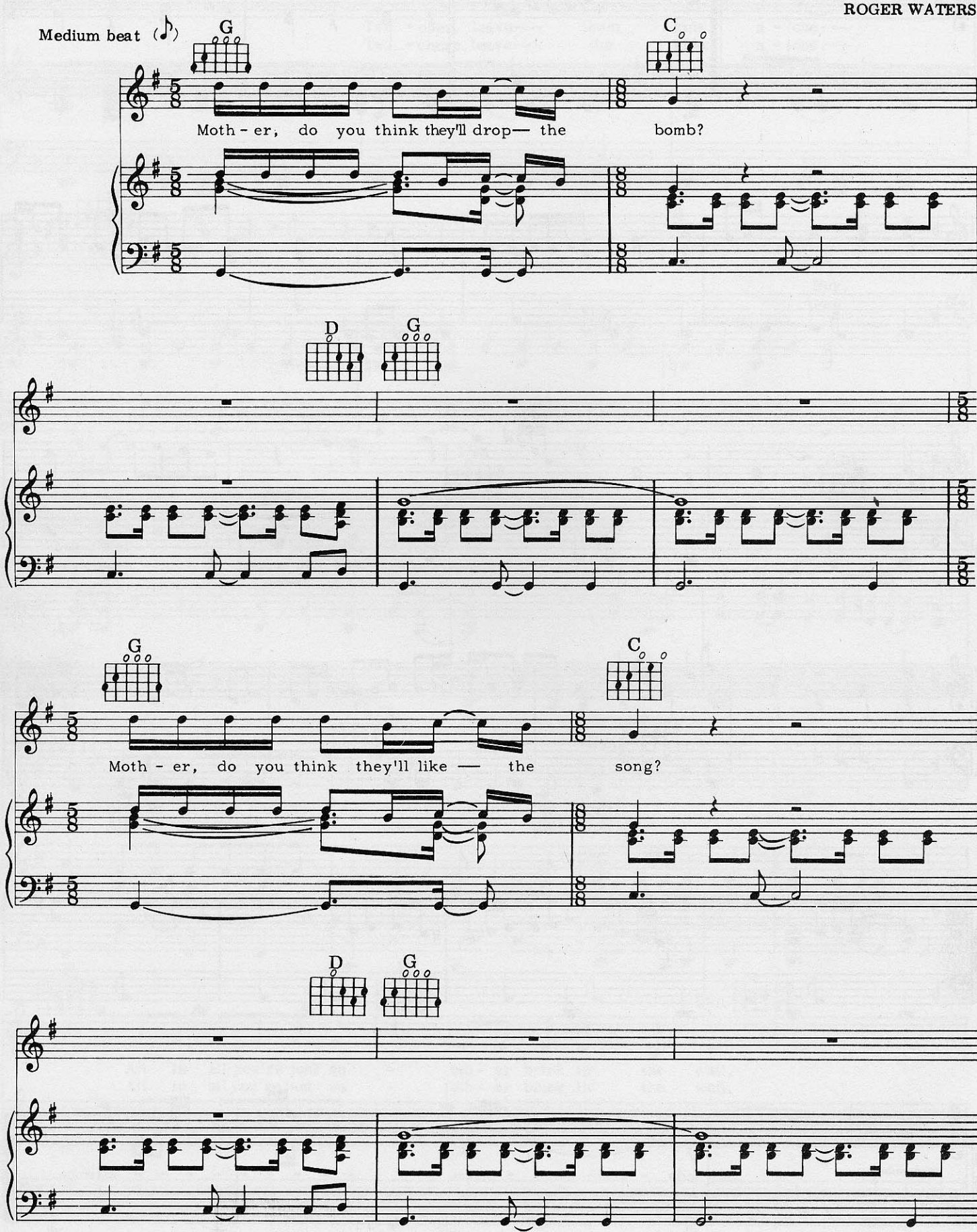

Tea - cher, leave— them kids a - lone.—
Tea - chers, leave— the kids a - lone.—
G
Hey,
Hey,
Dm
Am
G
tea-cher! Leave them kids a-lone!—
tea-cher! Leave us kids a-lone!—
F
C
Dm
All in all it's just an - oth-er brick in the wall.
All in all you're just an - oth-er brick in the wall.
F
C
Dm
All in all you're just an - oth- er brick in the wall.
All in all you're just an - oth- er brick in the wall.

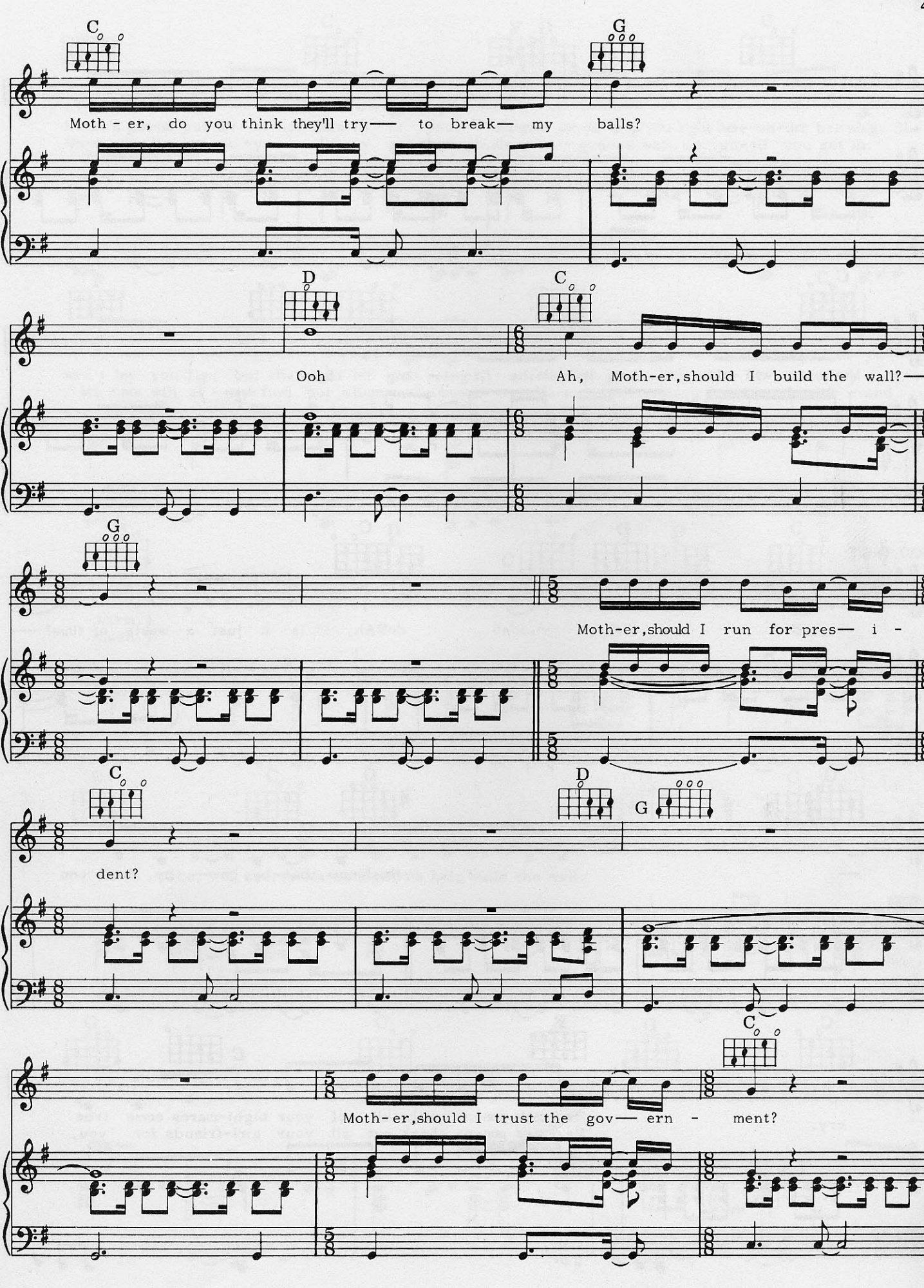

Dm
1
2
3
fade
silence

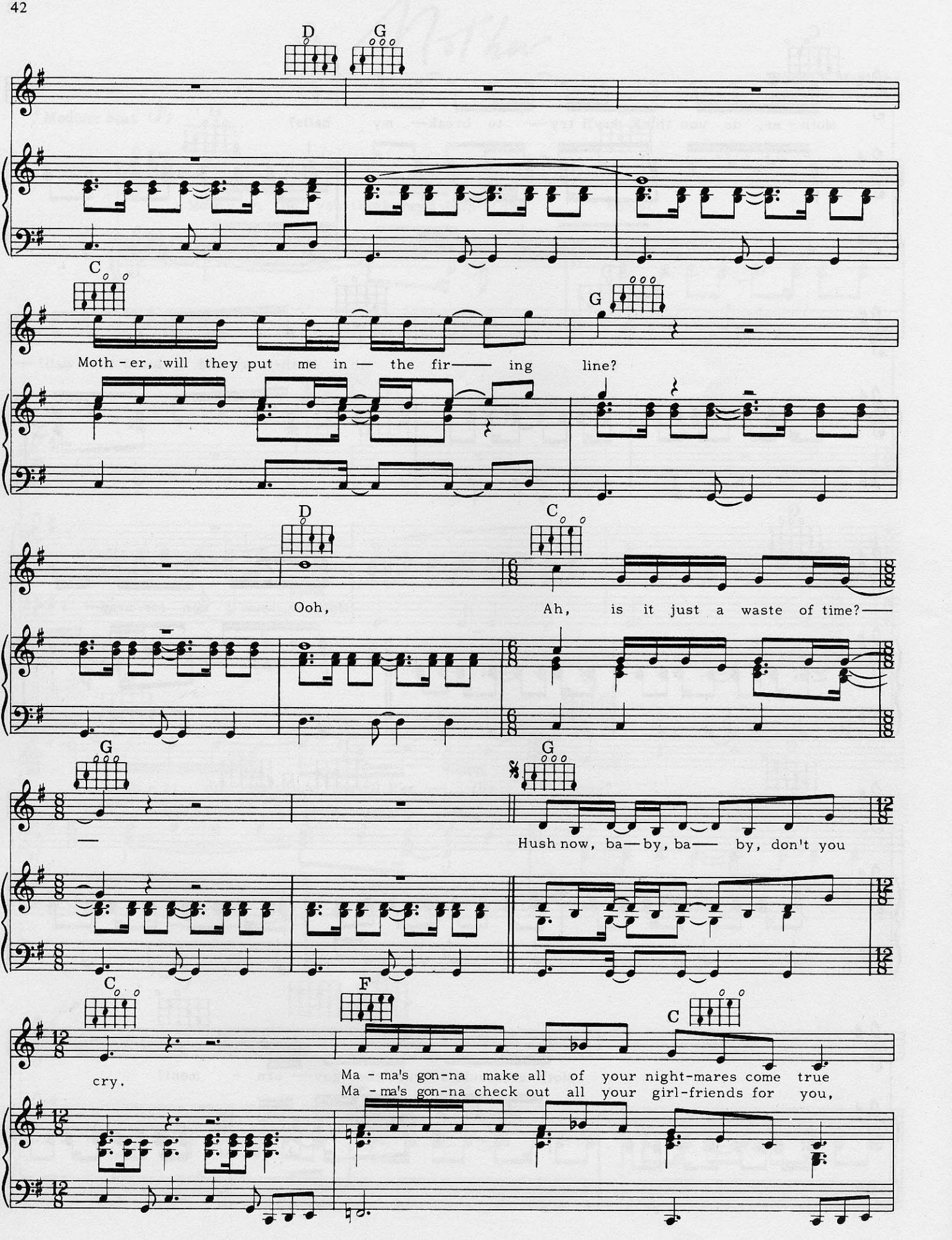
Mother

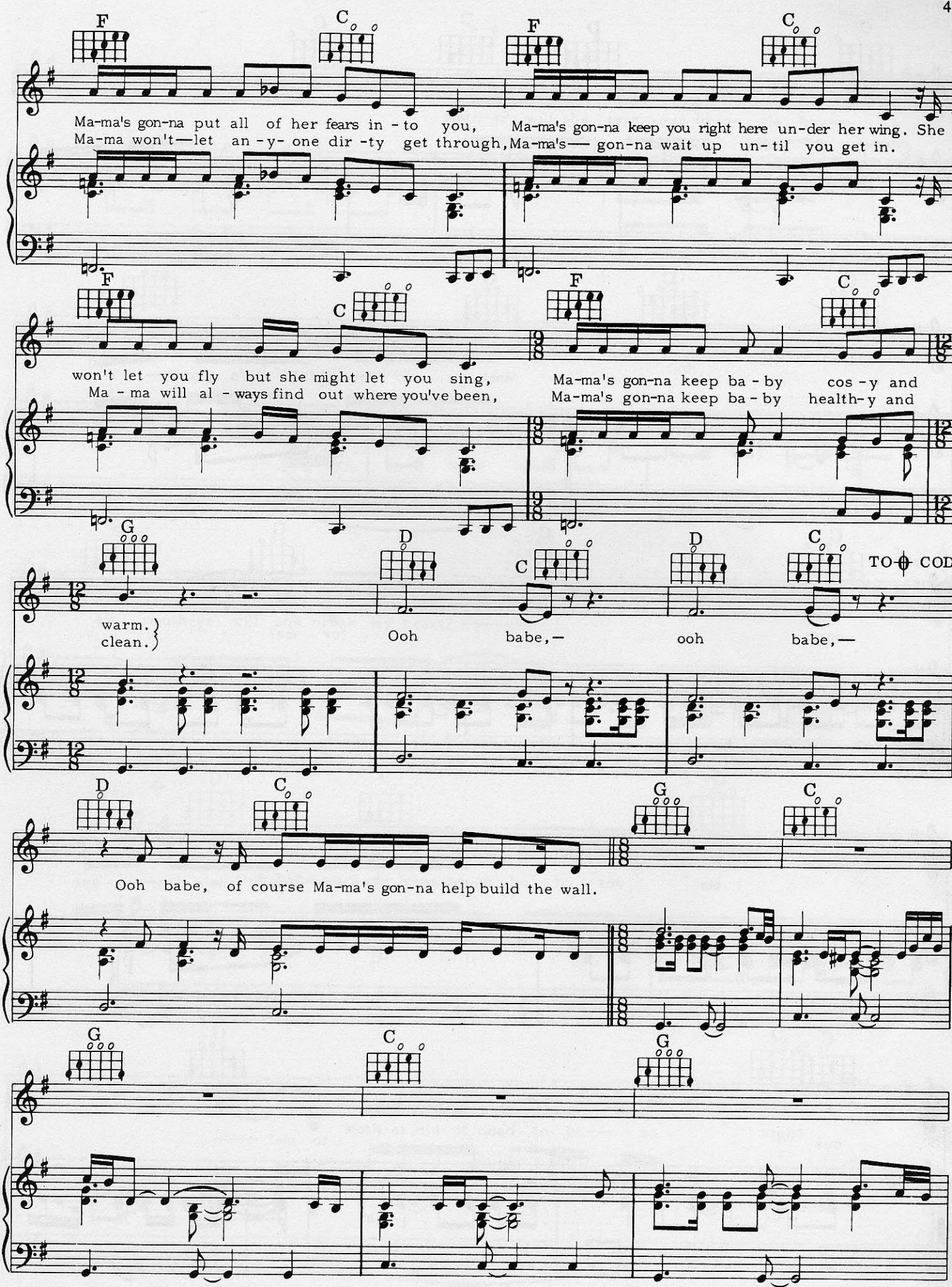
Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

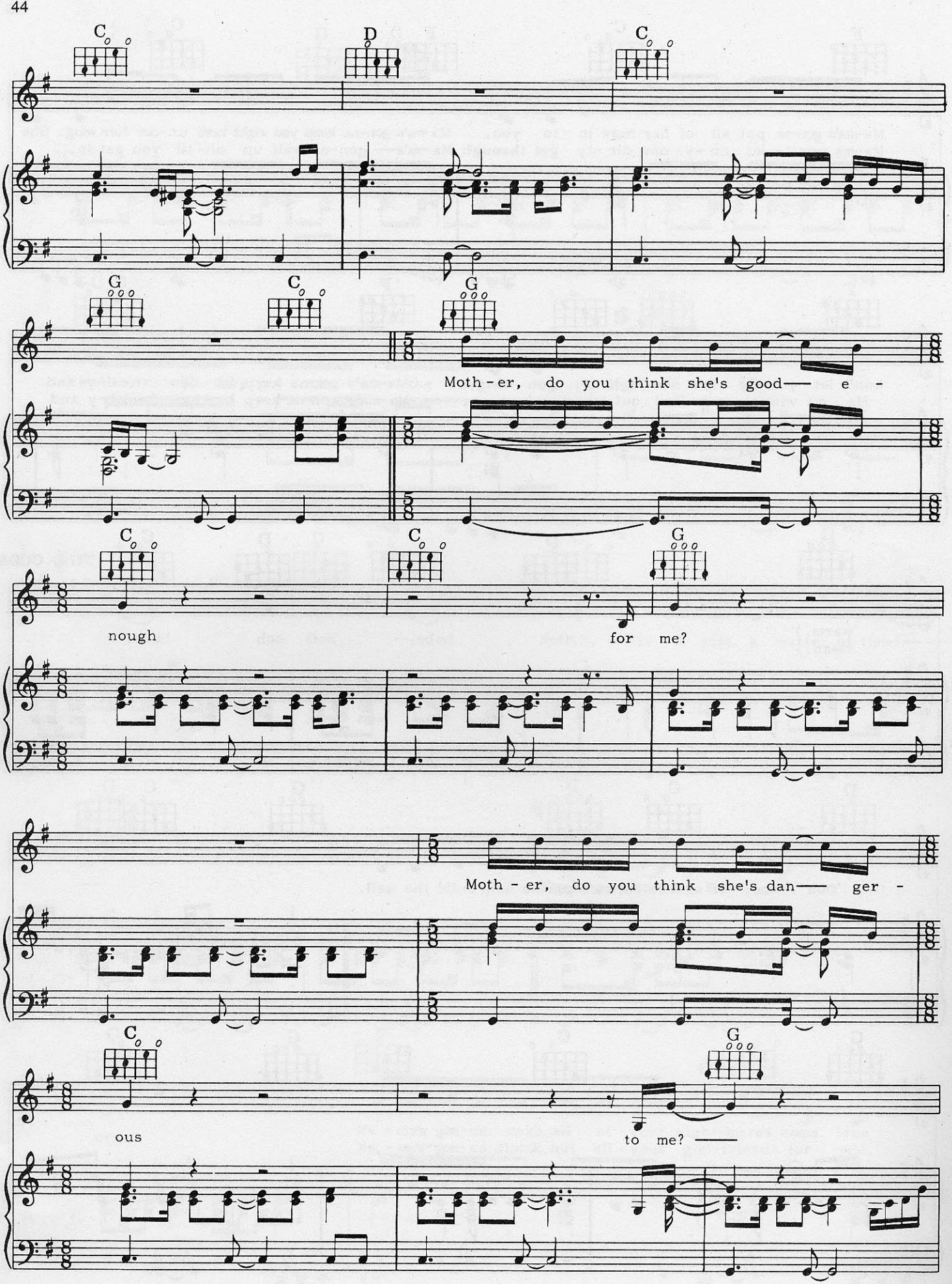
Medium beat

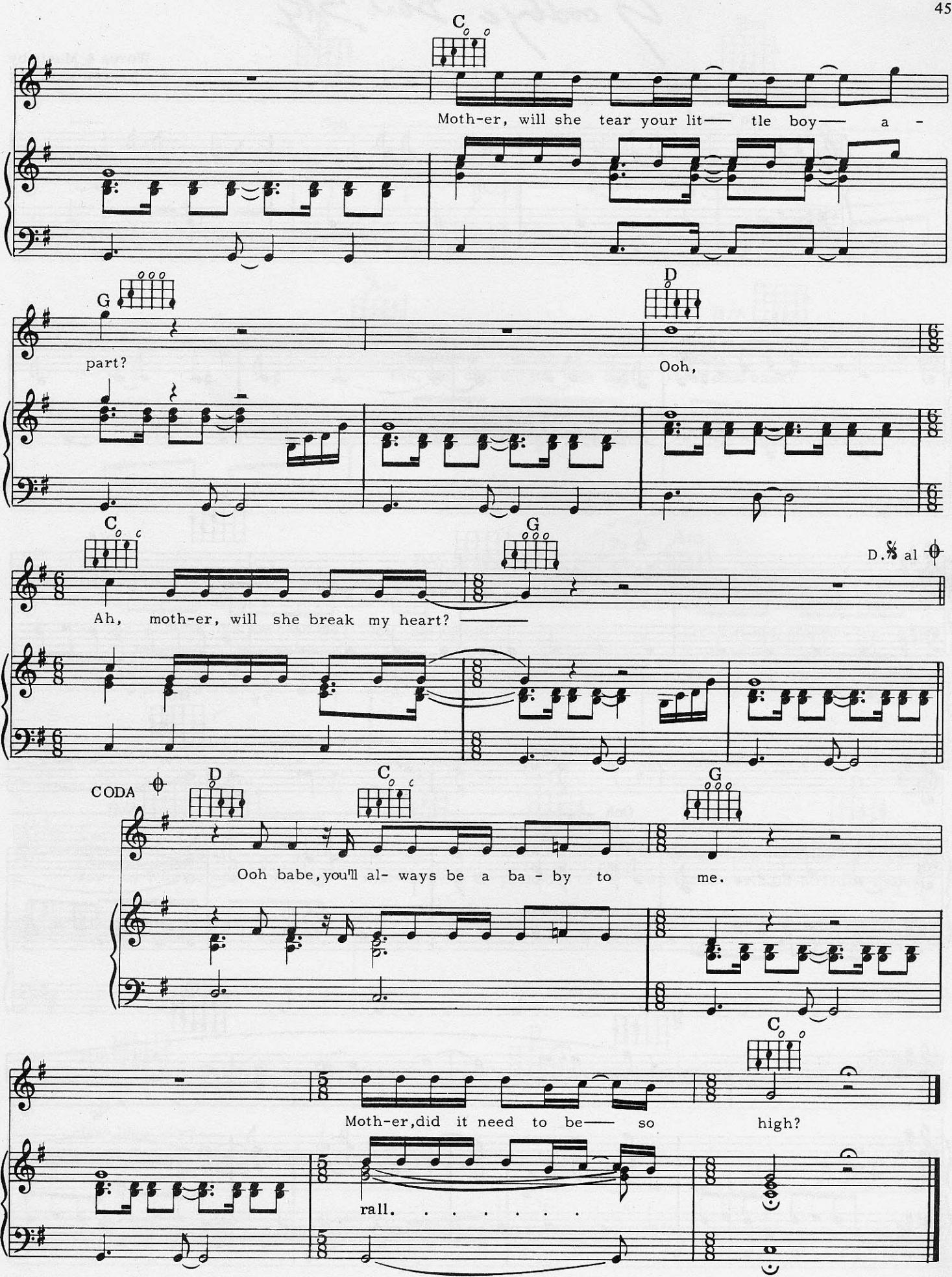



C
G
Moth - er, do you think they'll try— to break— my balls?
D
C
Ooh
Ah, Moth-er, should I build the wall?—
G
Moth-er, should I run for pres— i -
C
D
G
dent?
C
Moth-er, should I trust the gov— ern - ment?


D
G
C
G
Moth - er, will they put me in — the fir—— ing line?
D
C
Ooh,
Ah, is it just a waste of time?——
G
G
—
Hush now, ba— by, ba— by, don't you
C
F
C
cry.
Ma - ma's gon-na make all of your night-mares come true
Ma - ma's gon-na check out all your girl-friends for you,


F
C
F
C
Ma-ma's gon-na put all of her fears in - to you,
Ma-ma won't—let an - y- one dir - ty get through,
Ma-ma's gon-na keep you right here un-der her wing. She
Ma-ma's— gon-na wait up un- til you get in.
F
C
F
C
won't let you fly but she might let you sing,
Ma - ma will al - ways find out where you've been,
Ma-ma's gon-na keep ba - by cos - y and
Ma-ma's gon-na keep ba - by health-y and
G
D
C
D
C
TO ⊕ COD
warm.
clean.
Ooh babe,—
ooh babe,—
D
C
G
C
Ooh babe, of course Ma-ma's gon-na help build the wall.
G
C
G


C
D
C
G
C
G
Moth - er, do you think she's good— e -
C
C
G
nough
for me?
Moth - er, do you think she's dan— ger -
C
G
ous
to me? —


C
Moth-er, will she tear your lit— tle boy— a -
G
D
part?
Ooh,
C
G
D.S. al
Ah, moth-er, will she break my heart? —
CODA
D
C
G
Ooh babe, you'll al- ways be a ba - by to me.
C
Moth-er, did it need to be— so high?
rall. . . . . .

Goodbye Blue Sky

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

No Chord

mf

D

Bm

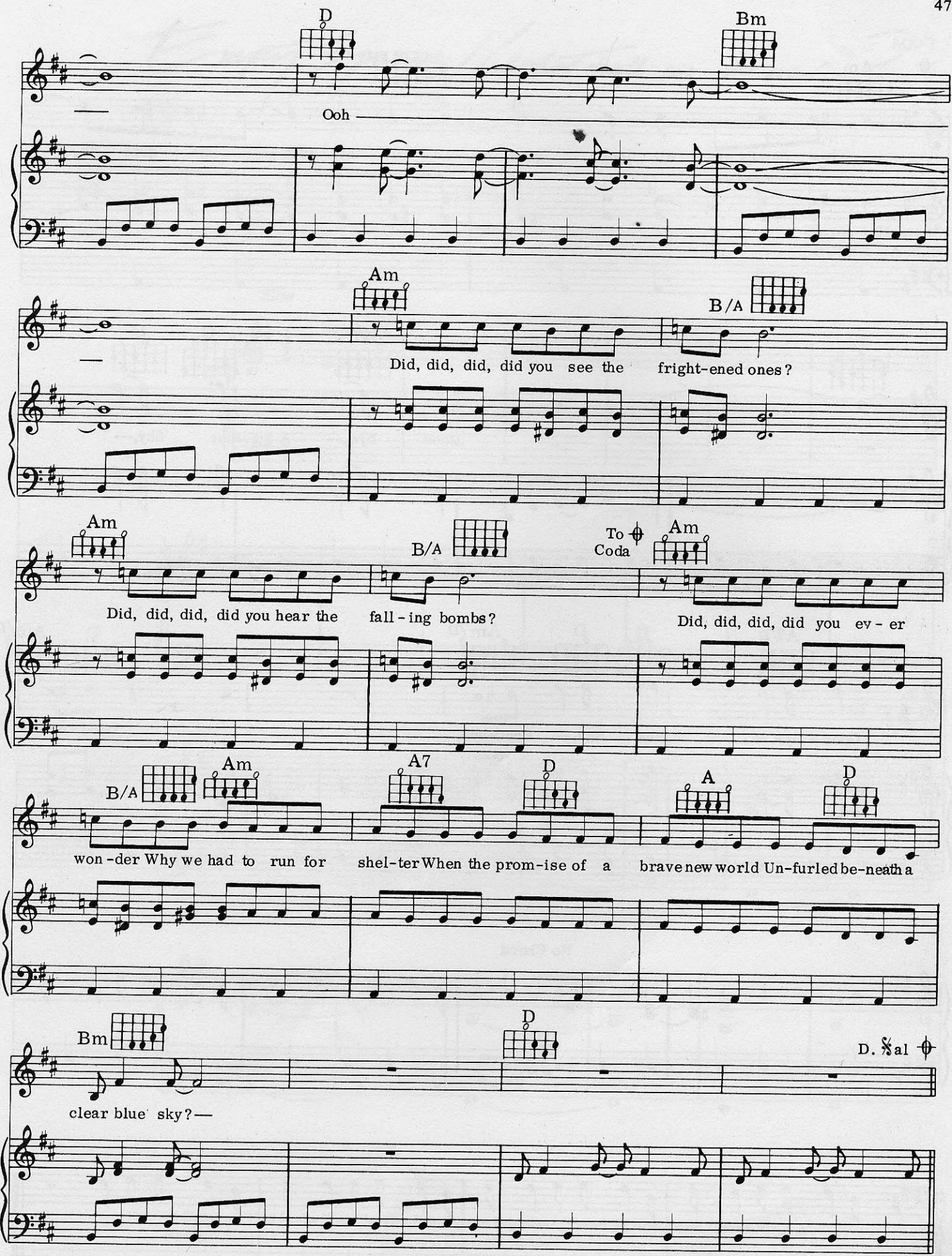
Ooh

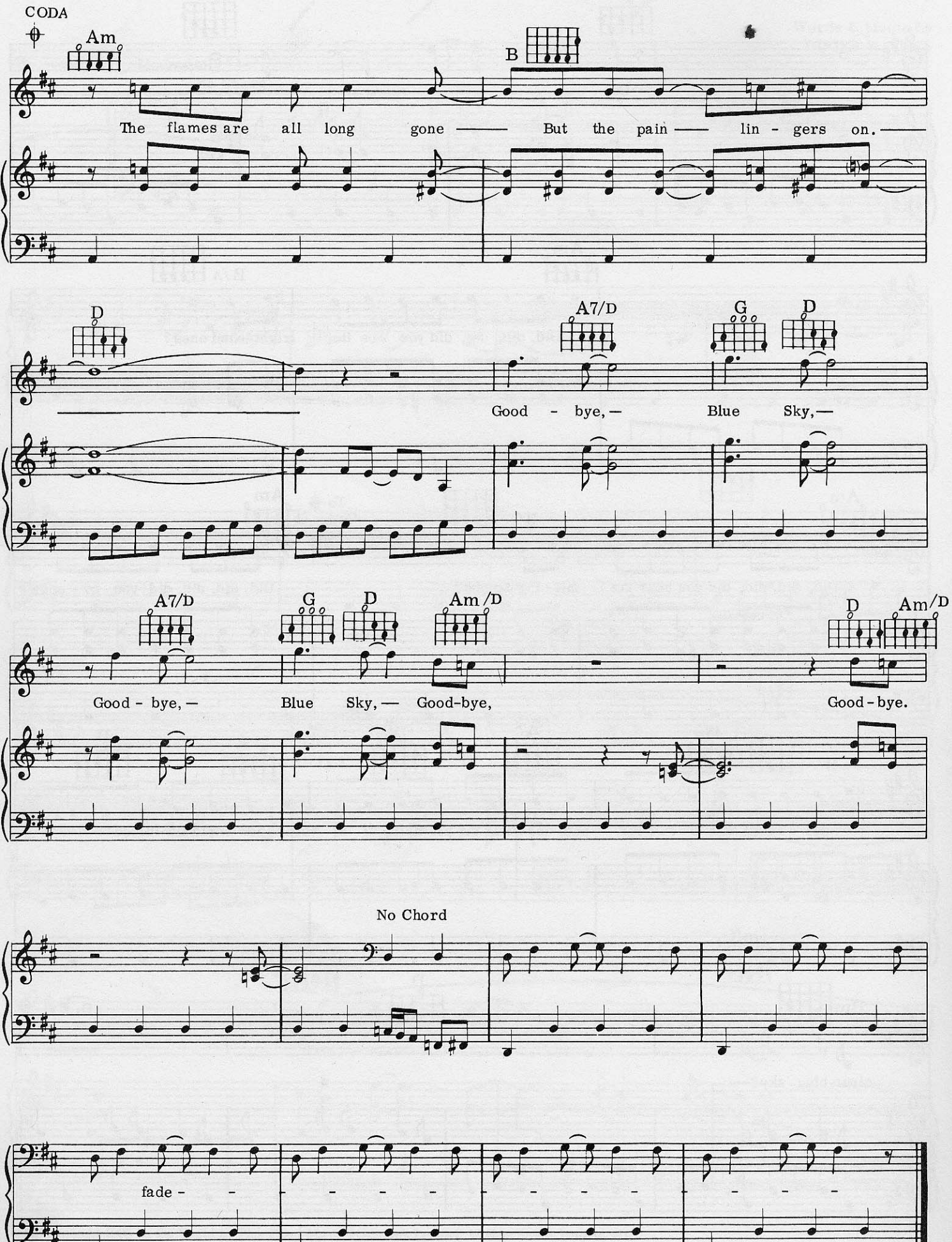
D

Bm

Ooh

© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.

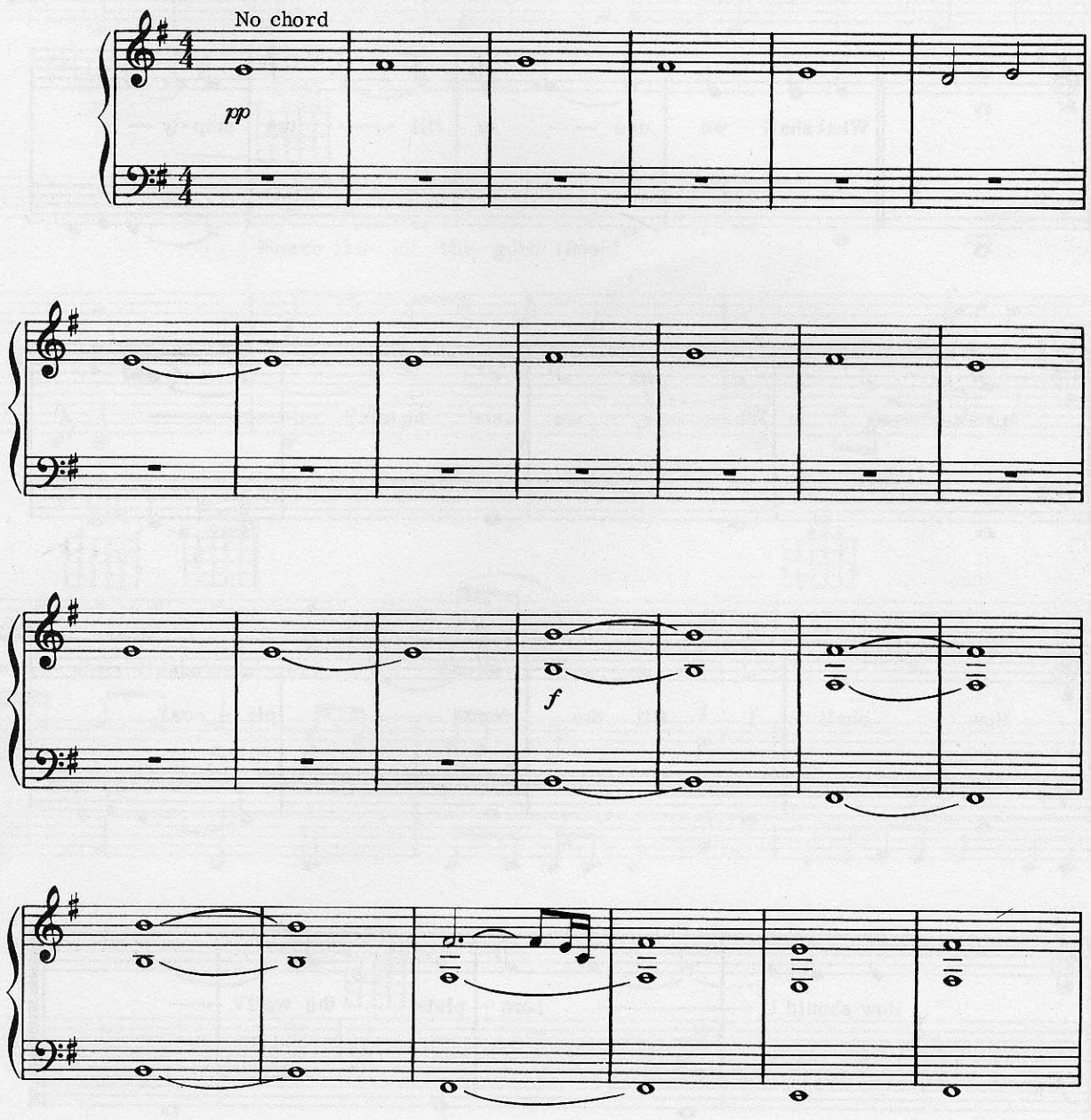

D
Bm
Ooh
Am
B/A
Did, did, did, did you see the fright-ened ones?
Am
B/A
To Coda
Am
Did, did, did, did you hear the fall-ing bombs?
Did, did, did, did you ev-er
B/A
Am
A7
D
A
D
won-der Why we had to run for shel-ter When the prom-ise of a brave new world Un-furled be-neath a
Bm
D
D. %al
clear blue sky?—


CODA
Am
B
The flames are all long gone — But the pain — lin - gers on. —
D
A7/D
G
D
Good - bye, — Blue Sky, —
A7/D
G
D
Am /D
D
Am/D
Good - bye, — Blue Sky, — Good-bye, Good - bye.
No Chord
fade - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

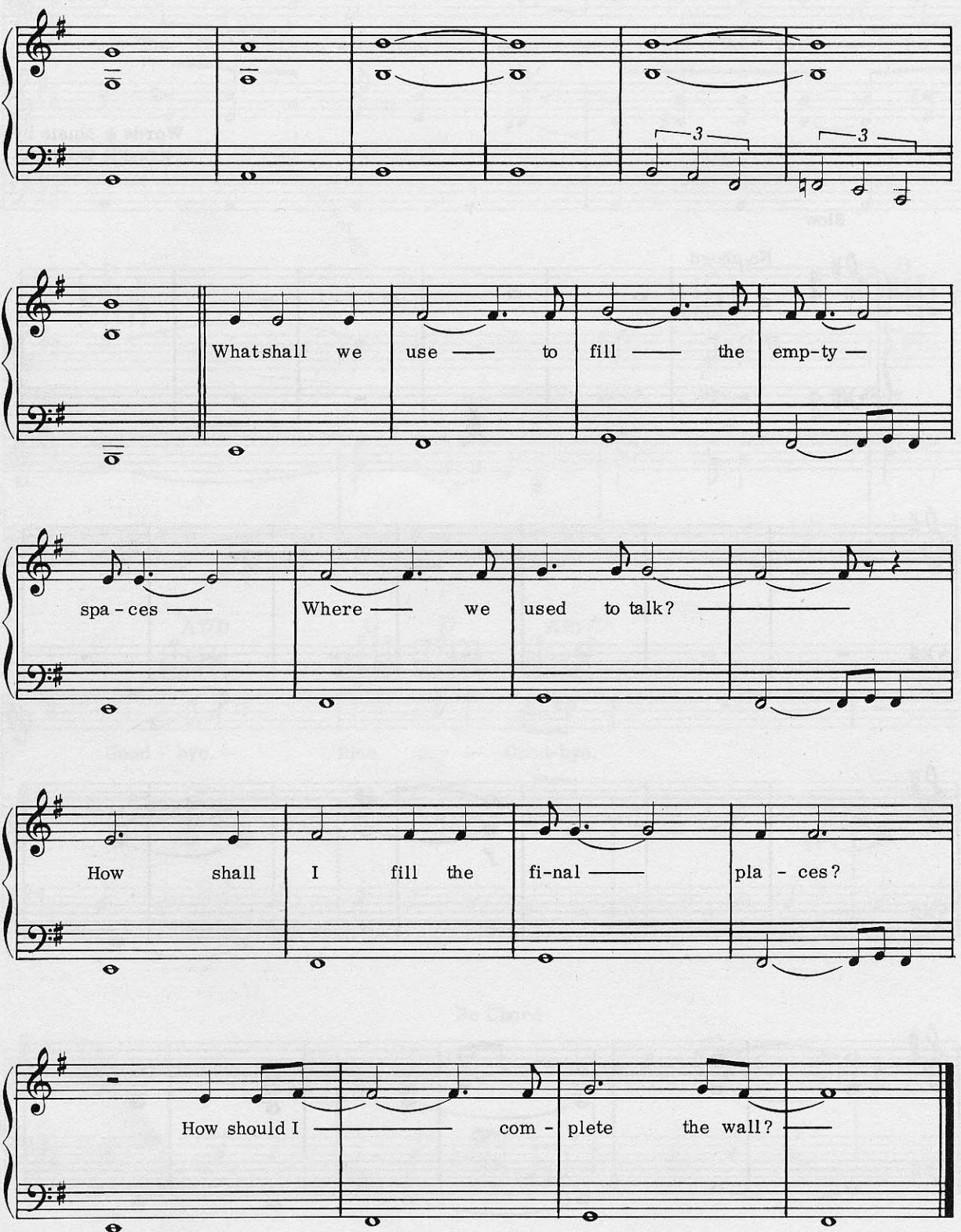
Empty Spaces / What Shall We Do Now ?

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slow

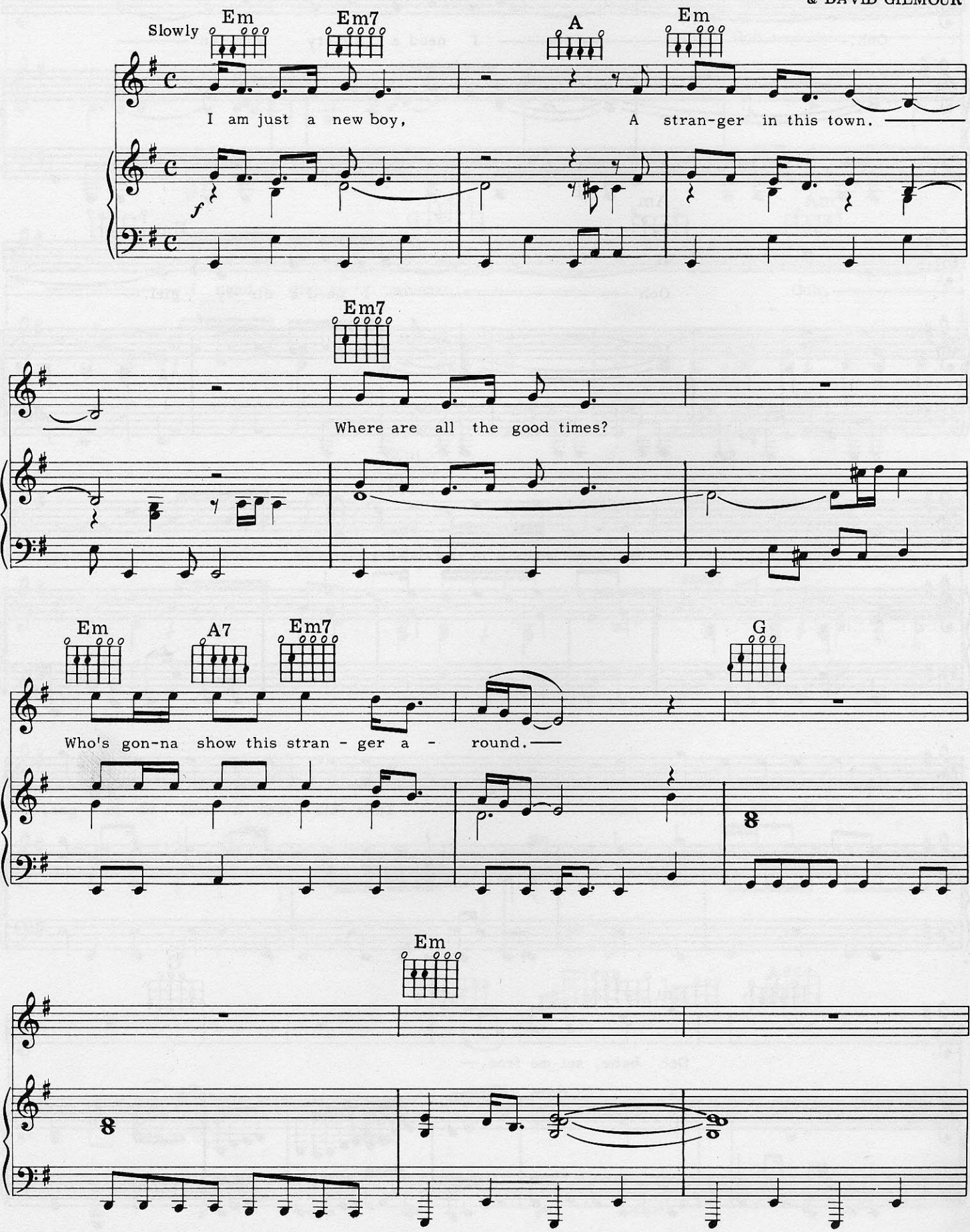


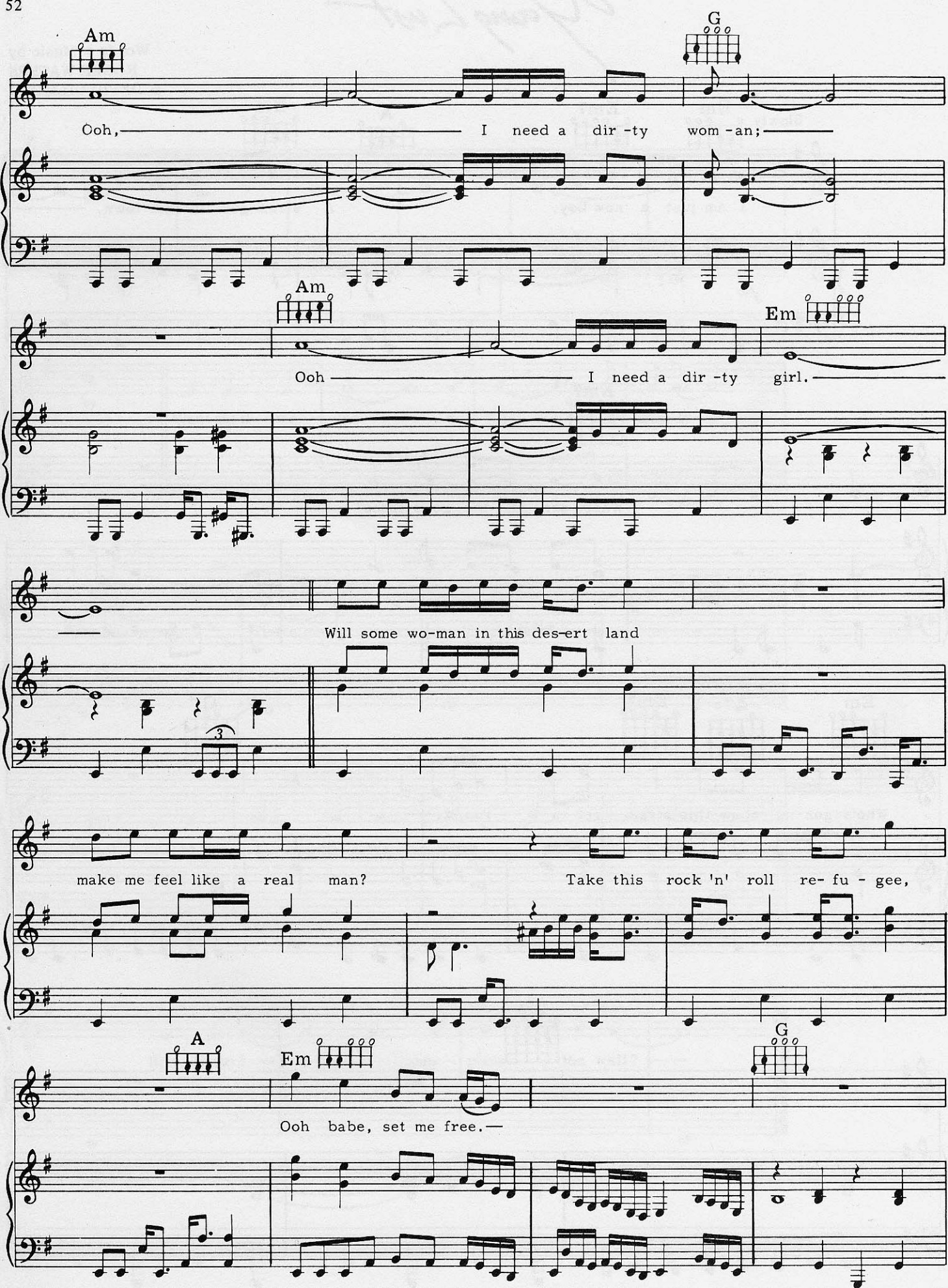
© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.
All rights reserved. International Copyright Secured.

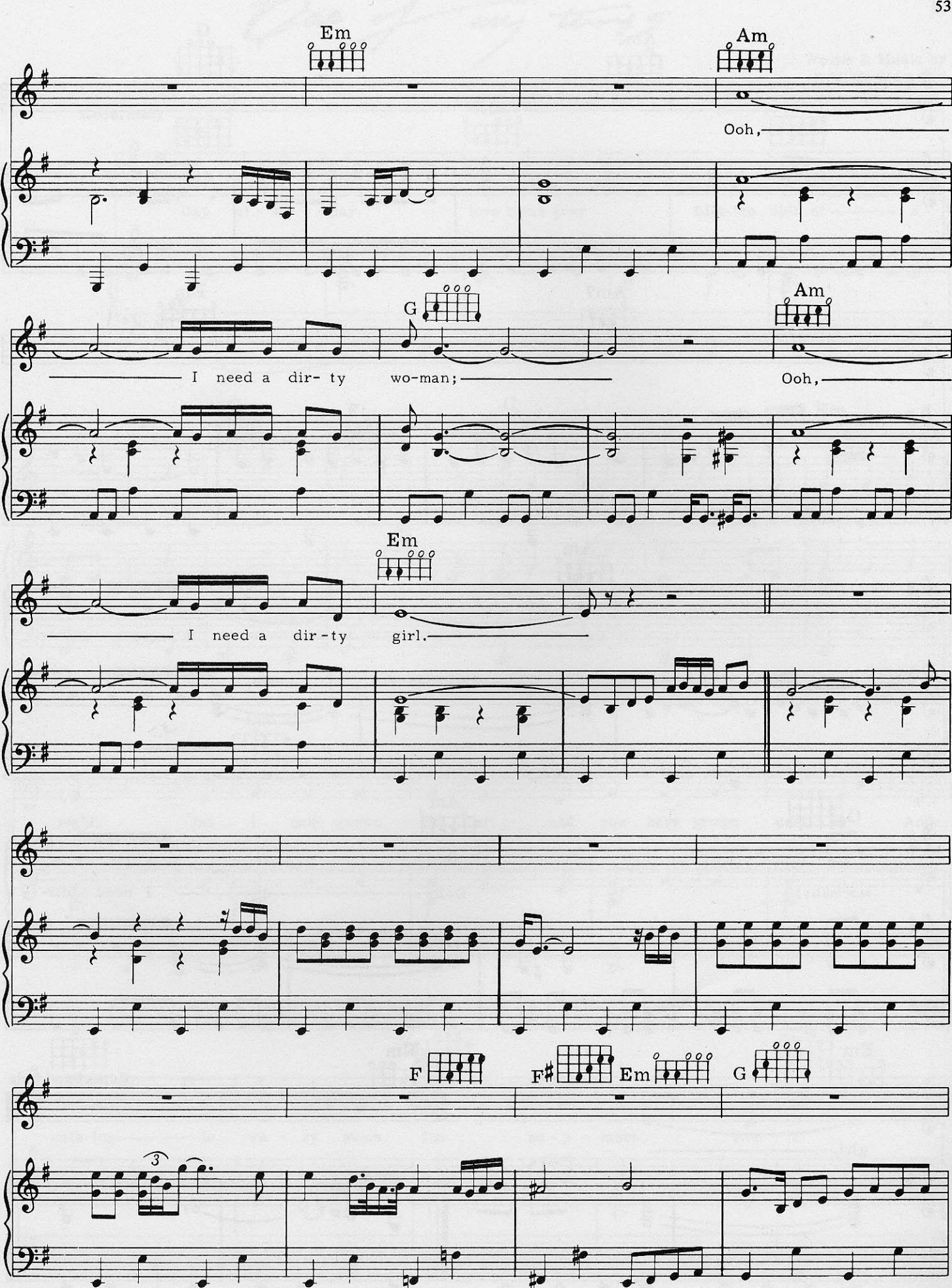

What shall we use to fill the emp-ty
spa-ces Where we used to talk?
How shall I fill the fi-nal pla-ces?
How should I com-plete the wall?

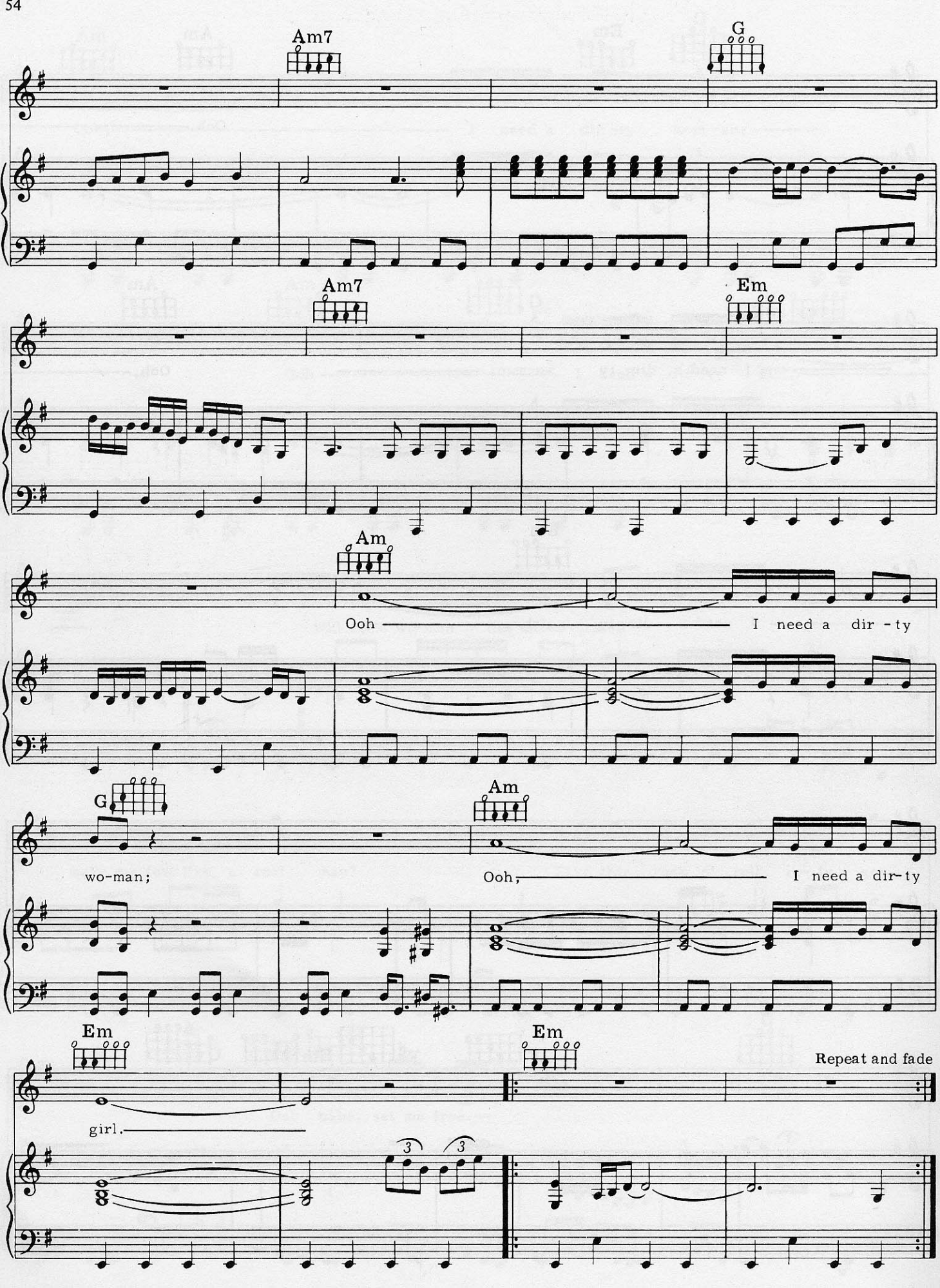
Young Lust

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS
& DAVID GILMOUR



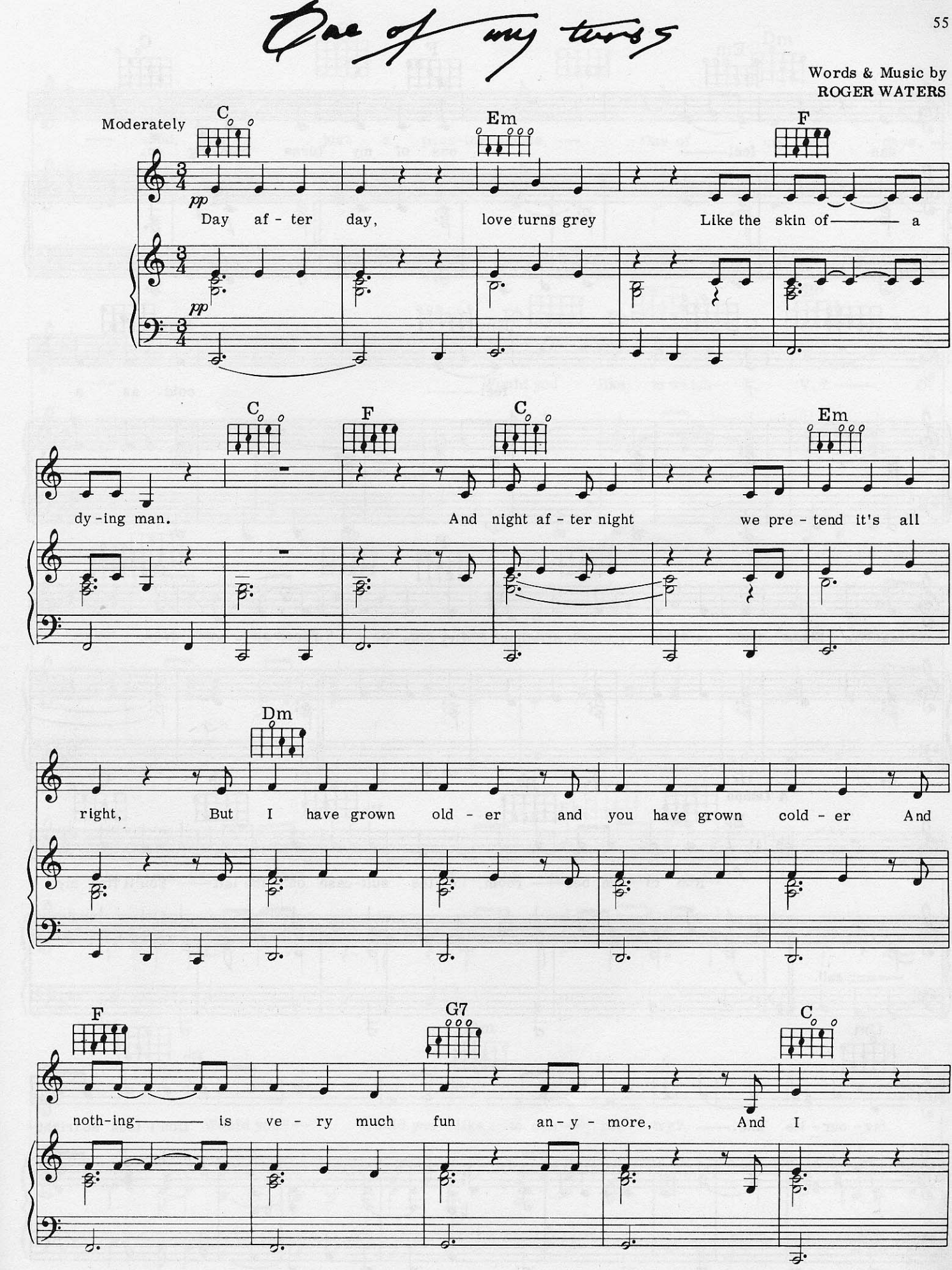

Am
G
Ooh, I need a dir -ty wom -an;
Am
Em
Ooh I need a dir -ty girl.
Will some wo-man in this des-ert land
make me feel like a real man?
Take this rock 'n' roll re- fu - gee,
A
Em
G
Ooh babe, set me free.


Em
Am
Ooh,
G
Am
I need a dir- ty wo-man;
Ooh,
Em
I need a dir-ty girl.
F
F♯
Em
G
3

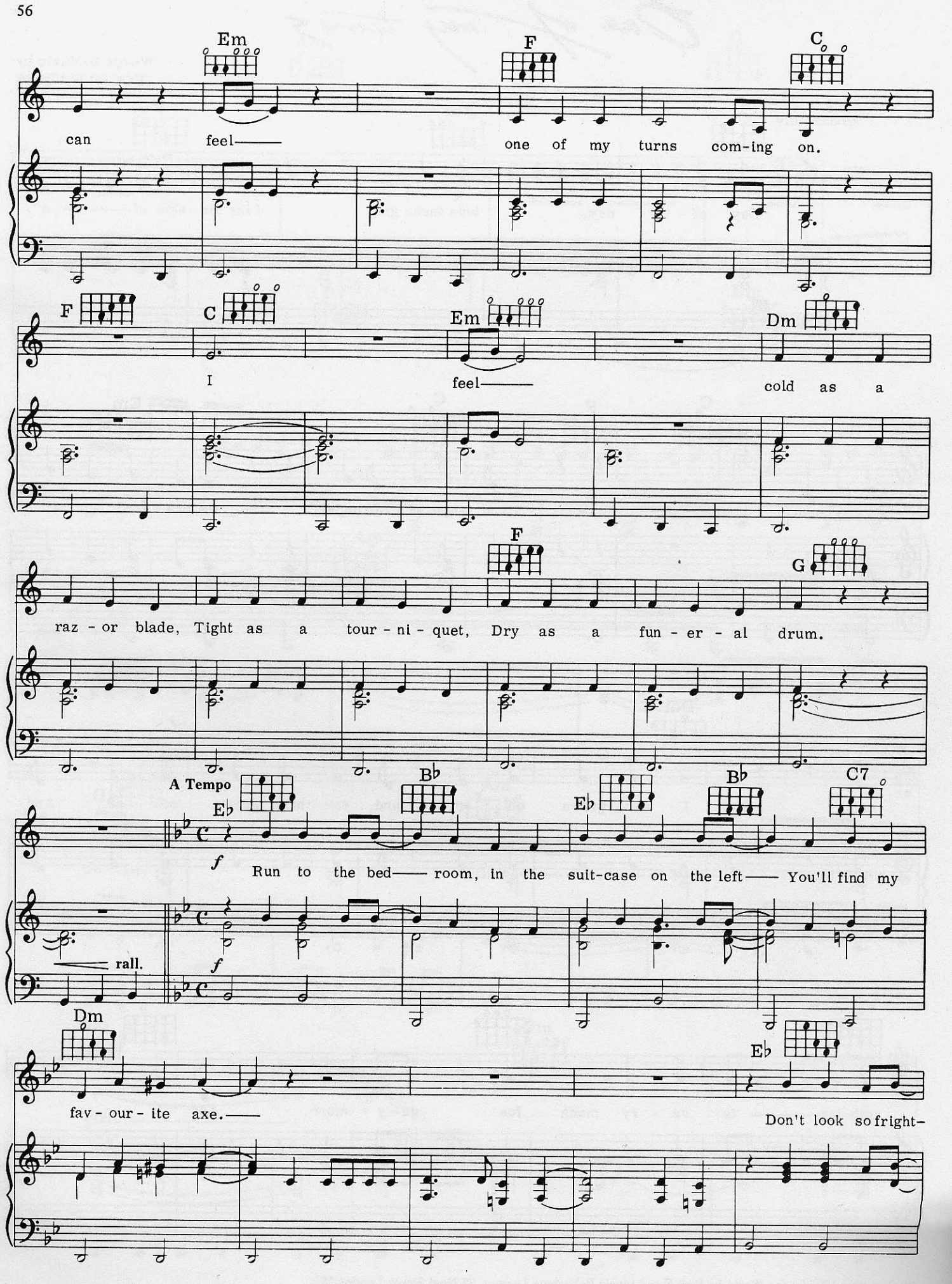

Am7
G
Am7
Em
Am
Ooh
I need a dir - ty
G
wo-man;
Am
Ooh,
I need a dir-ty
Em
girl.
Em
Repeat and fade

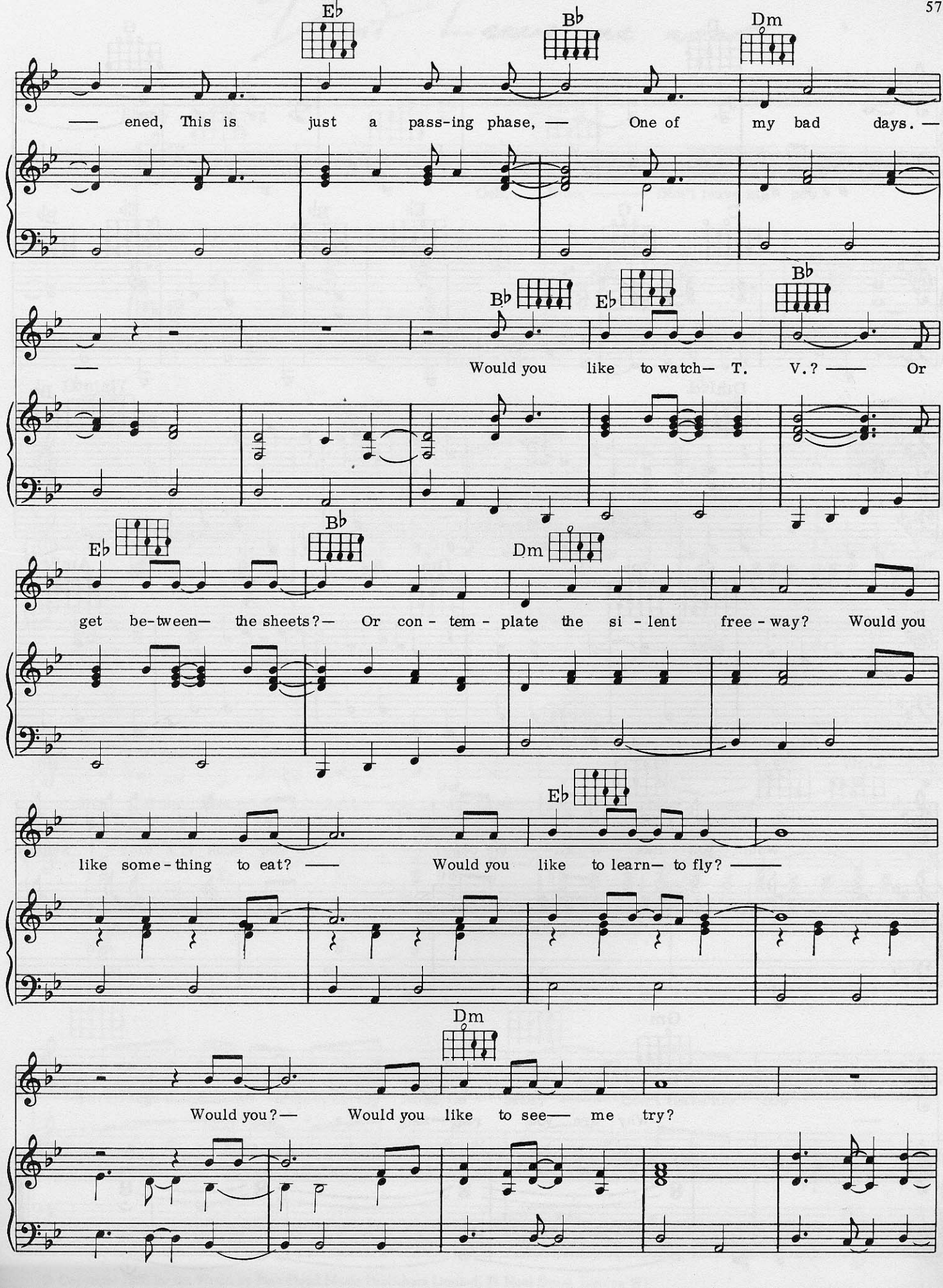
One of my turns

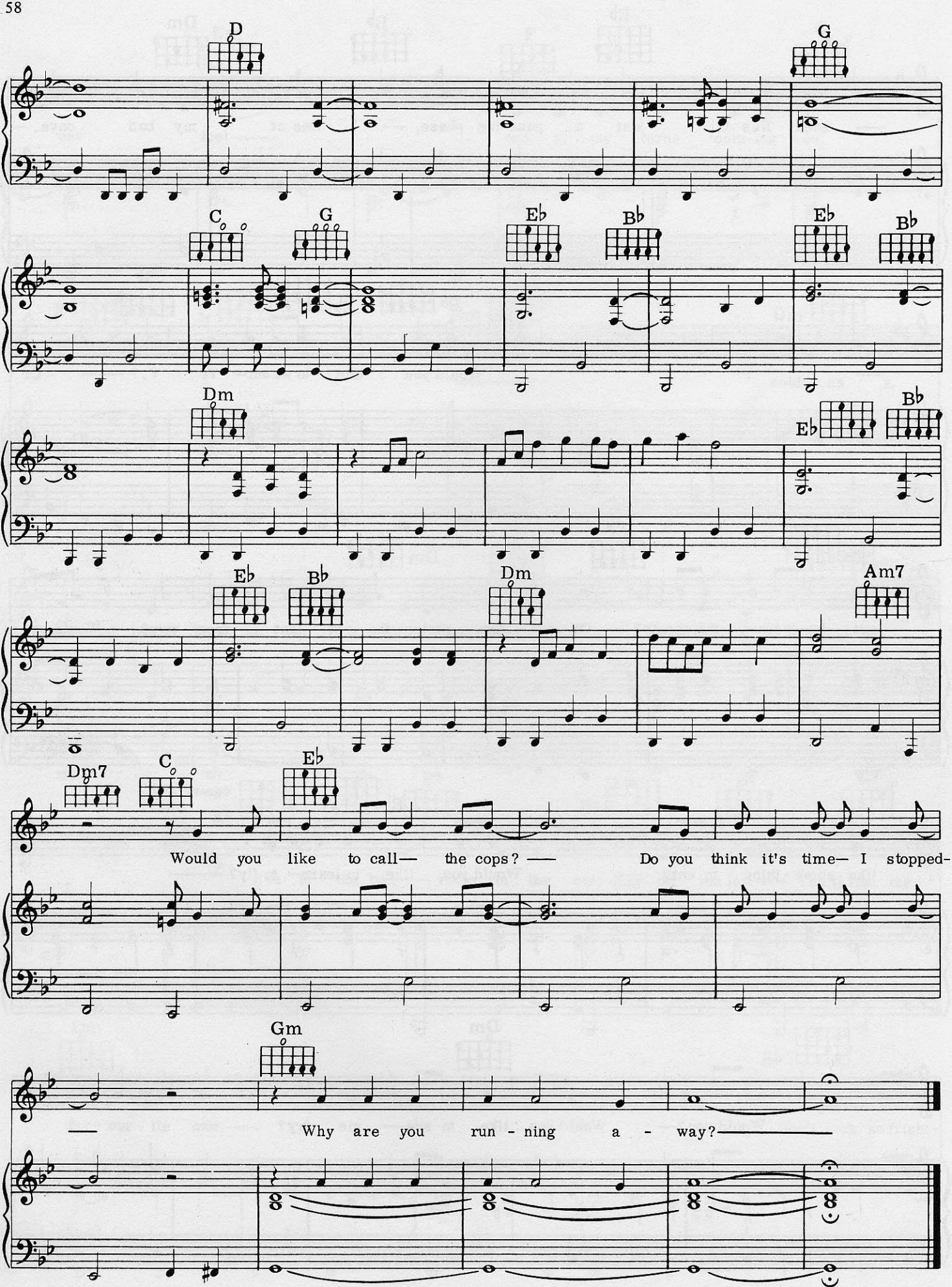
Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS



© Copyright 1979 [illegible] Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.

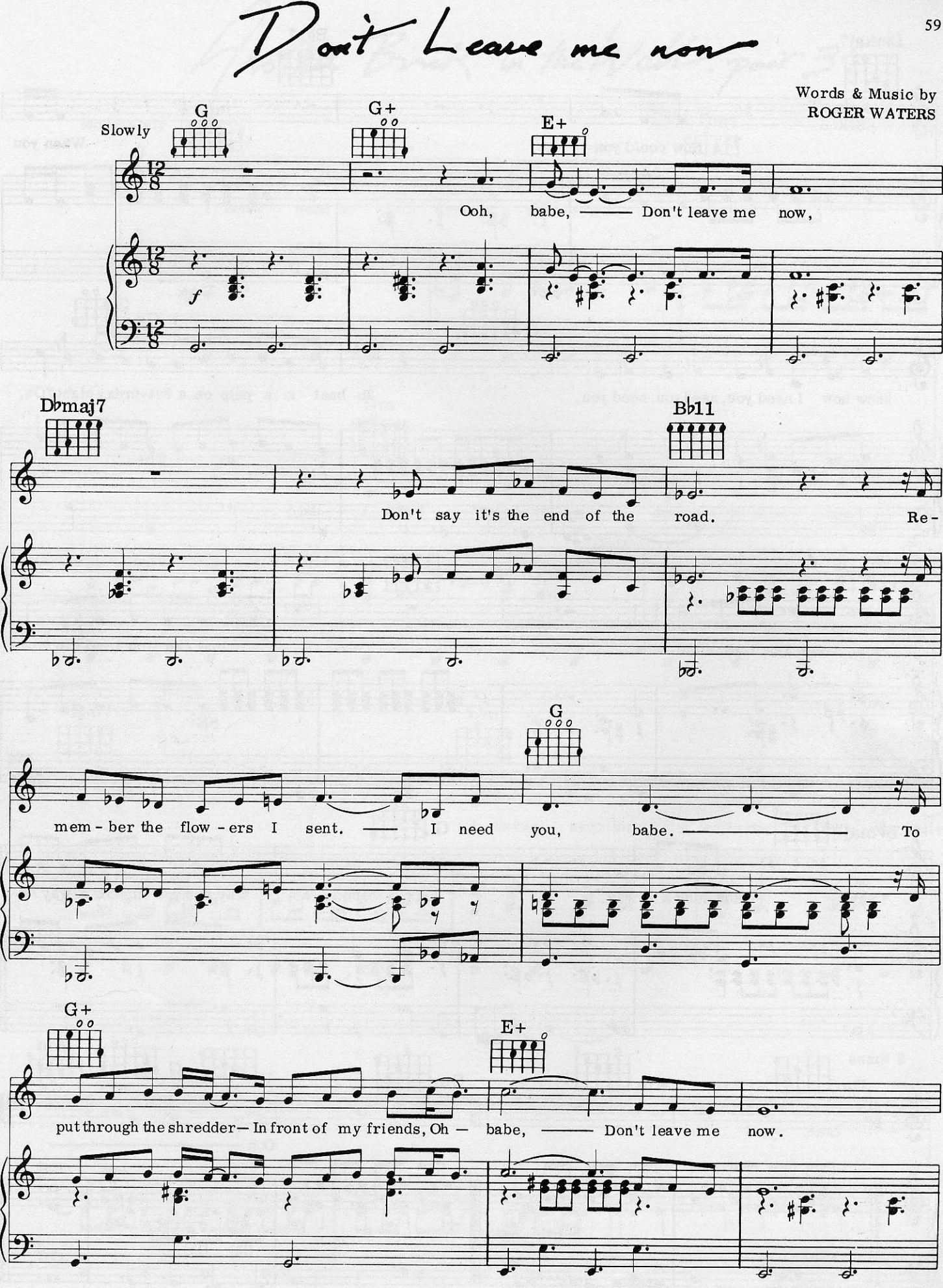

Em
F
C
can feel— one of my turns com-ing on.
F
C
Em
Dm
I feel— cold as a
F
G
raz - or blade, Tight as a tour - ni - quet, Dry as a fun - er - al drum.
A Tempo
Eb
Bb
Eb
Bb
C7
f
Run to the bed— room, in the suit-case on the left— You'll find my
rall.
f
Dm
Eb
fav - our - ite axe.—
Don't look so fright-


E♭
B♭
Dm
ened, This is just a pass-ing phase, — One of my bad days. —
B♭
E♭
B♭
— Would you like to watch— T. V.? — Or
E♭
B♭
Dm
get be-tween— the sheets?— Or con - tem - plate the si - lent free - way? Would you
E♭
like some - thing to eat? — Would you like to learn— to fly? —
Dm
Would you?— Would you like to see— me try?

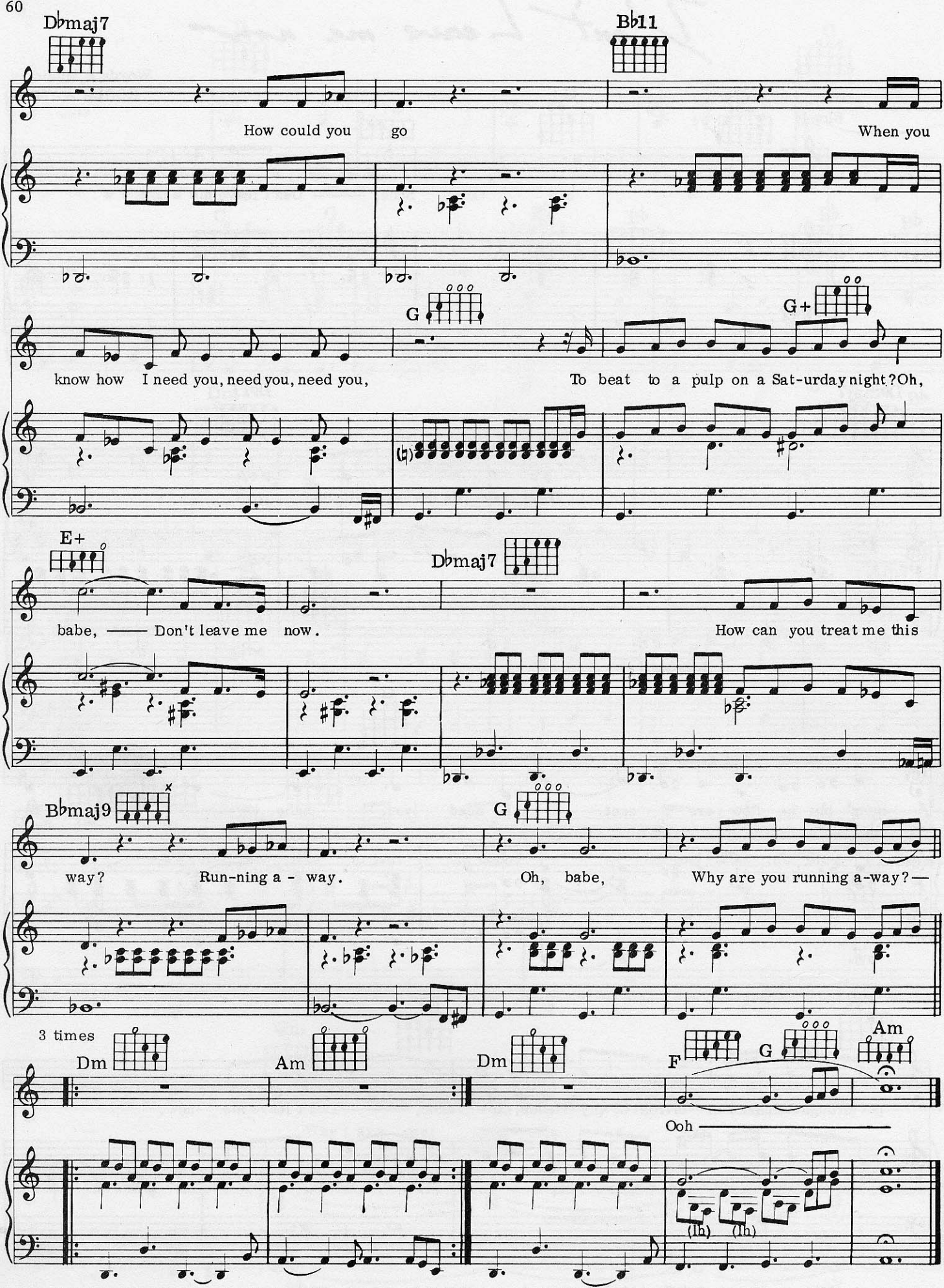

D
G
C
G
Eb
Bb
Eb
Bb
Dm
Eb
Bb
Eb
Bb
Dm
Am7
Dm7
C
Eb
Would you like to call— the cops? — Do you think it's time— I stopped-
Gm
— Why are you run - ning a - way?—

Don't Leave me now

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS



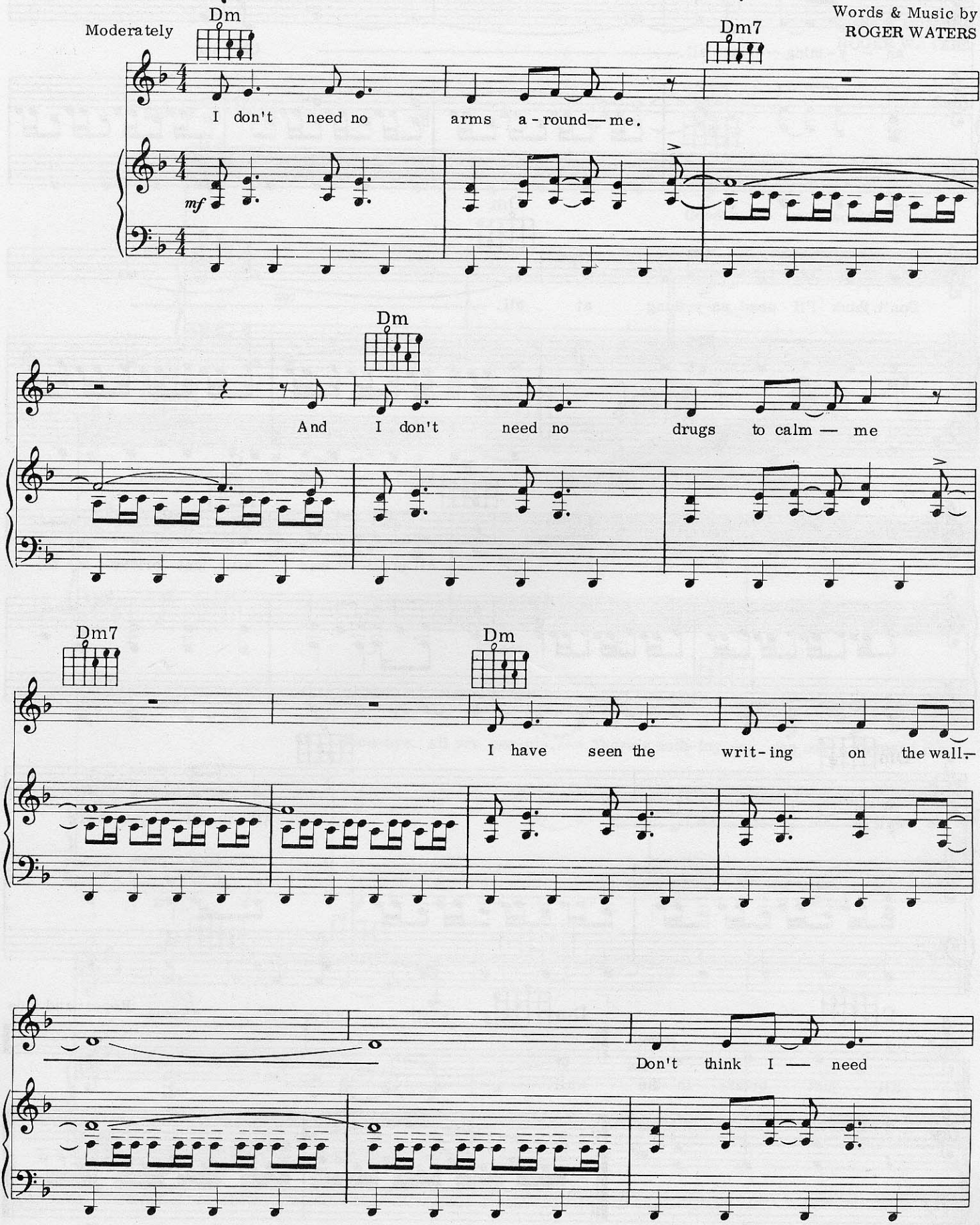
© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1


Dbmaj7
Bb11
How could you go
When you
know how I need you, need you, need you,
G
G+
To beat to a pulp on a Sat-urday night? Oh,
E+
Dbmaj7
babe, —— Don't leave me now.
How can you treat me this
Bbmaj9
G
way? Run-ning a - way.
Oh, babe, Why are you running a-way? —
3 times
Dm
Am
Dm
F
G
Am
Ooh ——
(lh)
(lh)

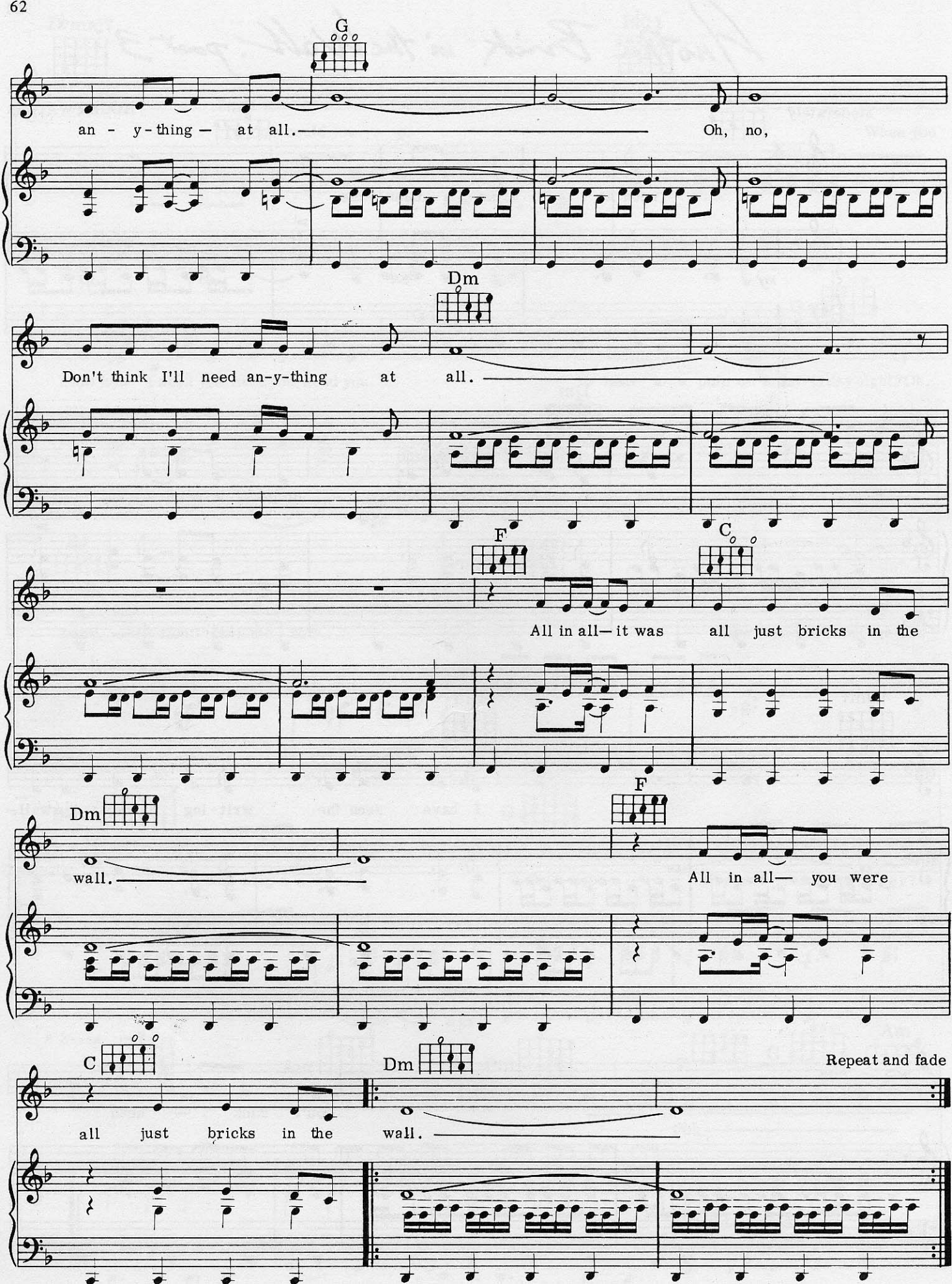
Another Brick in the Wall. part 3.

Moderately

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

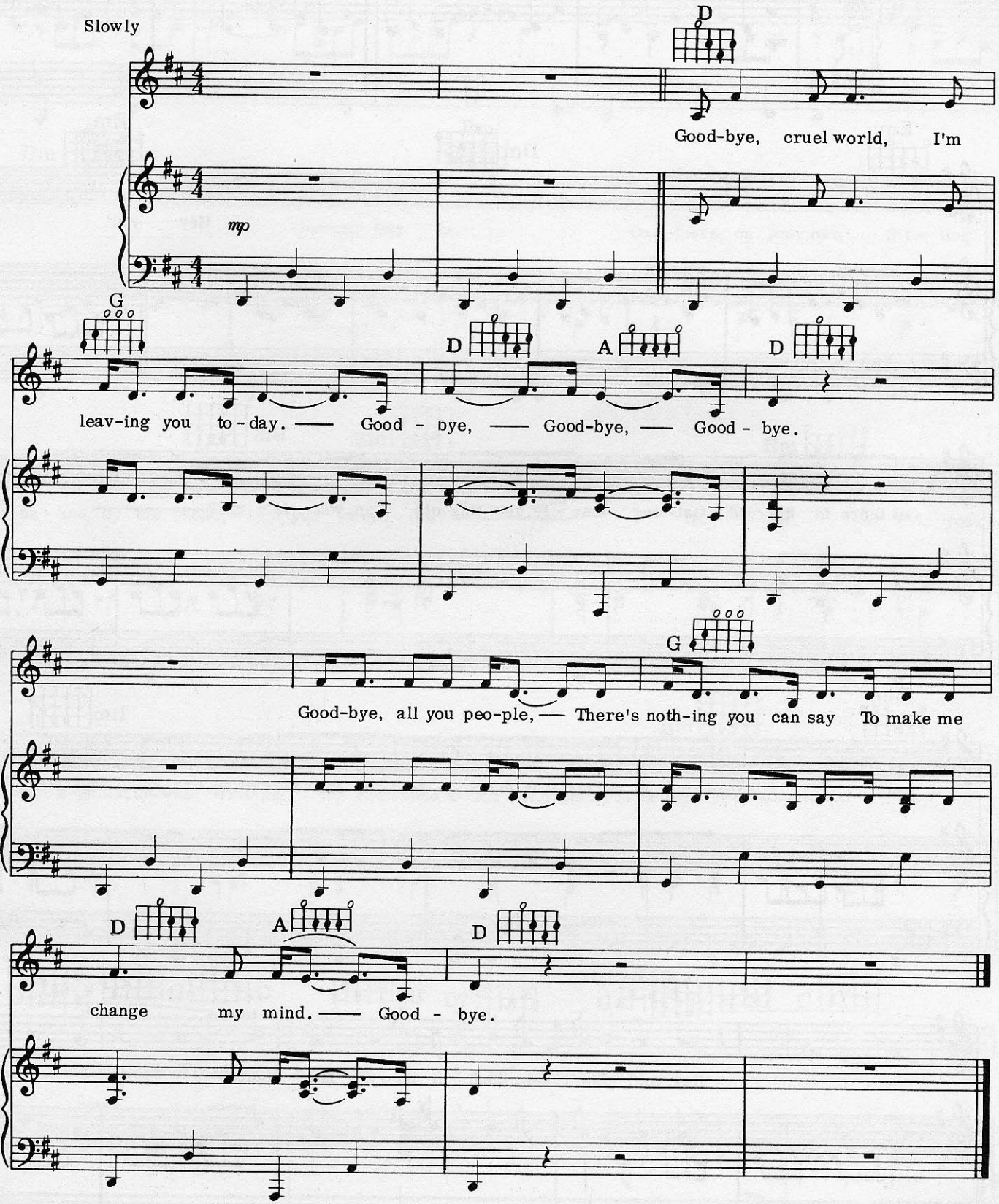


© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1


G
an - y-thing — at all. — Oh, no,
Dm
Don't think I'll need an-y-thing at all. —
F
C
All in all— it was all just bricks in the
Dm
wall. —
F
All in all— you were
C
all just bricks in the
Dm
wall. —
Repeat and fade

Goodbye Cruel World

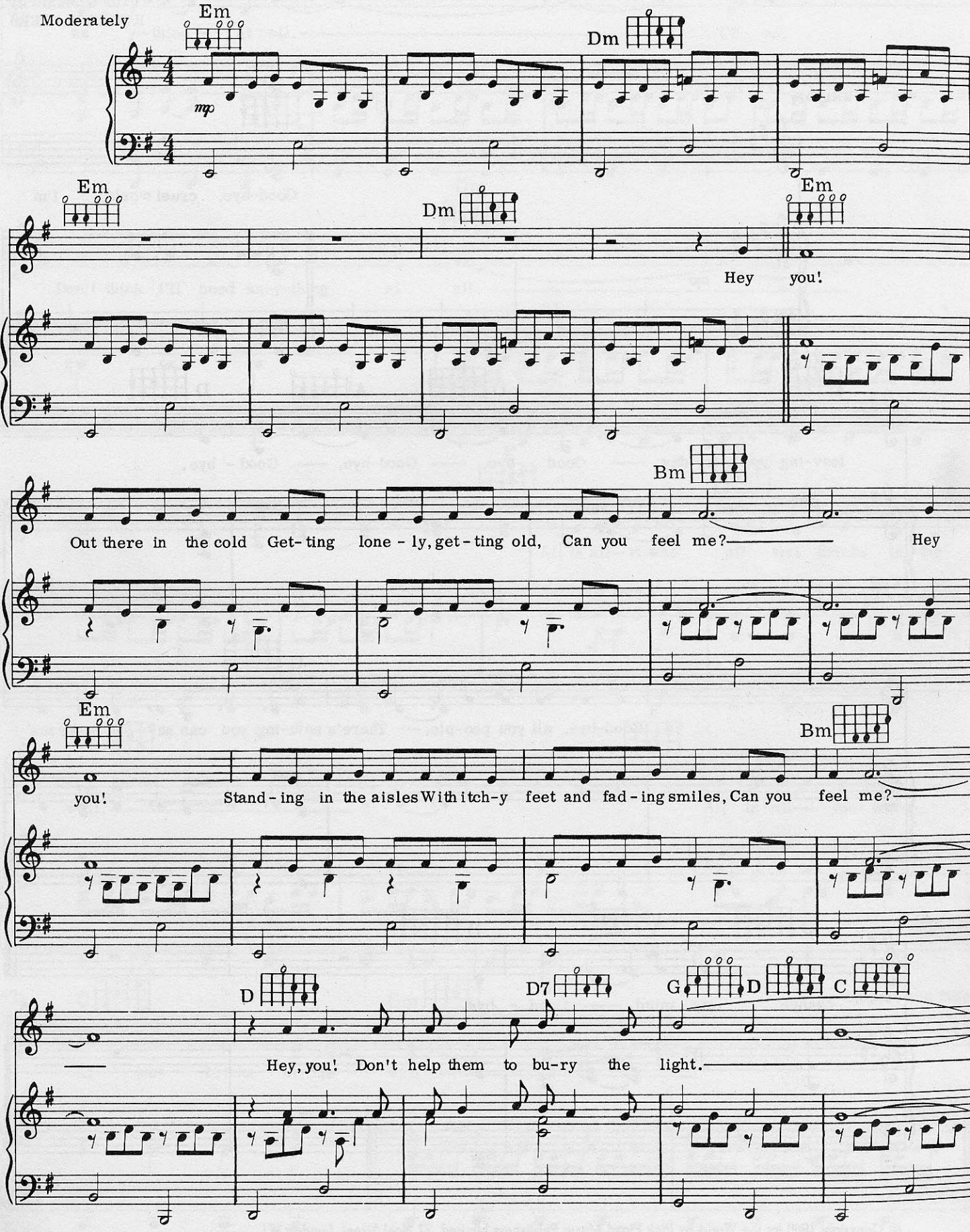
Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

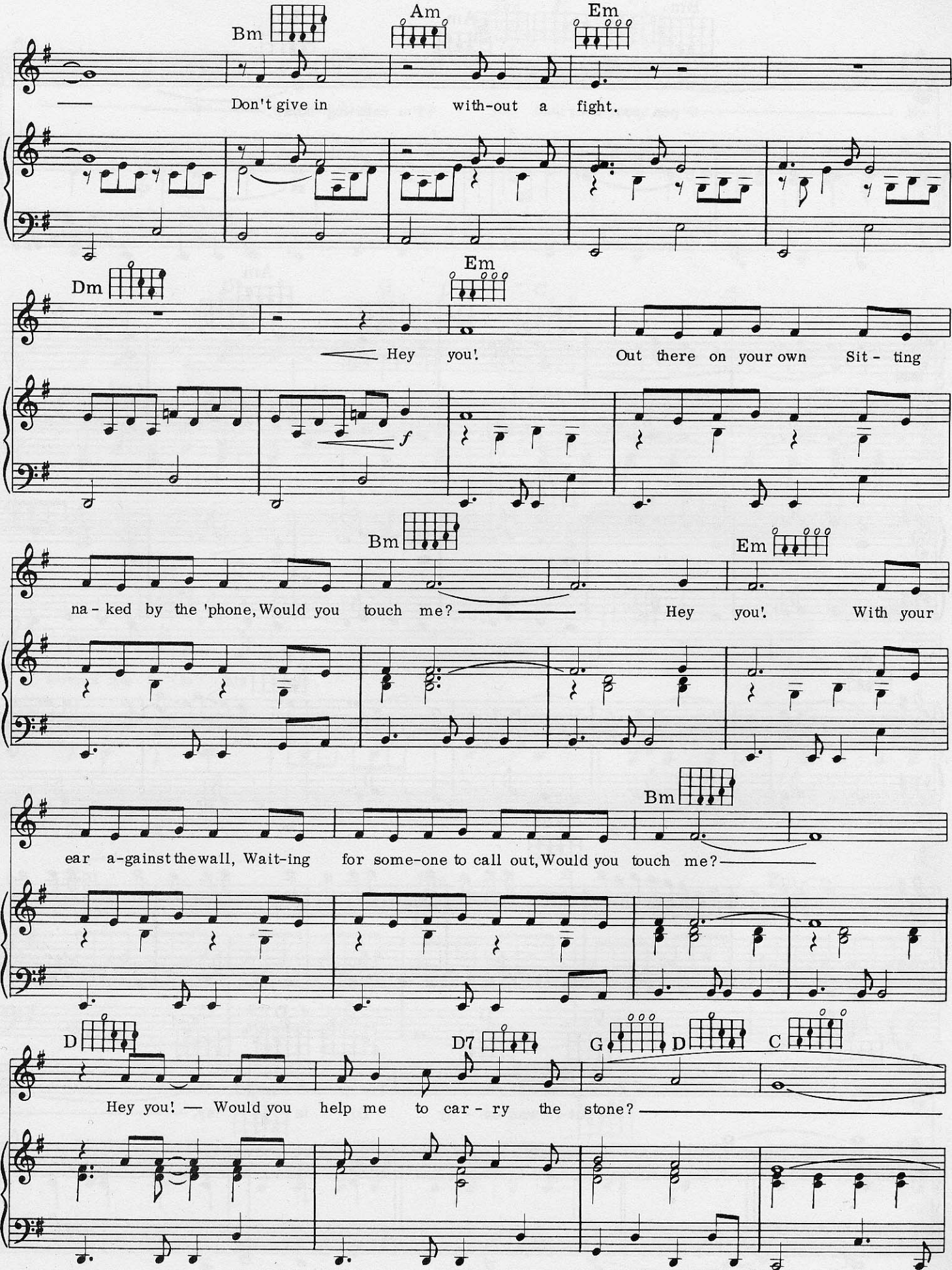


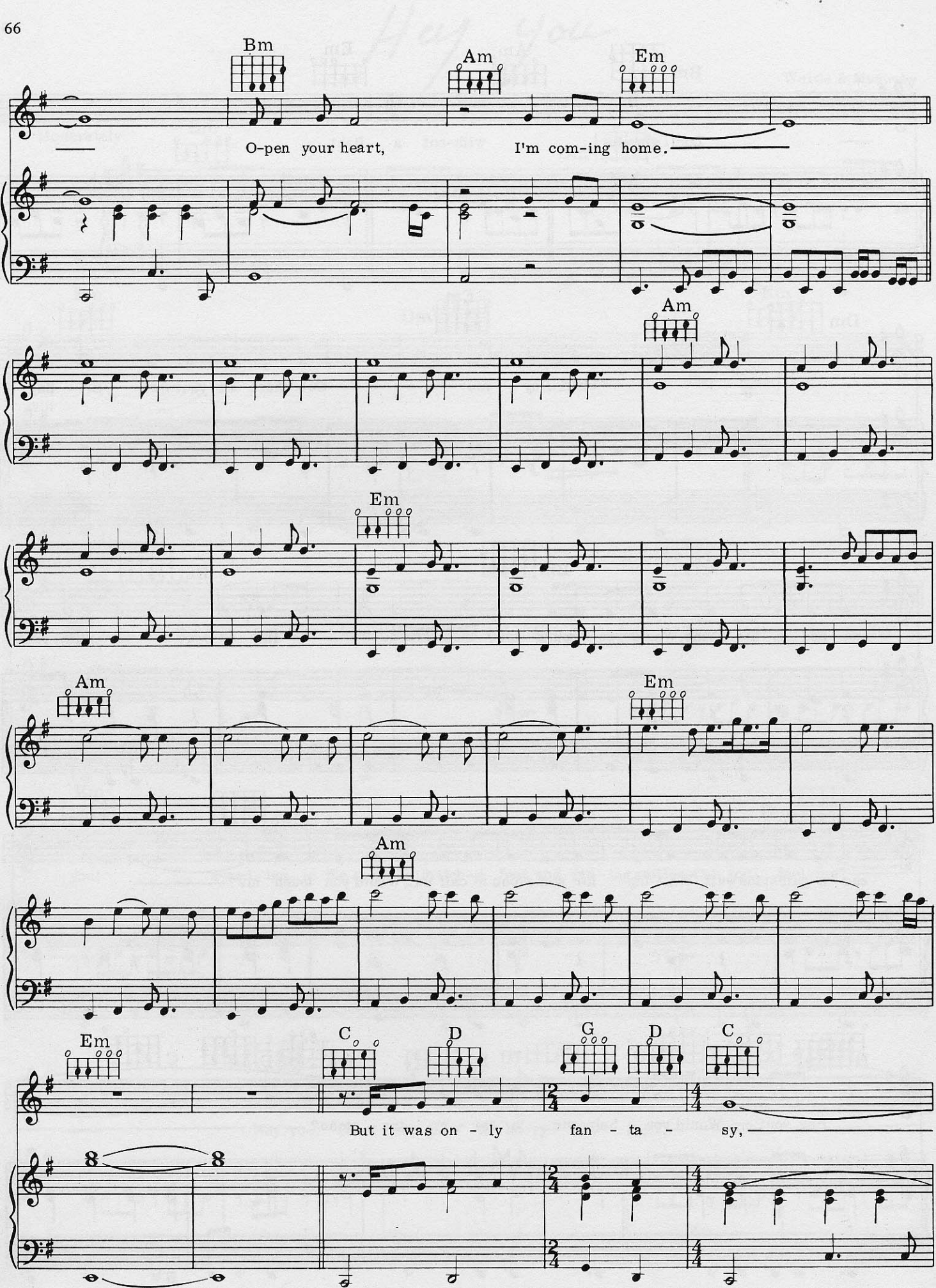
© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.

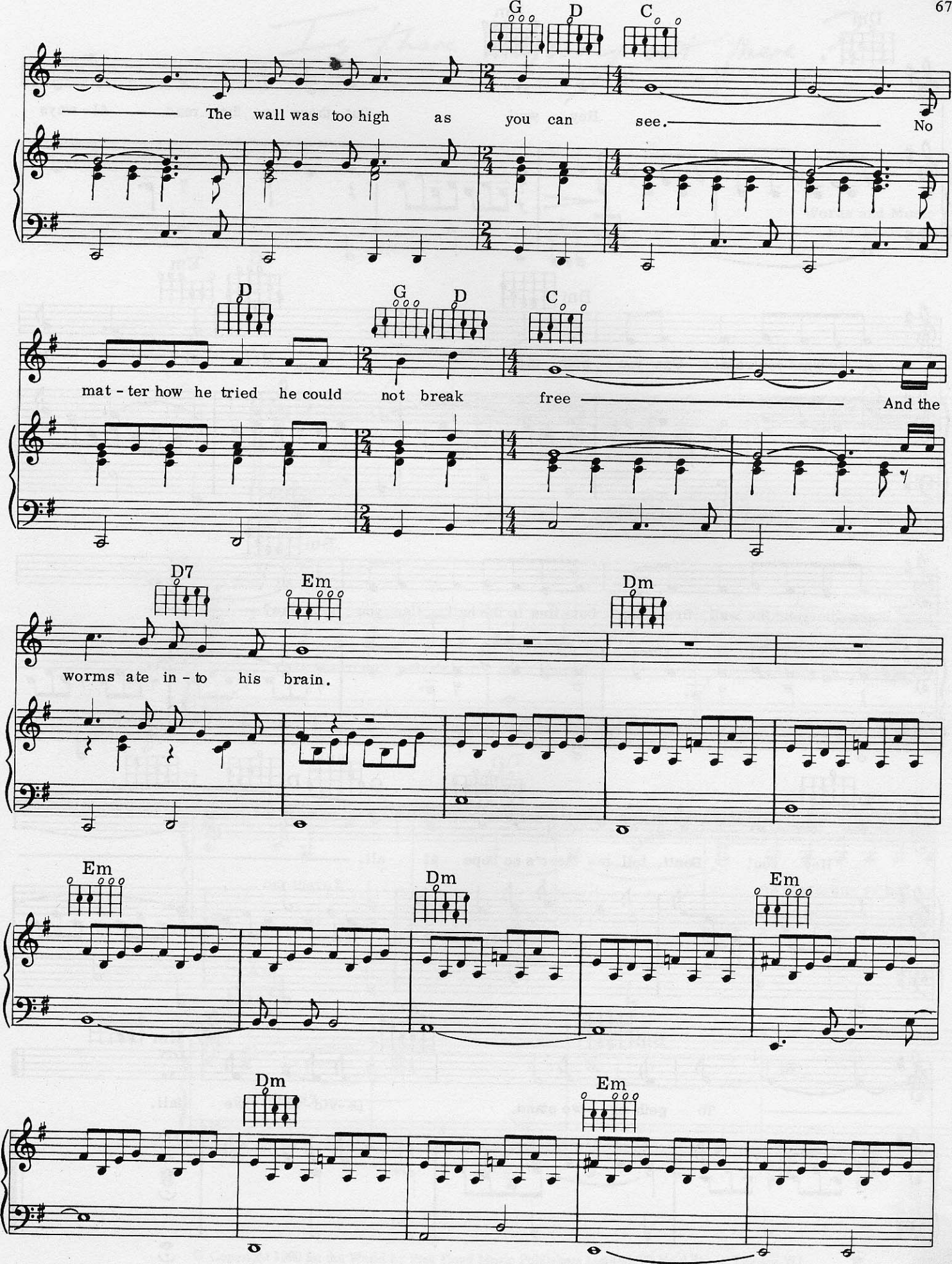
Hey you

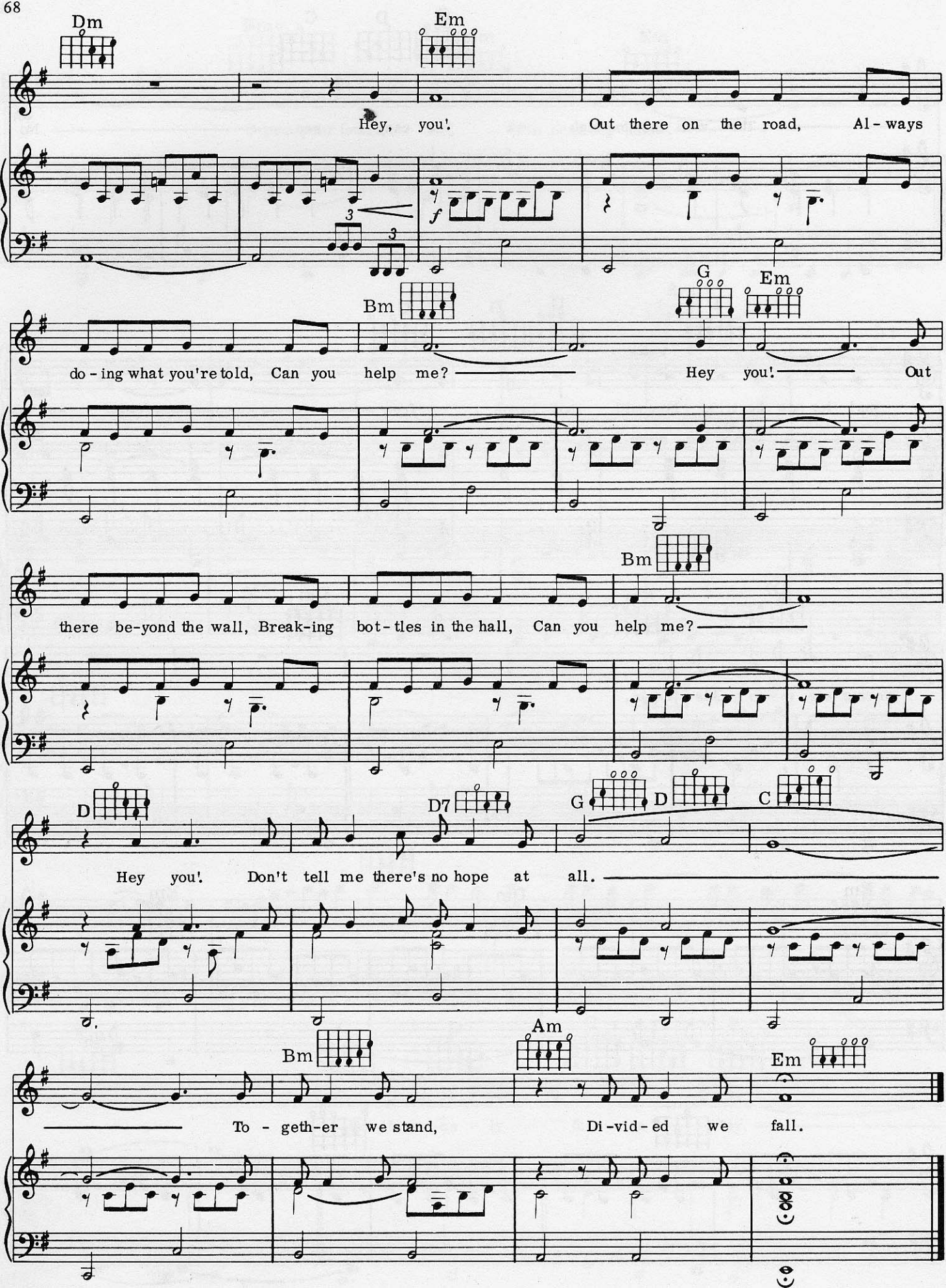
Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS




Bm
Am
Em
Don't give in with-out a fight.
Dm
Em
Hey you! Out there on your own Sit - ting
f
Bm
Em
na - ked by the 'phone, Would you touch me? Hey you! With your
Bm
ear a-gainst the wall, Wait-ing for some-one to call out, Would you touch me?
D
D7
G
D
C
Hey you! — Would you help me to car - ry the stone?

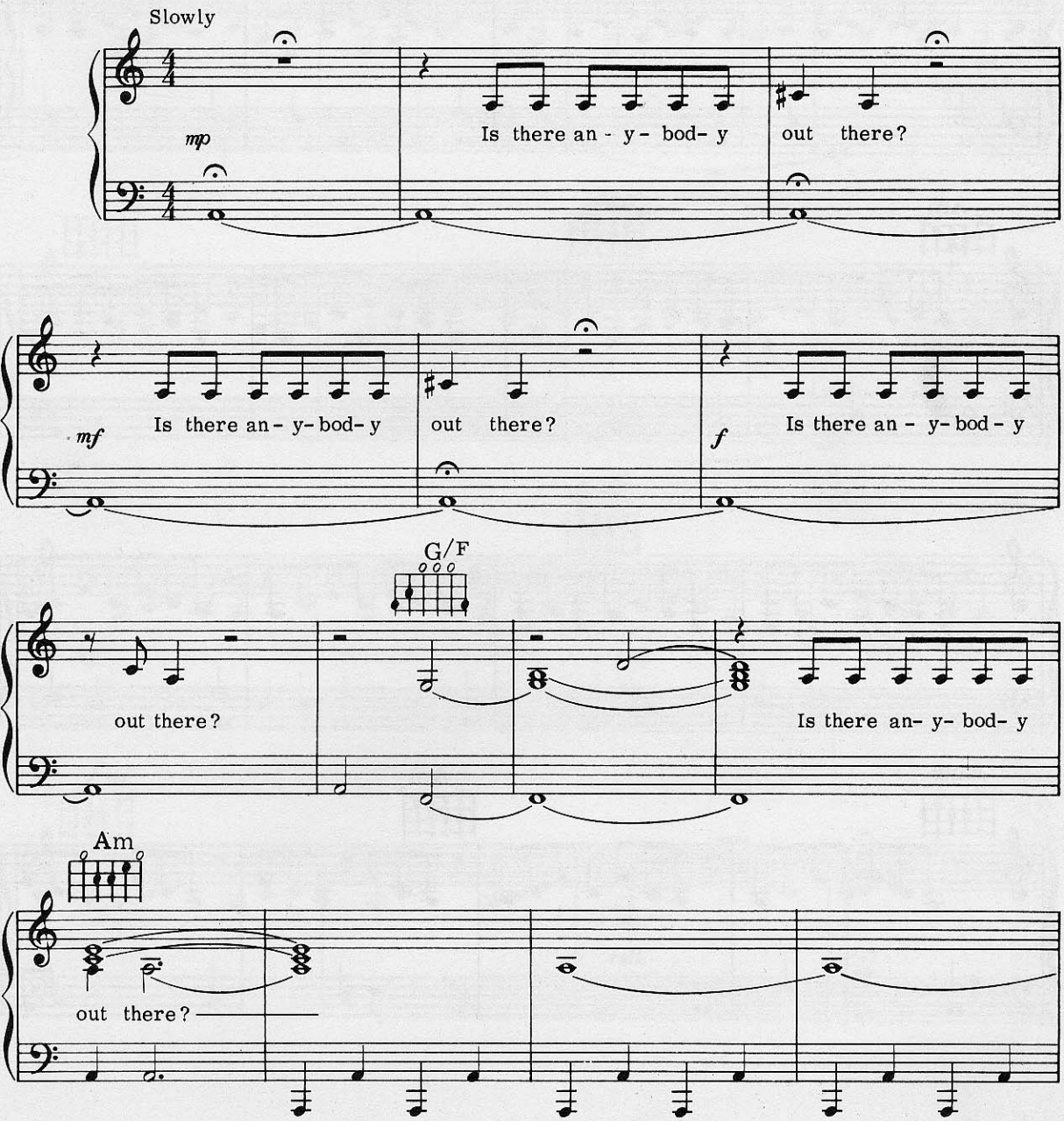

Bm
Am
Em
O-pen your heart,
I'm com-ing home.
Am
Em
Am
Em
Am
Em
Am
Em
C
D
G
D
C
But it was on - ly
fan - ta -
sy,


G D C
The wall was too high as you can see. No
D G D C
mat - ter how he tried he could not break free And the
D7 Em Dm
worms ate in - to his brain.
Em Dm Em
Dm Em

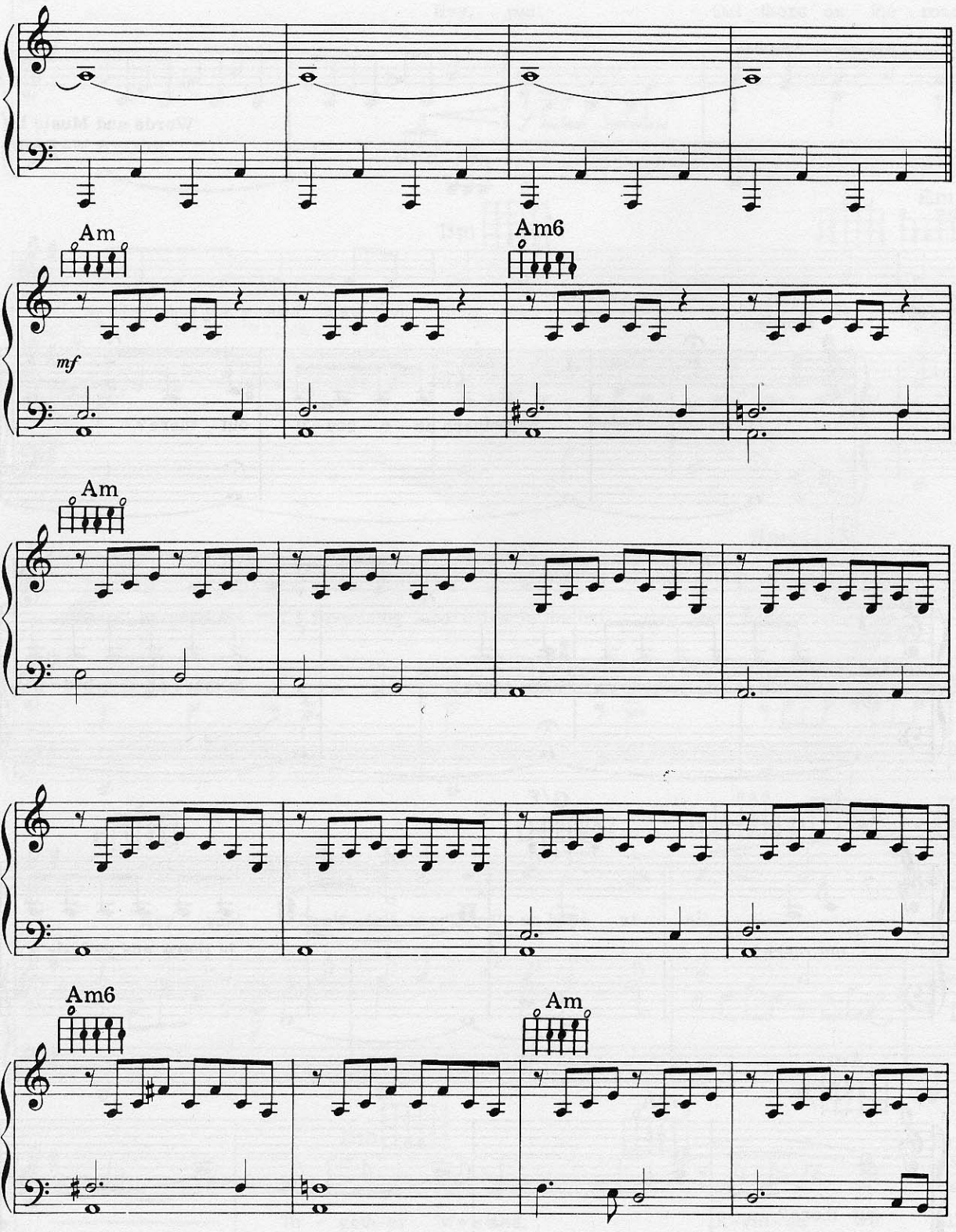

Dm
Em
Hey, you!
Out there on the road, Al-ways
f
Bm
G
Em
do-ing what you're told, Can you help me?
Hey you!
Out
Bm
there be-yond the wall, Break-ing bot-tles in the hall, Can you help me?
D
D7
G
D
C
Hey you! Don't tell me there's no hope at all.
Bm
Am
Em
To-geth-er we stand,
Di-vid-ed we fall.

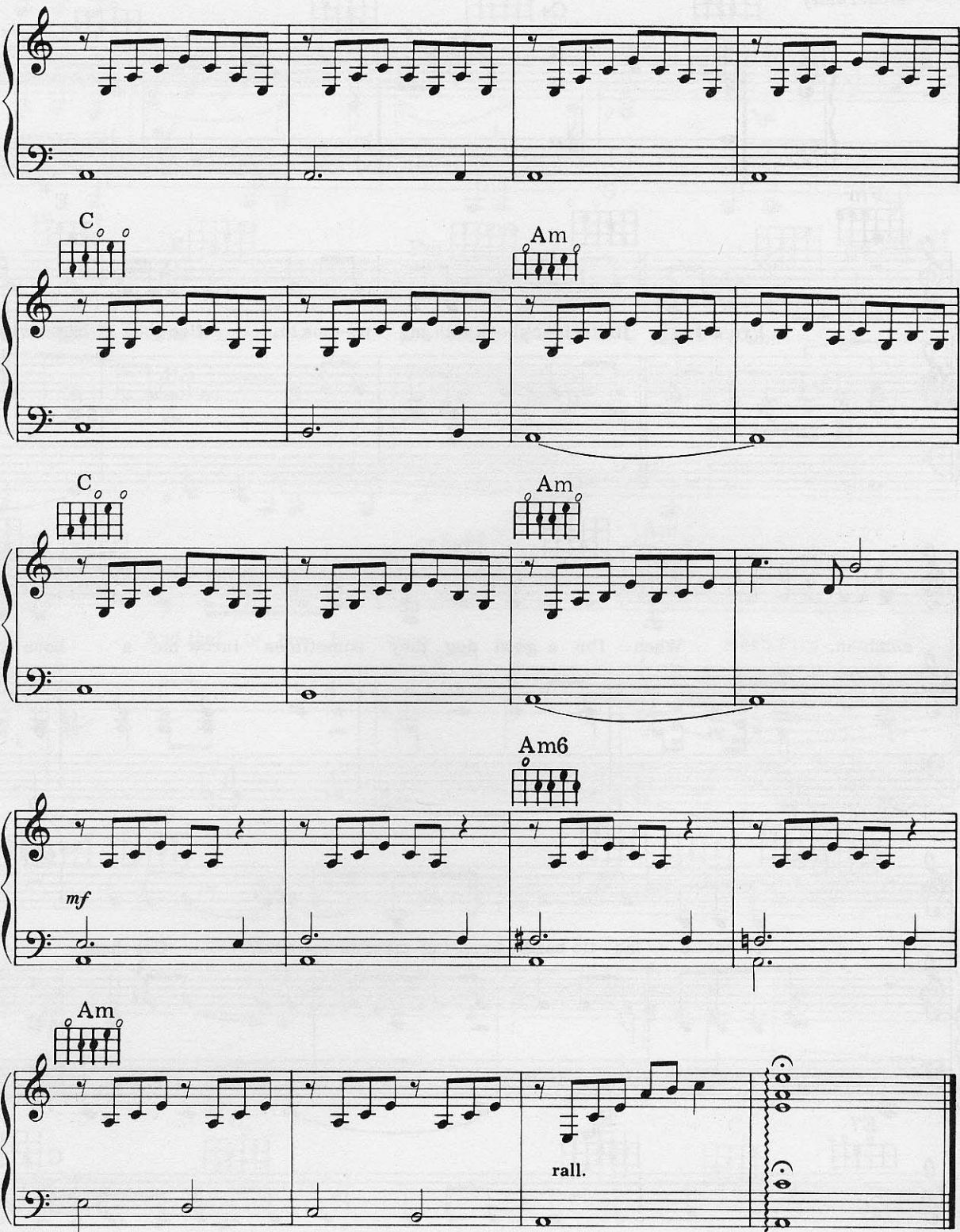
Is there anybody out there?

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS



© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.
All rights reserved International Copyright Secured


Am
Am6
mf
Am
Am6
Am


C
Am
C
Am
Am6
mf
Am
rall.

Nobody Home

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

Am C+ C D7 F

mf

Fm C E

I've got a lit-tle black book with my po-ems in. I've got a bag with a toothbrush and a

mp

F C F

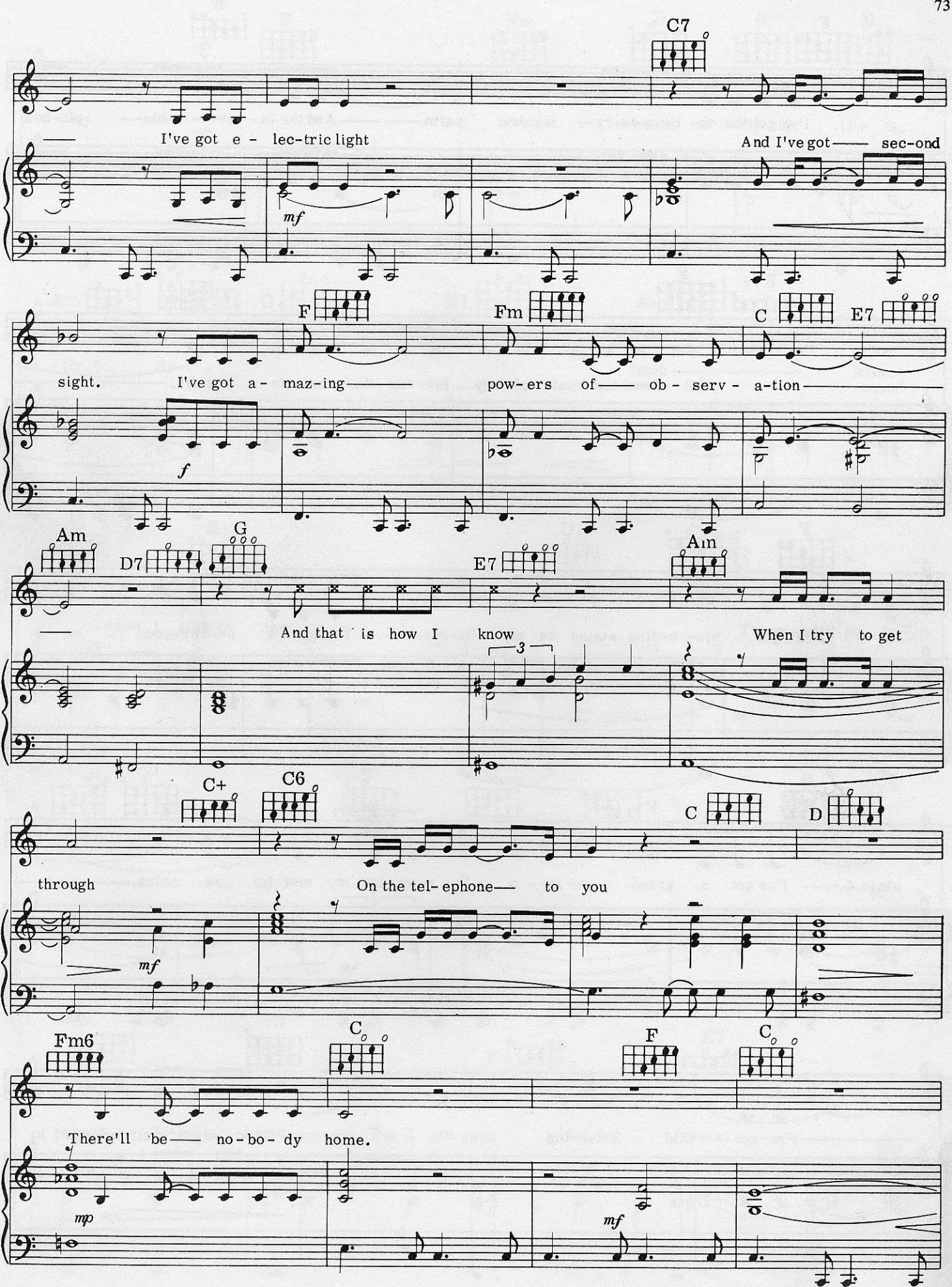
comb in. When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in.

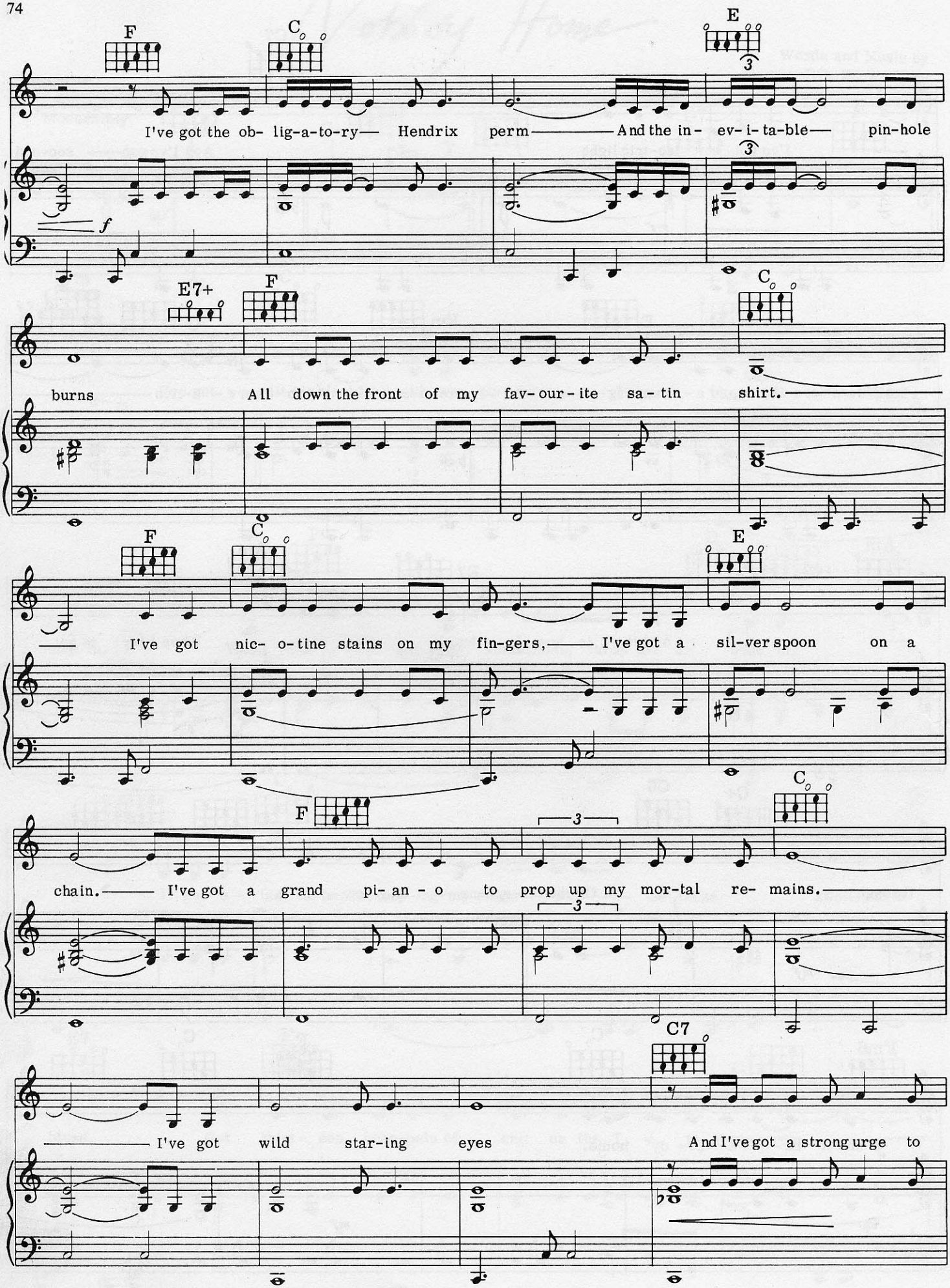
F C E

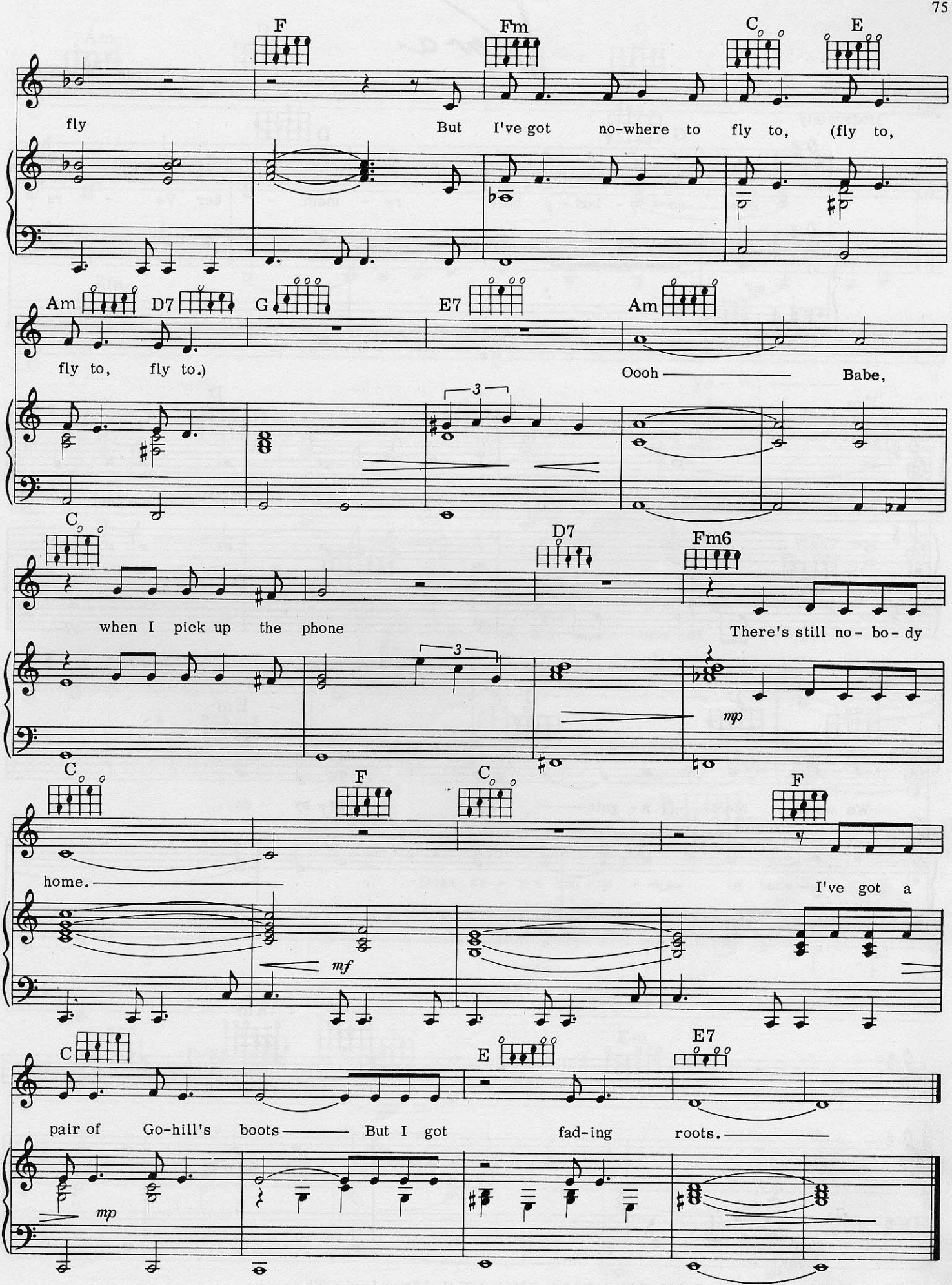
I got e - las- tic bands keep-ing my shoes — on. — Got those swollen hand

E7 F C

blues. Got thirt- een chan-nels of shit on the T. V. to choose from. —

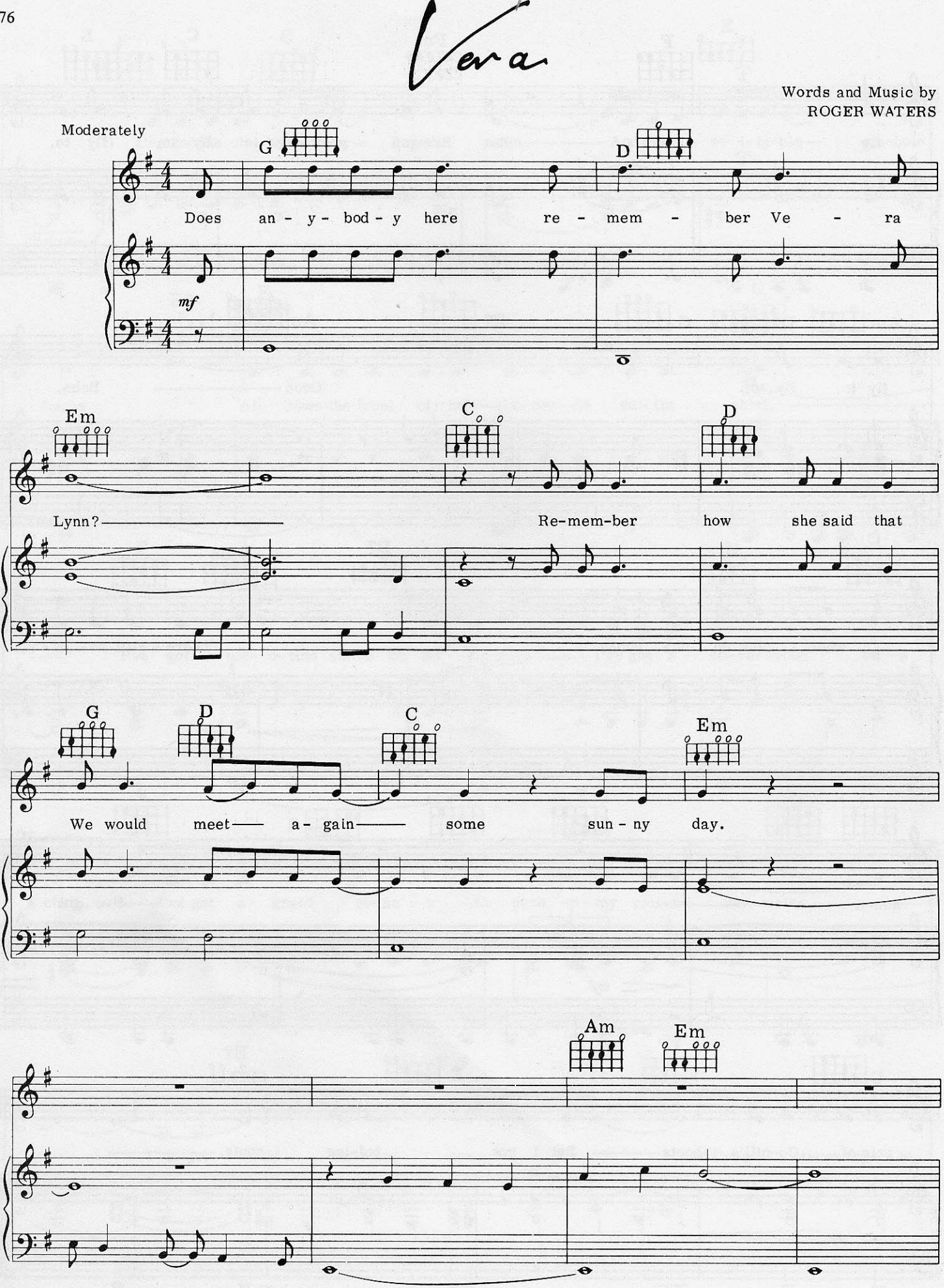

C7
I've got e - lec-tric light
And I've got sec-ond
mf
F
Fm
C
E7
sight. I've got a- maz-ing pow-ers of ob - serv - a-tion
f
Am
D7
G
E7
Am
And that is how I know
When I try to get
3
C+
C6
C
D
through
On the tel- ephone to you
mf
Fm6
C
F
C
There'll be no-bo- dy home.
mp
mf


F
C
E
I've got the ob- lig-a-to-ry— Hendrix perm — And the in- ev- i- ta-ble— pin-hole
f
E7+
F
C
burns All down the front of my fav- our - ite sa - tin shirt.
F
C
E
I've got nic- o- tine stains on my fin-gers, — I've got a sil-ver spoon on a
F
C
chain. — I've got a grand pi- an - o to prop up my mor-tal re- mains.
C7
I've got wild star-ing eyes And I've got a strong urge to

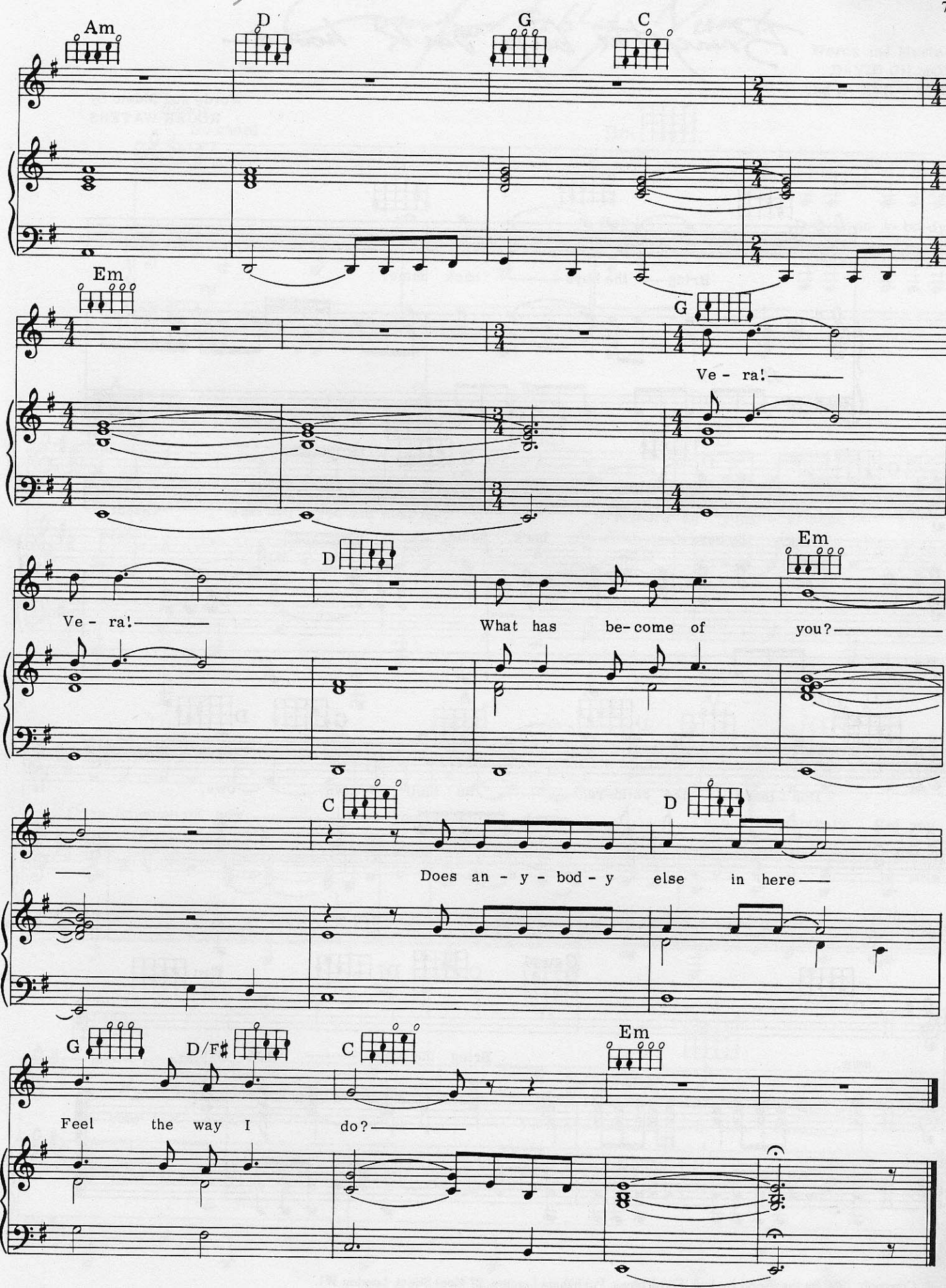

F
Fm
C
E
fly
But I've got no-where to fly to, (fly to,
Am
D7
G
E7
Am
fly to, fly to.)
Oooh
Babe,
3
C
D7
Fm6
when I pick up the phone
There's still no- bo- dy
3
mp
C
F
C
F
home.
I've got a
mf
C
E
E7
pair of Go-hill's boots
But I got fad-ing roots.
mp

Vera

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

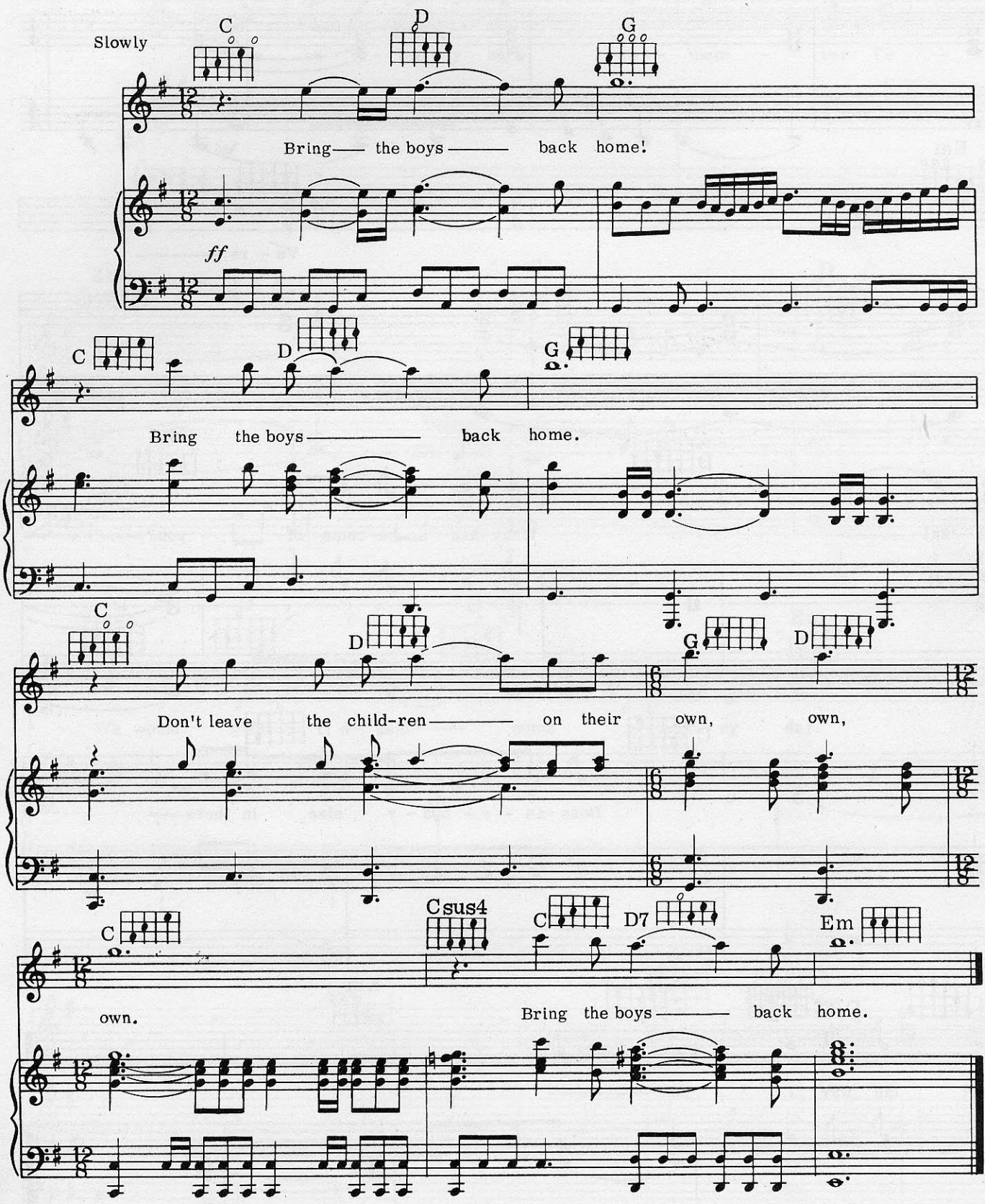


© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.


Am
D
G
C
Em
G
Ve - ra!
Ve - ra!
D
What has be-come of
Em
you?
C
D
Does an - y - bod - y else in here
G
D/F♯
C
Em
Feel the way I
do?

Bring the boys back home

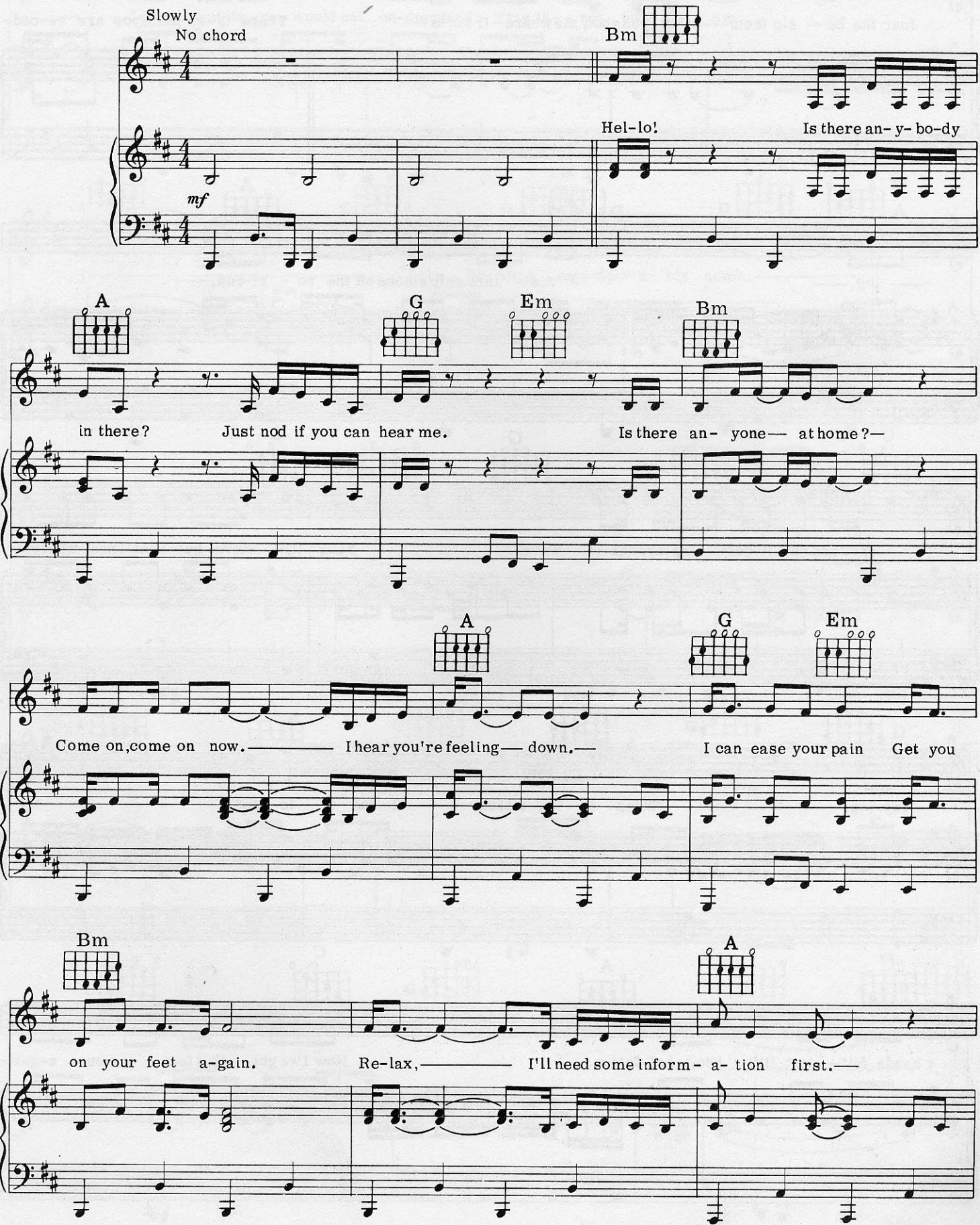
Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

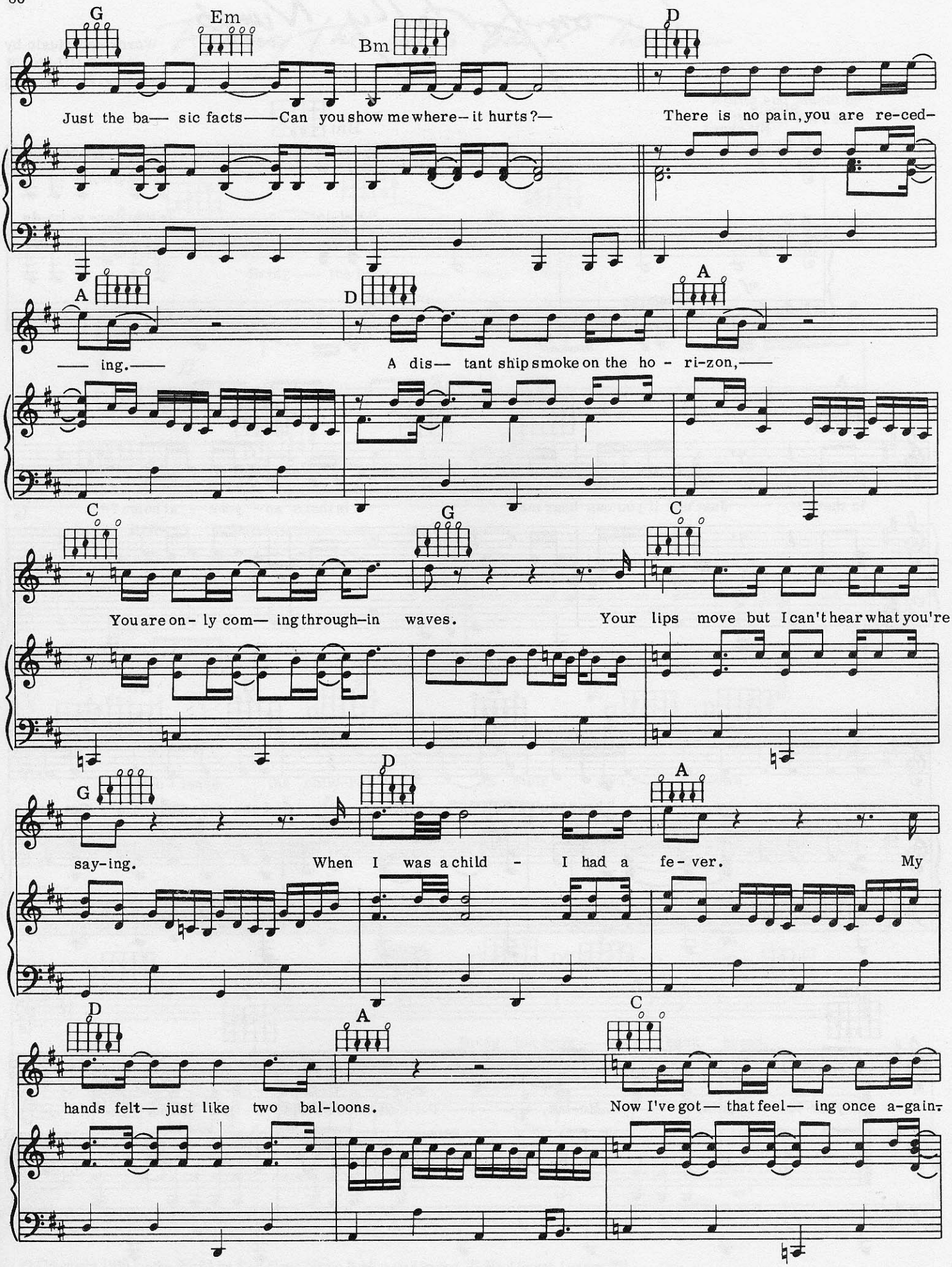


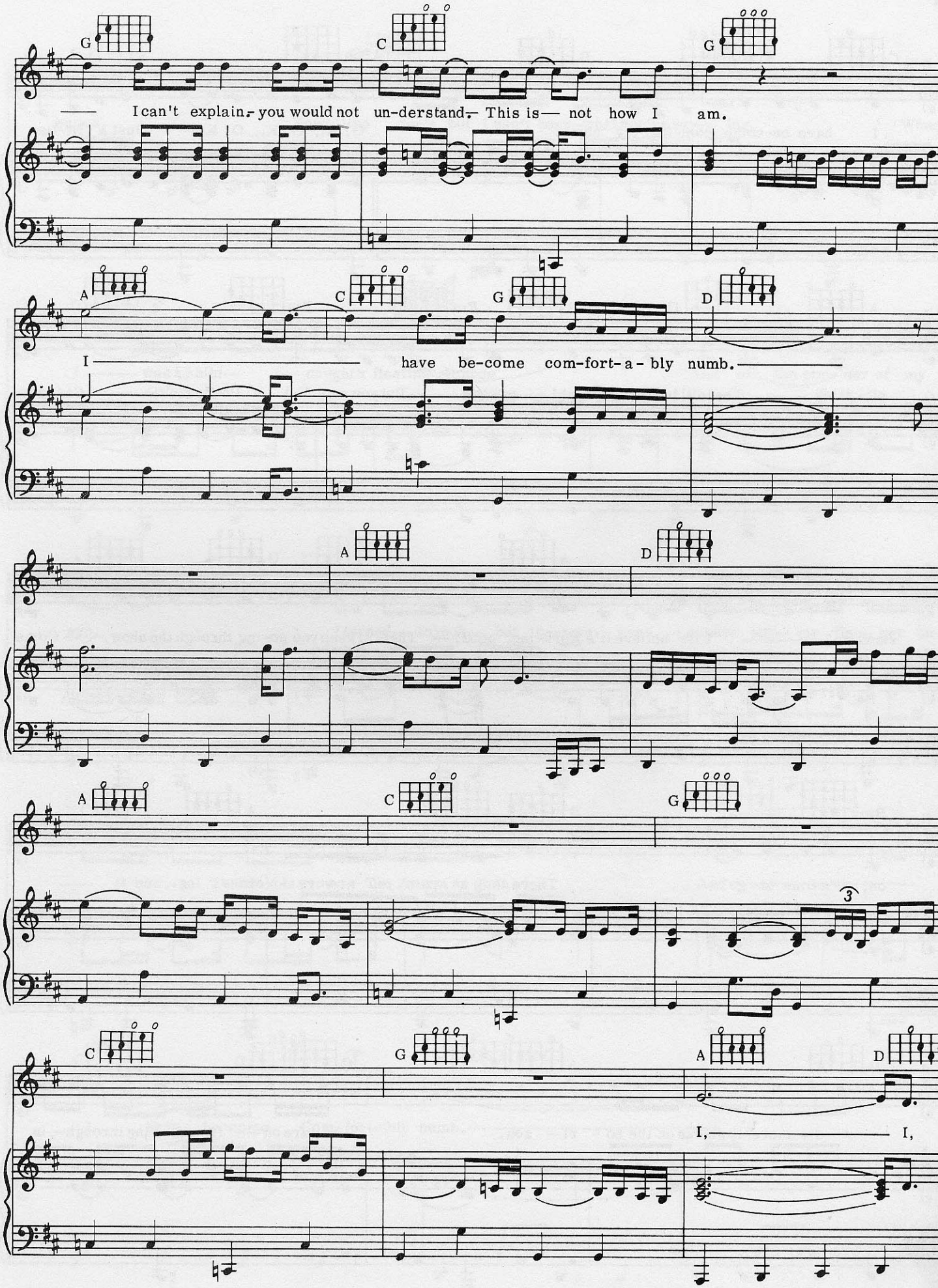
© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.

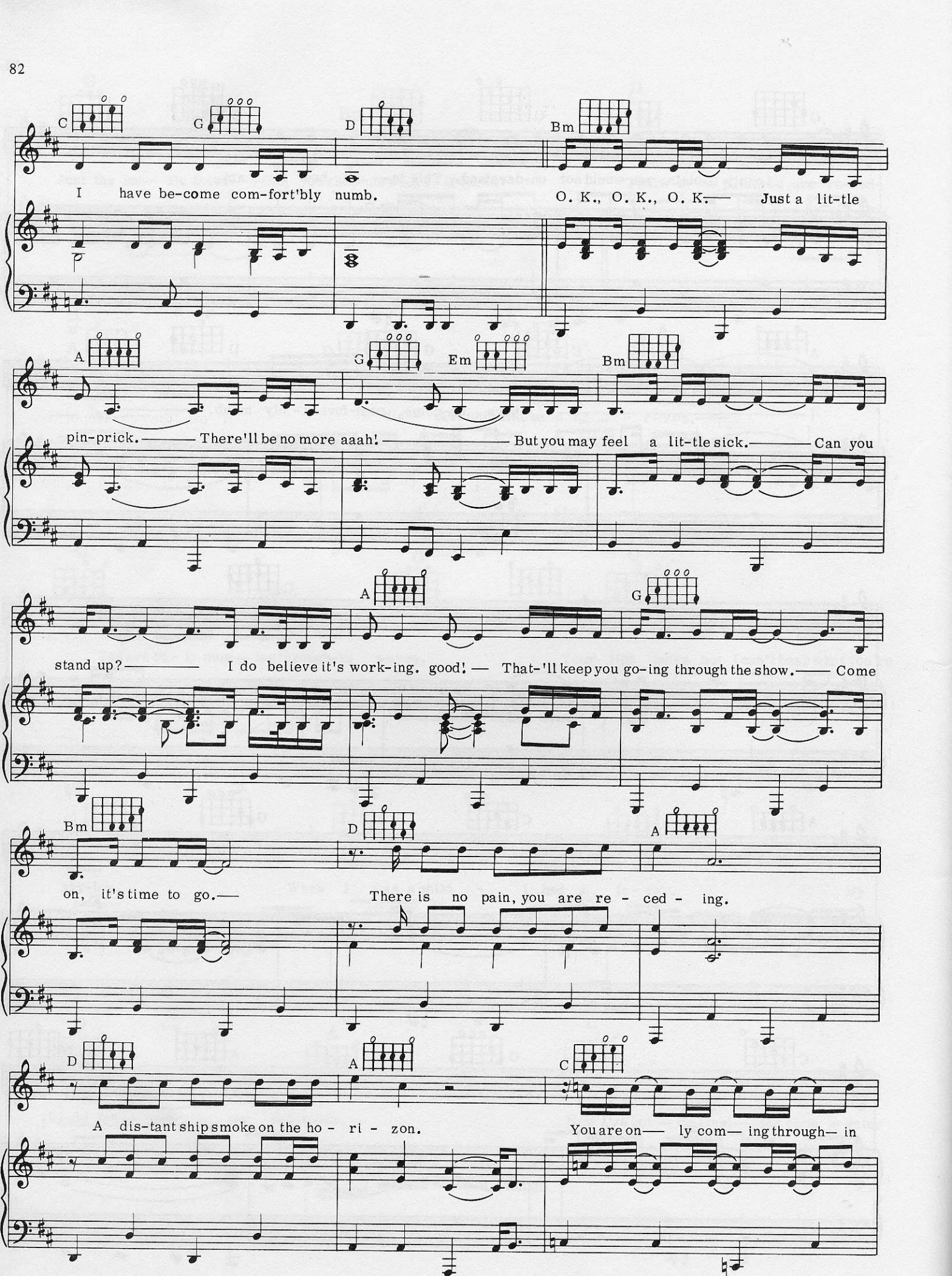
Comfortably Numb

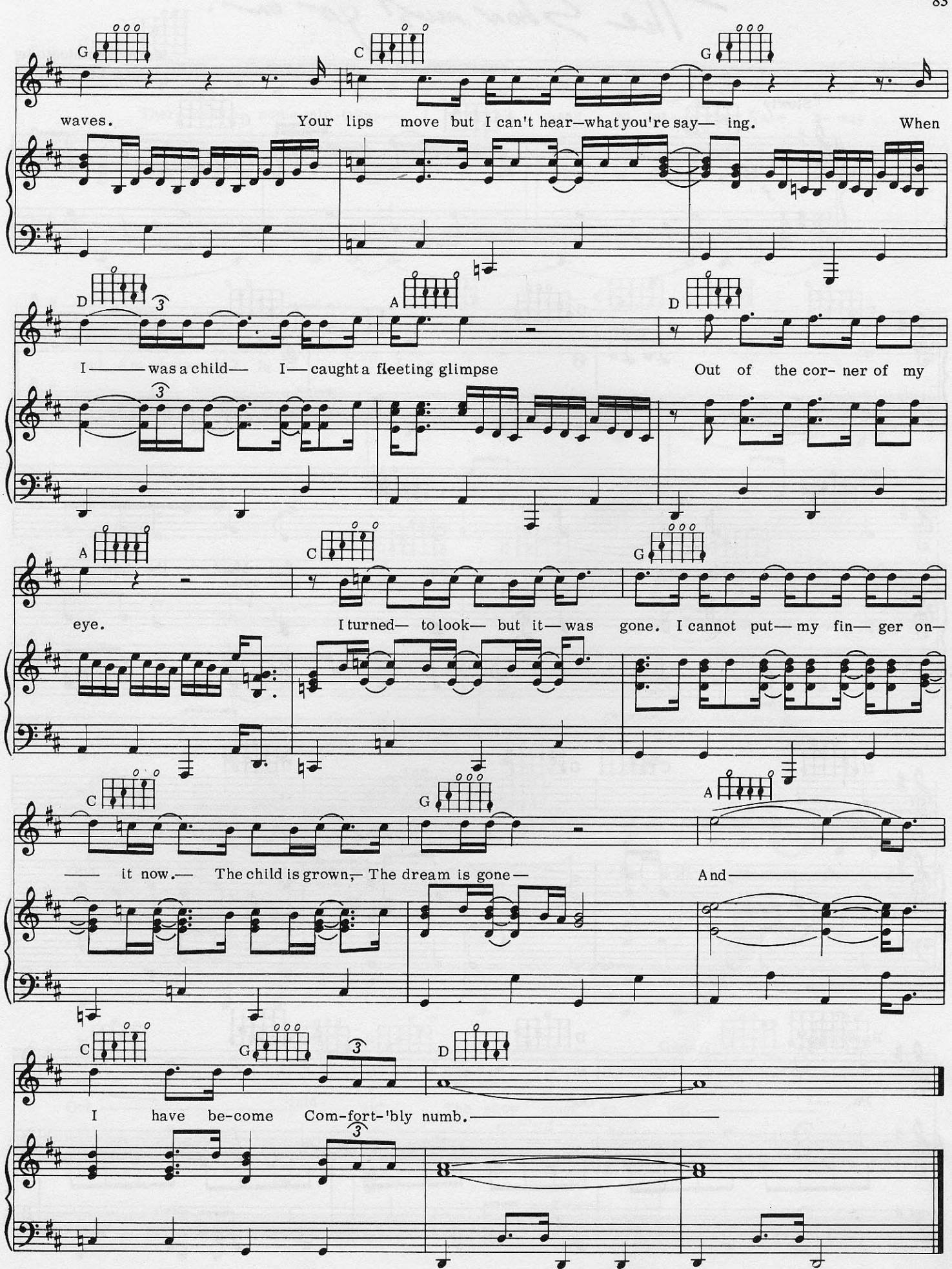
Words and Music by
DAVID GILMOUR
and ROGER WATERS




G
Em
Bm
D
Just the ba— sic facts——Can you show me where—it hurts?—
There is no pain, you are re-ced-
A
D
A
— ing.—
A dis— tant ship smoke on the ho - ri-zon,——
C
G
C
You are on - ly com— ing through—in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're
G
D
A
say-ing.
When I was a child - I had a fe - ver.
My
D
A
C
hands felt— just like two bal-loons.
Now I've got— that feel— ing once a-gain-

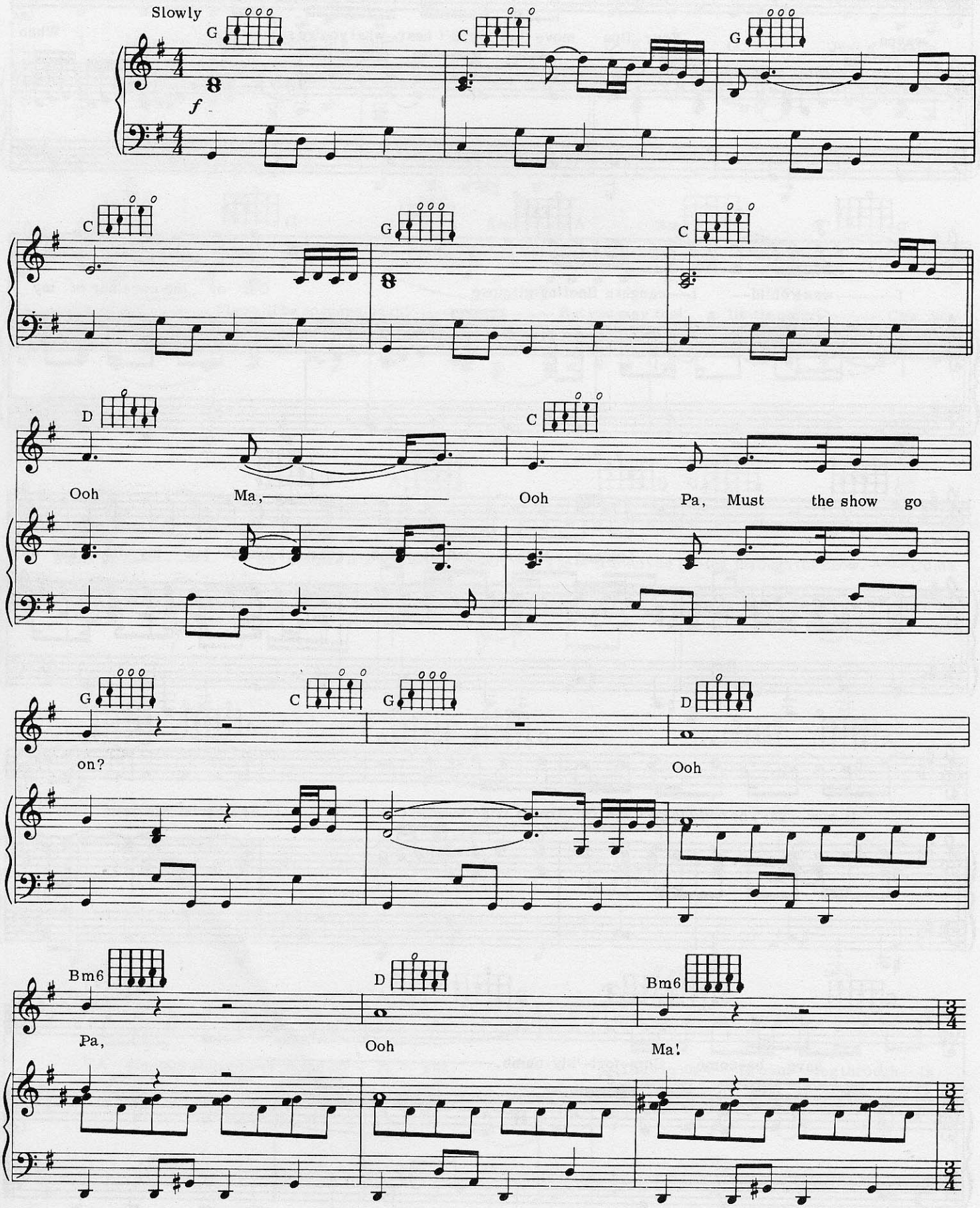

G
C
G
I can't explain, you would not un-derstand. This is not how I am.
A
C
G
D
I have be-come com-fort-a-bly numb.
A
D
A
C
G
3
C
G
A
D
I,
I,

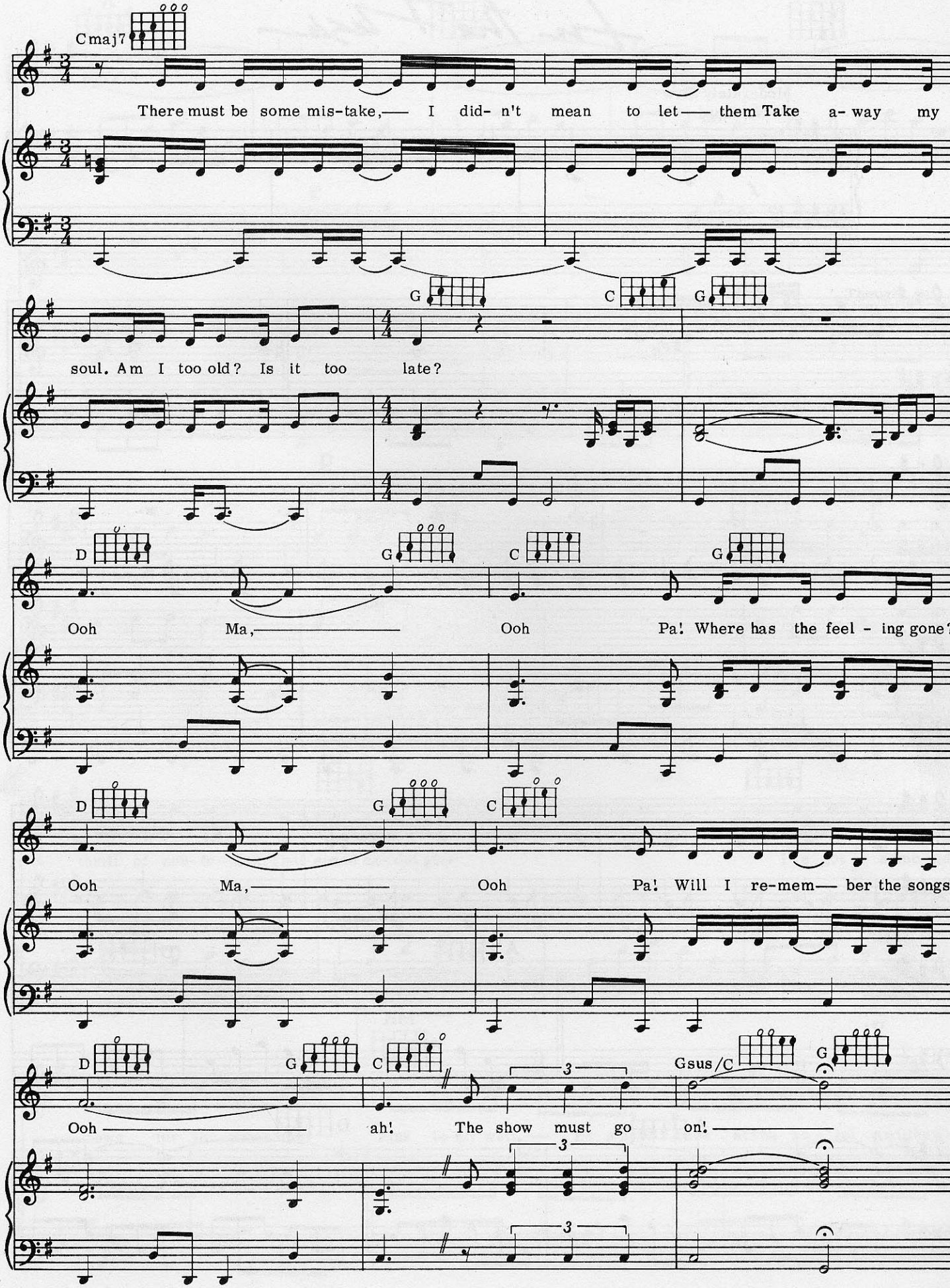

C G D Bm
I have be-come com-fort'bly numb. O. K., O. K., O. K.— Just a lit-tle
A G Em Bm
pin-prick.— There'll be no more aaah!— But you may feel a lit-tle sick.— Can you
A G
stand up?— I do believe it's work-ing. good!— That-'ll keep you go-ing through the show.— Come
Bm D A
on, it's time to go.— There is no pain, you are re - ced - ing.
D A C
A dis-tant ship smoke on the ho - ri - zon. You are on— ly com— ing through— in


G C G
waves. Your lips move but I can't hear—what you're say— ing. When
D A D
I——— was a child— I— caught a fleeting glimpse Out of the cor- ner of my
A C G
eye. I turned— to look— but it— was gone. I cannot put— my fin— ger on—
C G A
—— it now.— The child is grown,— The dream is gone— And———
C G D
I have be-come Com-fort-'bly numb.———

The Show must go on.

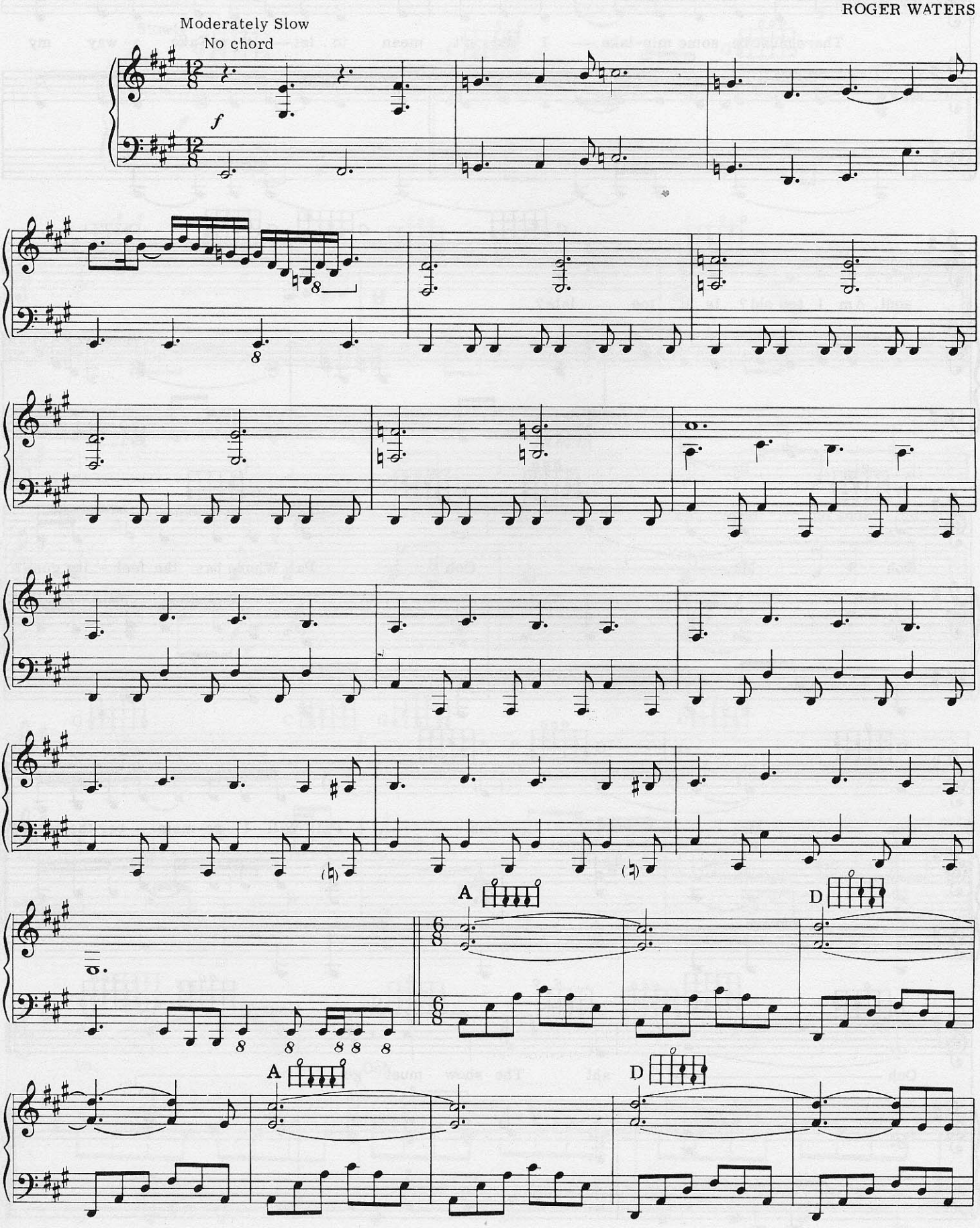
Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

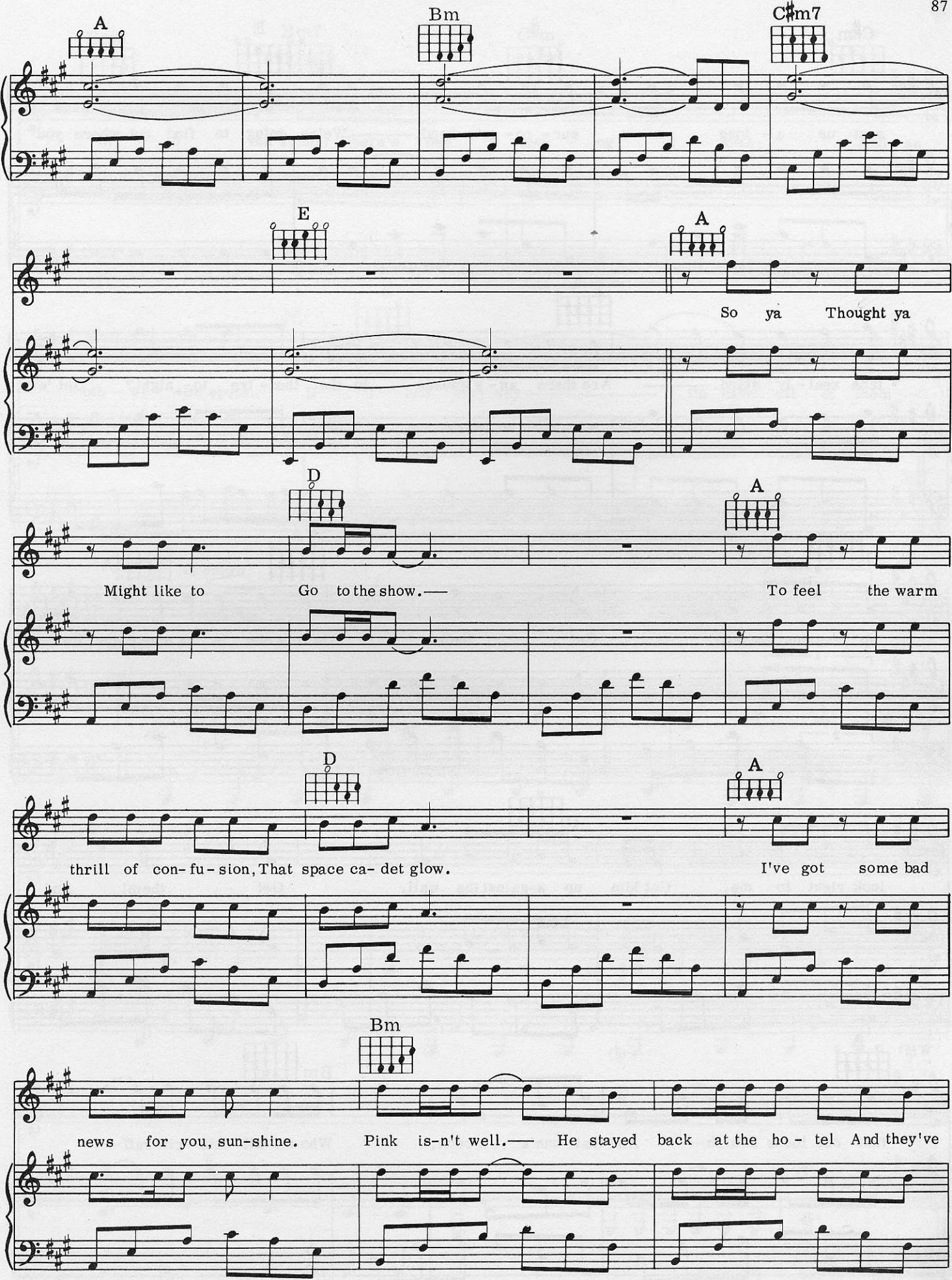


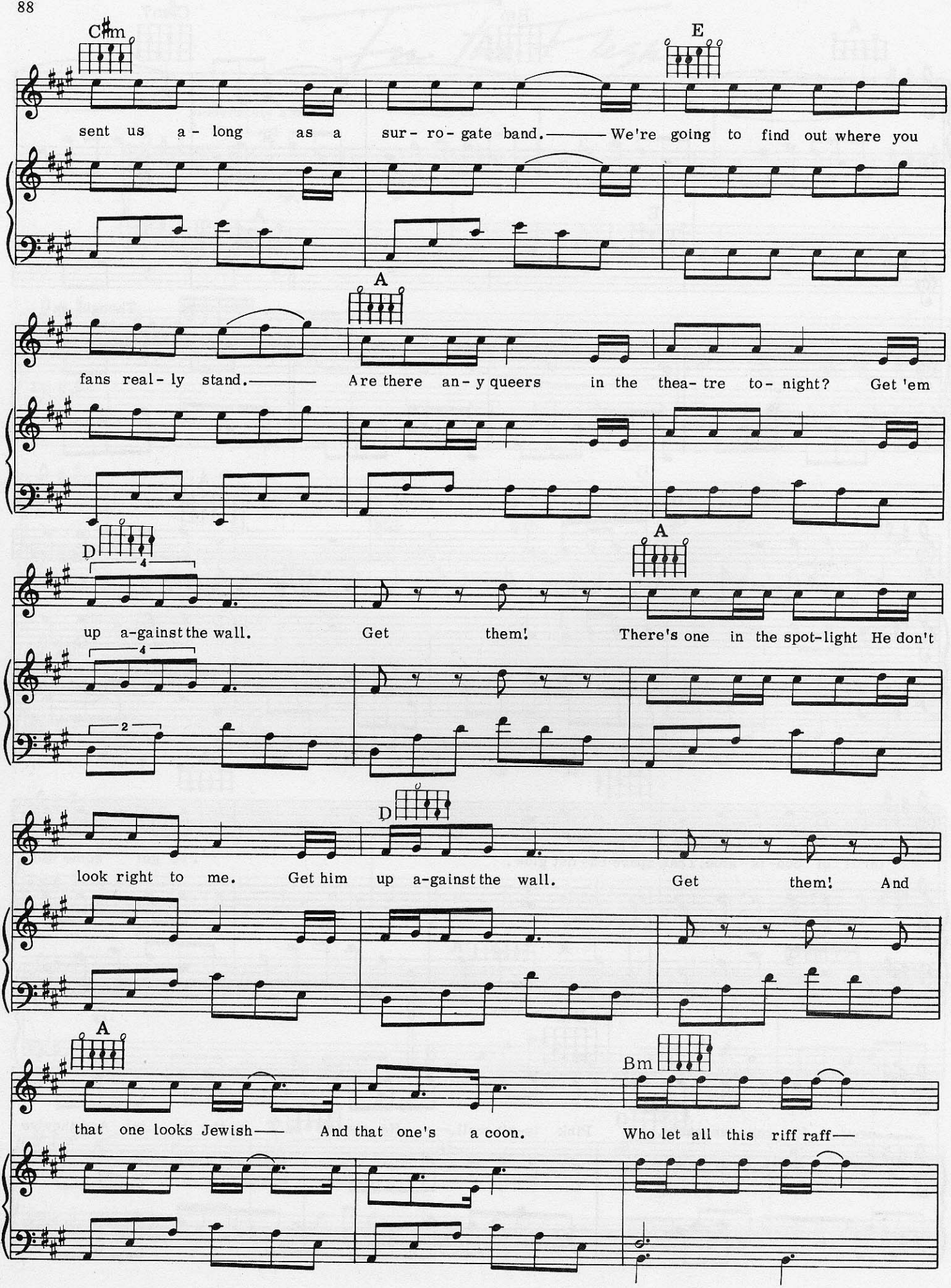

Cmaj7
There must be some mis-take,— I did- n't mean to let— them Take a- way my
G
C
G
soul. Am I too old? Is it too late?
D
G
C
G
Ooh Ma,— Ooh Pa! Where has the feel - ing gone?
D
G
C
Ooh Ma,— Ooh Pa! Will I re-mem— ber the songs
D
G
C
Gsus/C
G
Ooh— ah! The show must go on!—
3
3
3

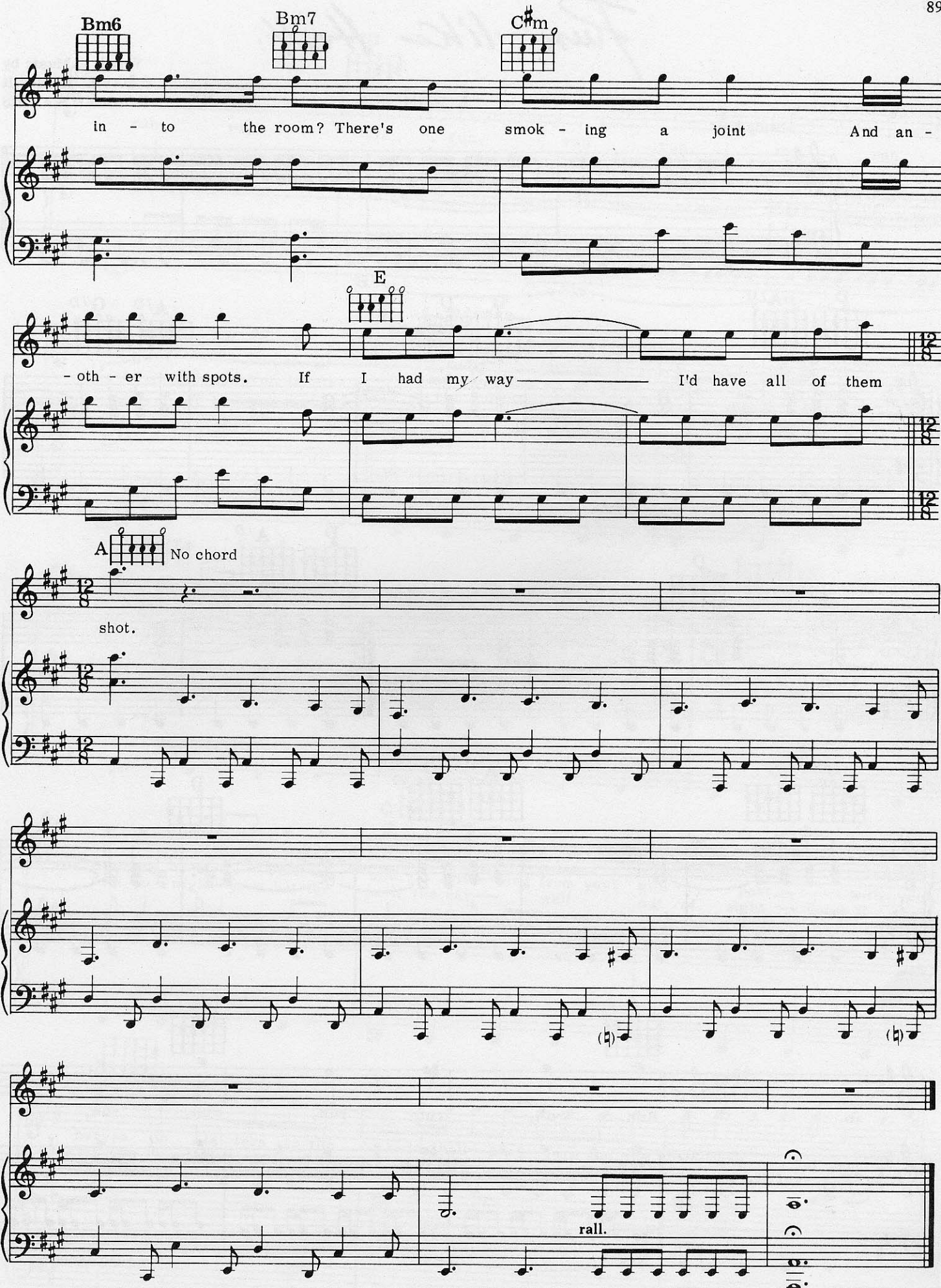
In the Flesh

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS



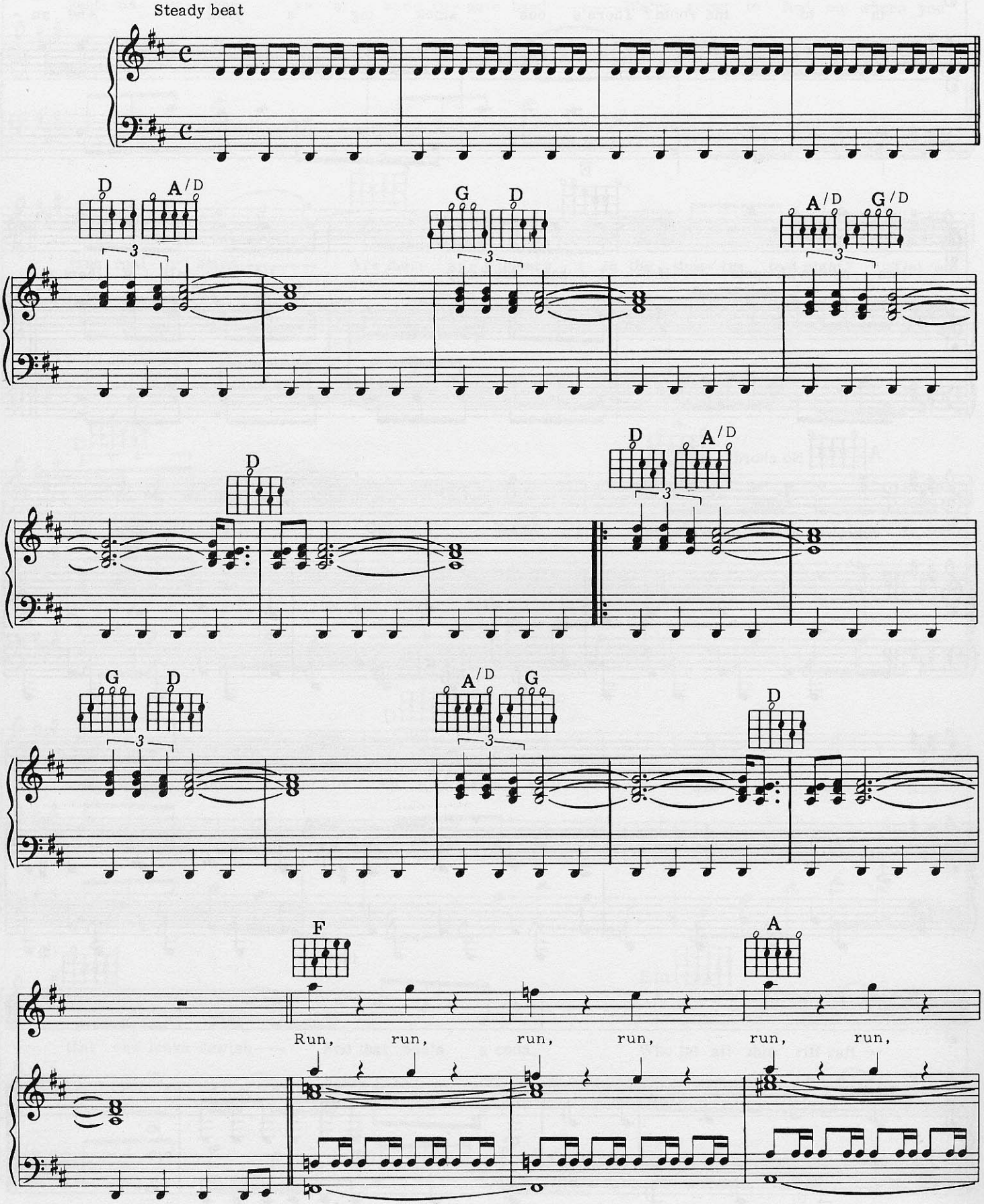

A
Bm
C♯m7
E
A
So ya Thought ya
D
A
Might like to Go to the show.— To feel the warm
D
A
thrill of con- fu - sion, That space ca- det glow. I've got some bad
Bm
news for you, sun-shine. Pink is-n't well.— He stayed back at the ho - tel And they've

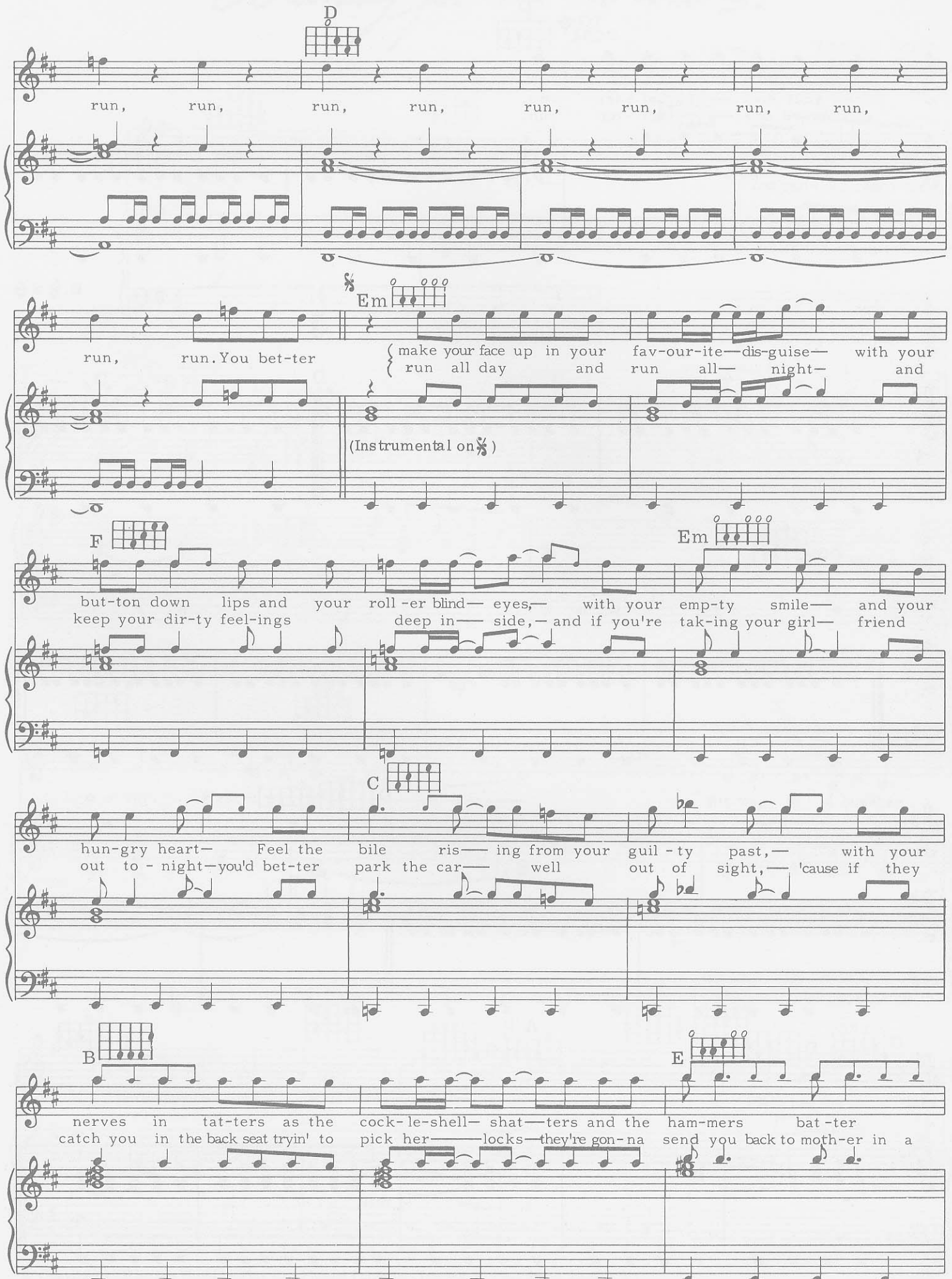

C♯m
E
sent us a - long as a sur - ro - gate band. — We're going to find out where you
A
fans real - ly stand. — Are there an - y queers in the thea - tre to - night? Get 'em
D
A
up a-gainst the wall. Get them! There's one in the spot-light He don't
D
look right to me. Get him up a-gainst the wall. Get them! And
A
Bm
that one looks Jewish — And that one's a coon. Who let all this riff raff —

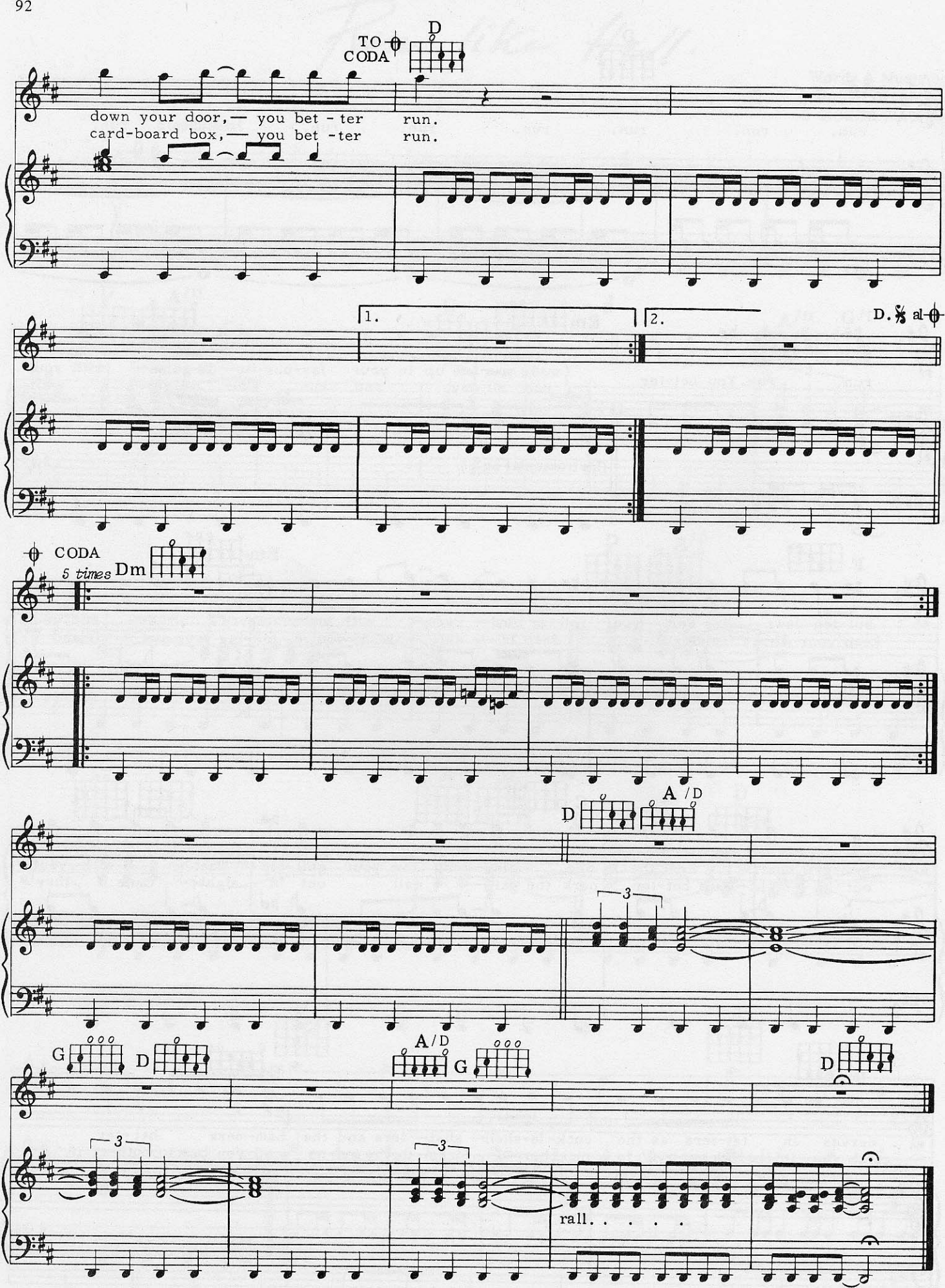

Bm6
Bm7
C♯m
in - to the room? There's one smok - ing a joint And an -
E
- oth - er with spots. If I had my way I'd have all of them
A
No chord
shot.
rall.

Run like Hell.

Words & Music by
DAVID GILMOUR
& ROGER WATERS

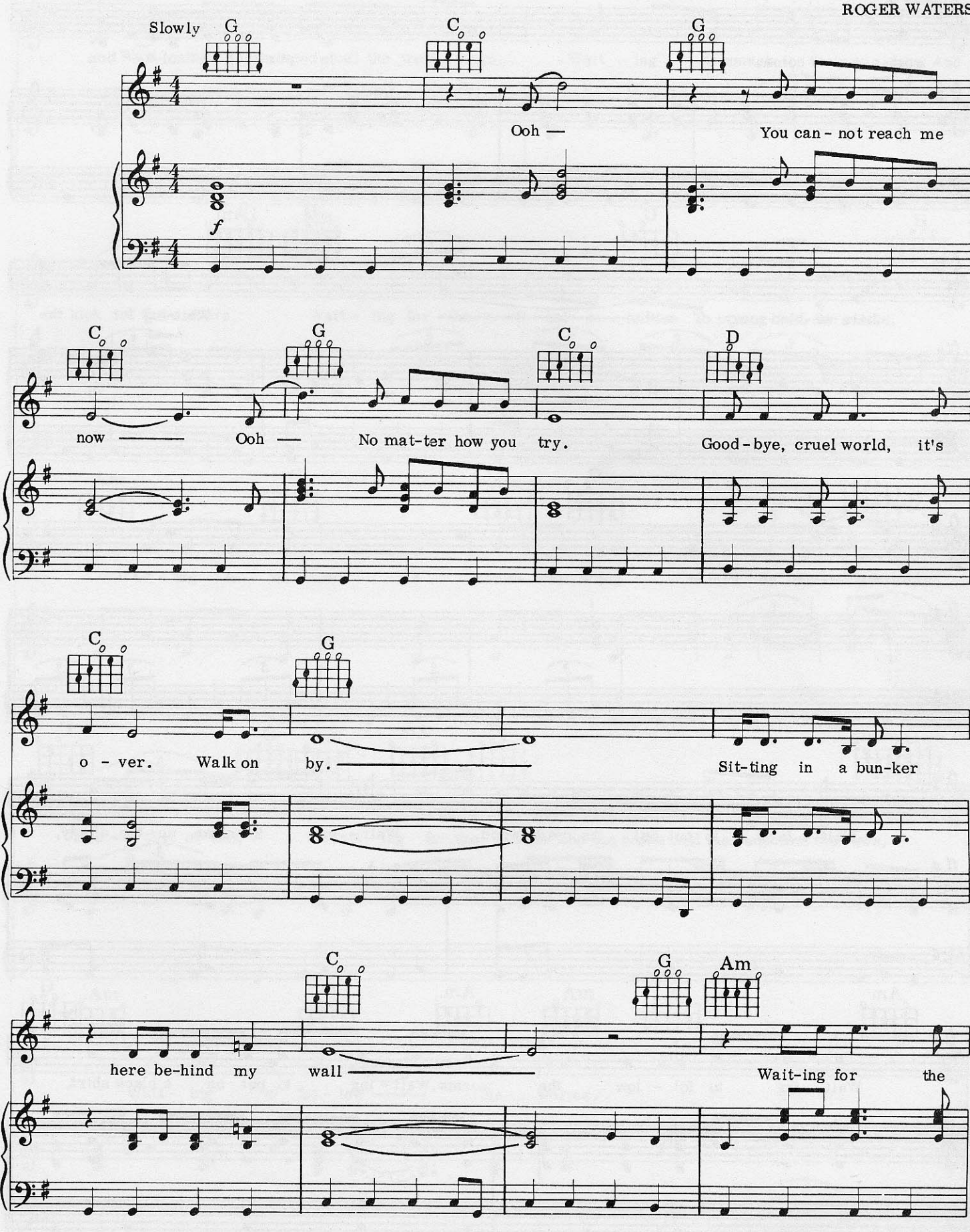



D
run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,
Em
run, run. You bet-ter
make your face up in your fav-our-ite—dis-guise— with your
run all day and run all— night— and
(Instrumental on 𝄋)
F
but-ton down lips and your roll-er blind— eyes,— with your emp-ty smile— and your
keep your dir-ty feel-ings deep in— side,— and if you're tak-ing your girl— friend
Em
C
hun-gry heart— Feel the bile ris— ing from your guil-ty past,— with your
out to-night—you'd bet-ter park the car— well out of sight,— 'cause if they
B
E
nerves in tat-ters as the cock-le-shell— shat—ters and the ham-mers bat-ter
catch you in the back seat tryin' to pick her——locks—they're gon-na send you back to moth-er in a

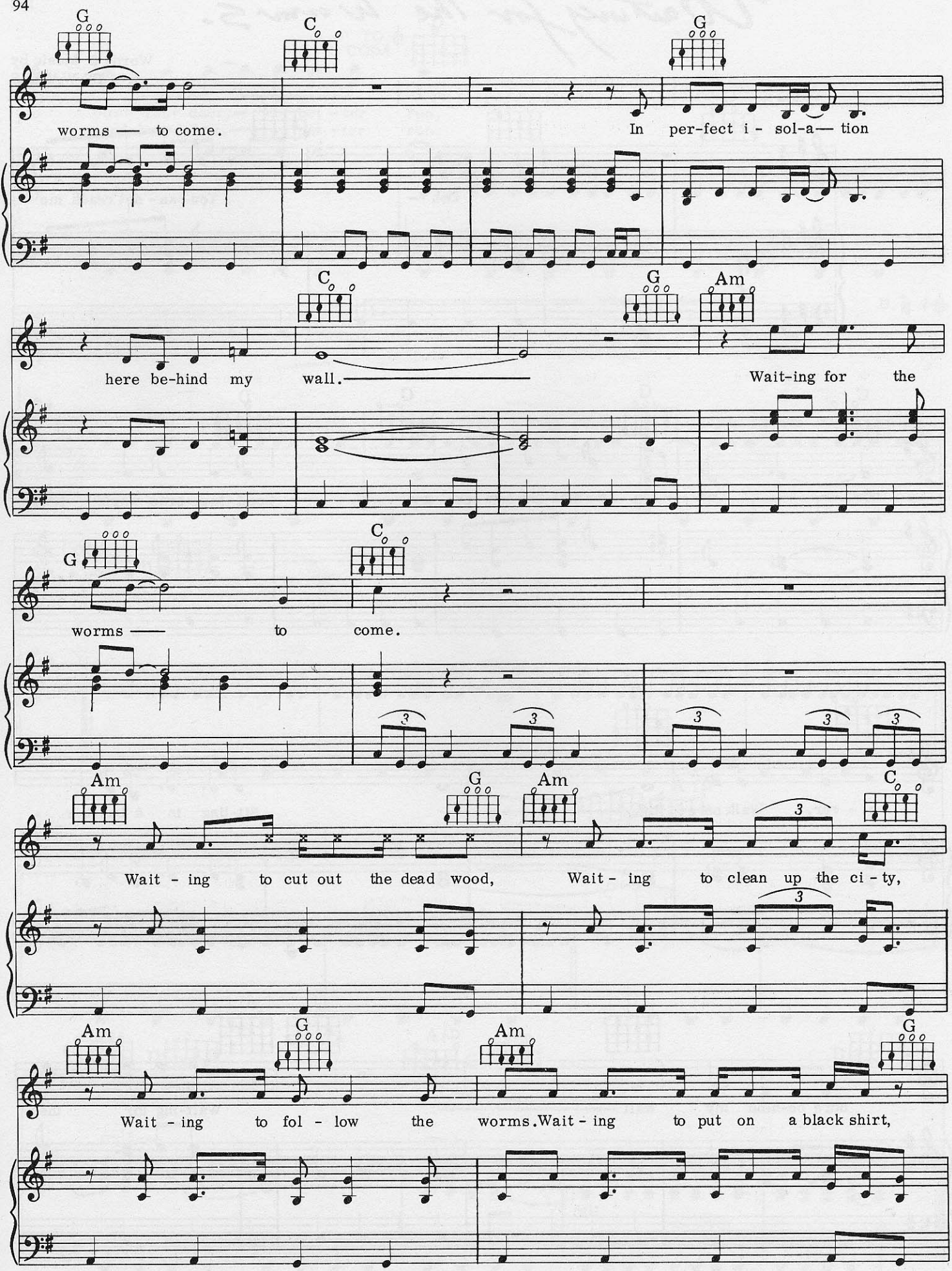

TO CODA
D
down your door, — you bet - ter run.
card-board box, — you bet - ter run.
1.
2.
D. % al
CODA
5 times
Dm
D
A/D
3
G
D
A/D
G
D
3
3
rall. . . . .

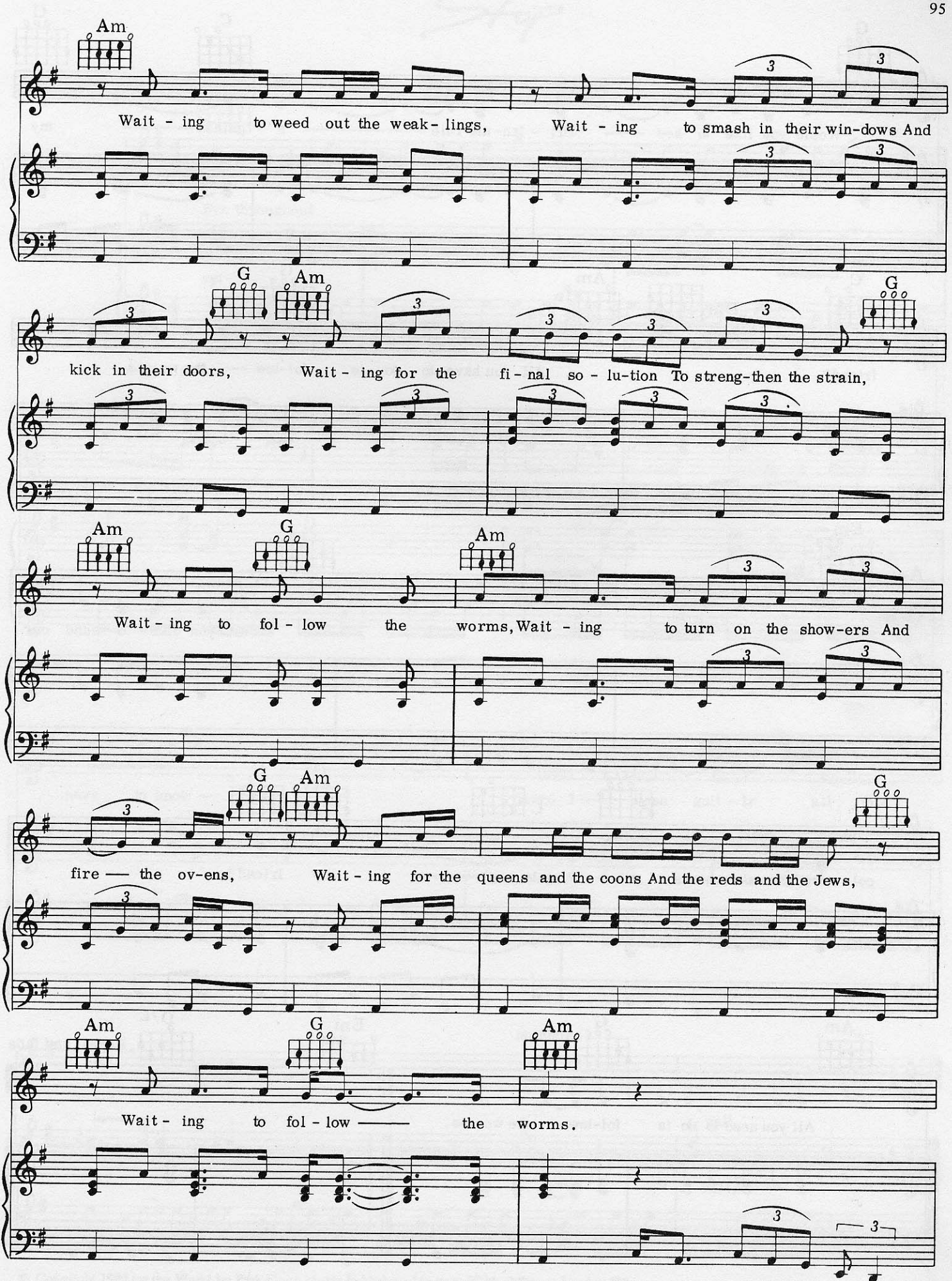
Waiting for the Worms.

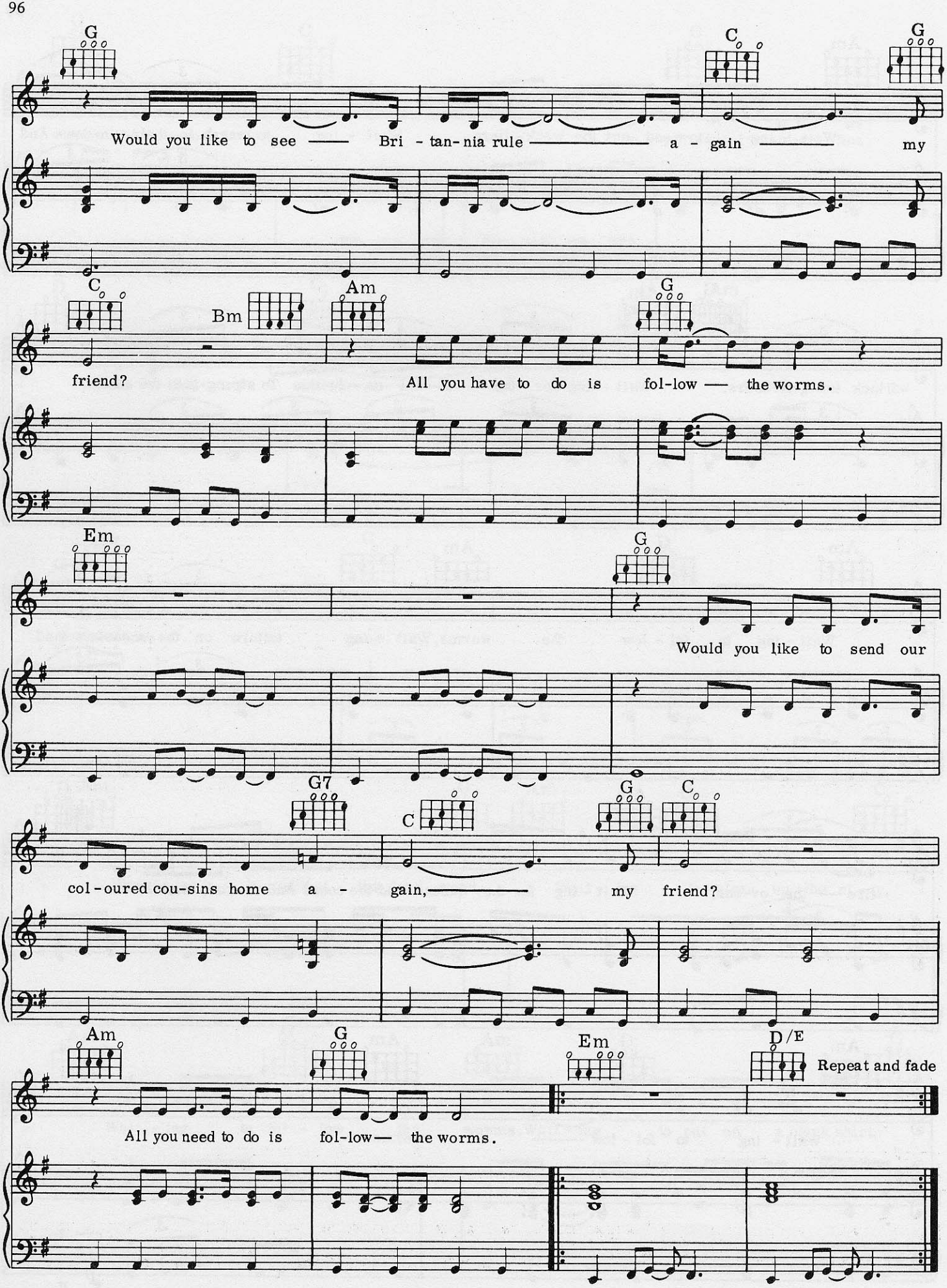
Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS



© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1.

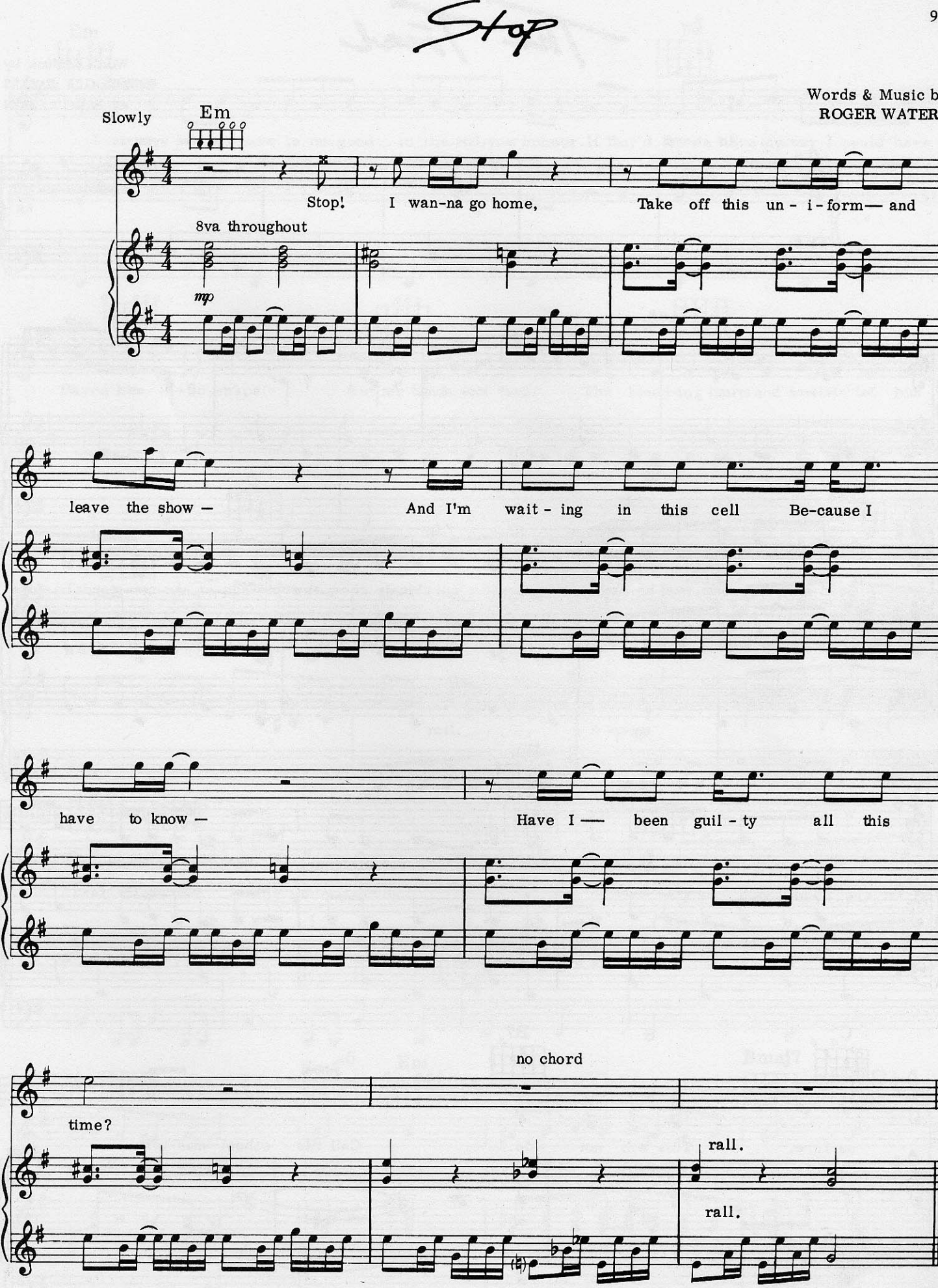

G
C
G
worms — to come.
In per-fect i - sol-a— tion
C
G
Am
here be-hind my wall.
Wait-ing for the
G
C
worms — to come.
Am
G
Am
C
Wait - ing to cut out the dead wood,
Wait - ing to clean up the ci - ty,
Am
G
Am
G
Wait - ing to fol - low the worms.Wait - ing to put on a black shirt,


Am
Wait - ing to weed out the weak- lings, Wait - ing to smash in their win-dows And
G Am G
kick in their doors, Wait - ing for the fi - nal so - lu-tion To streng-then the strain,
Am G Am
Wait - ing to fol - low the worms, Wait - ing to turn on the show-ers And
G Am G
fire — the ov-ens, Wait - ing for the queens and the coons And the reds and the Jews,
Am G Am
Wait - ing to fol - low — the worms.


G
C
G
Would you like to see — Bri - tan-nia rule — a - gain — my
C
Bm
Am
G
friend? All you have to do is fol-low — the worms.
Em
G
Would you like to send our
G7
C
G
C
col-oured cou-sins home a - gain, — my friend?
Am
G
Em
D/E
Repeat and fade
All you need to do is fol-low — the worms.

Stop

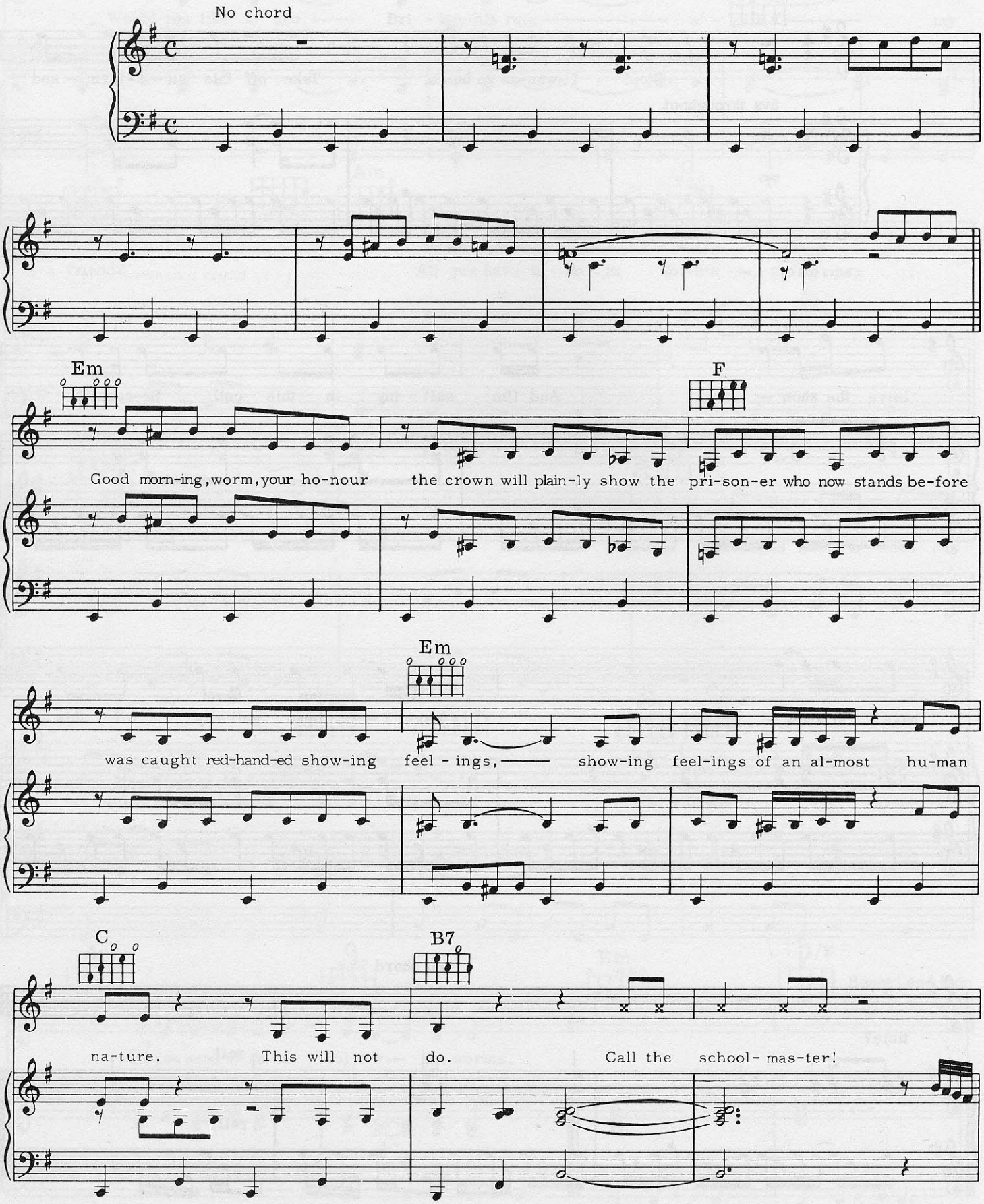
Words & Music b
ROGER WATER

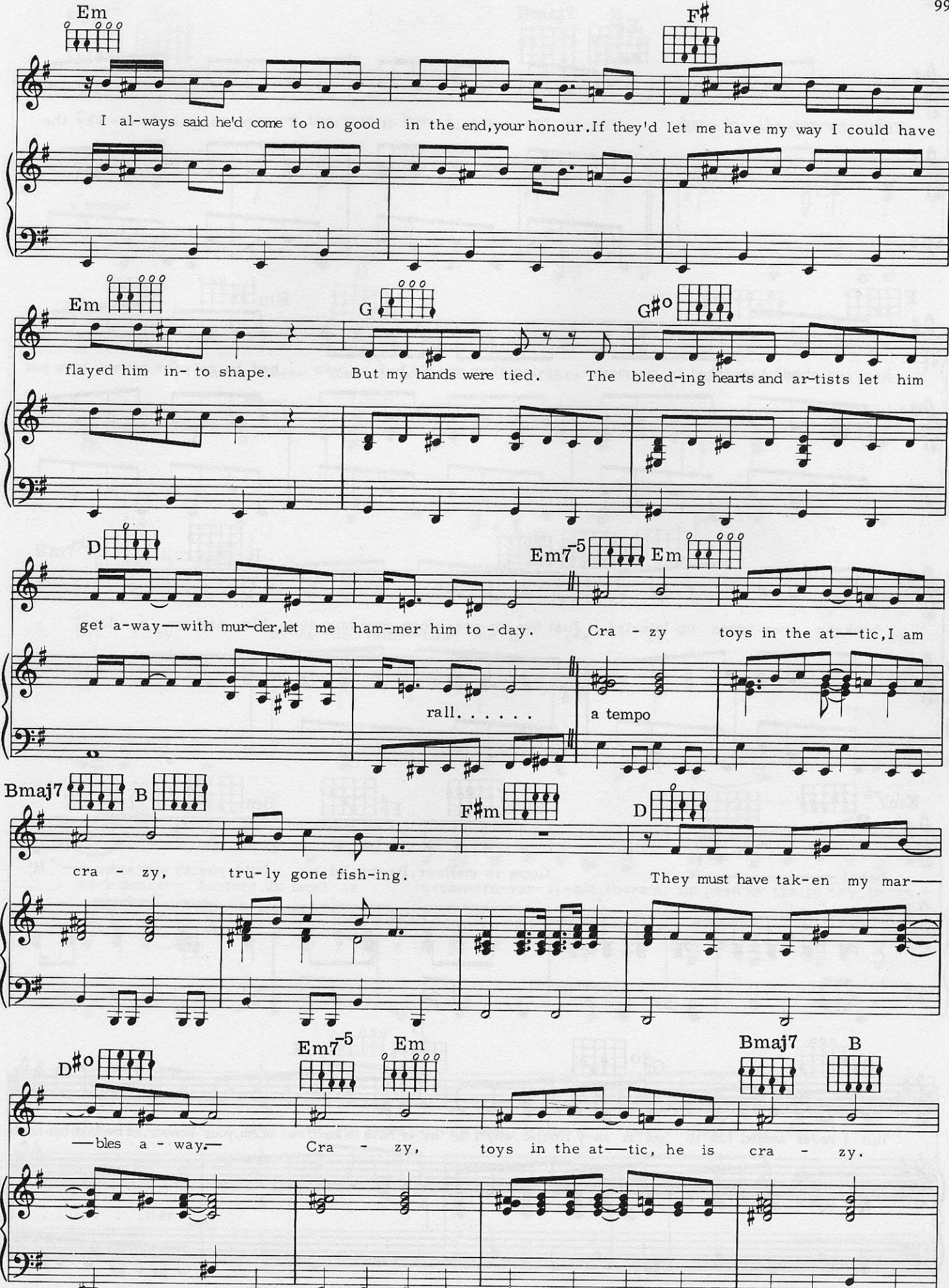


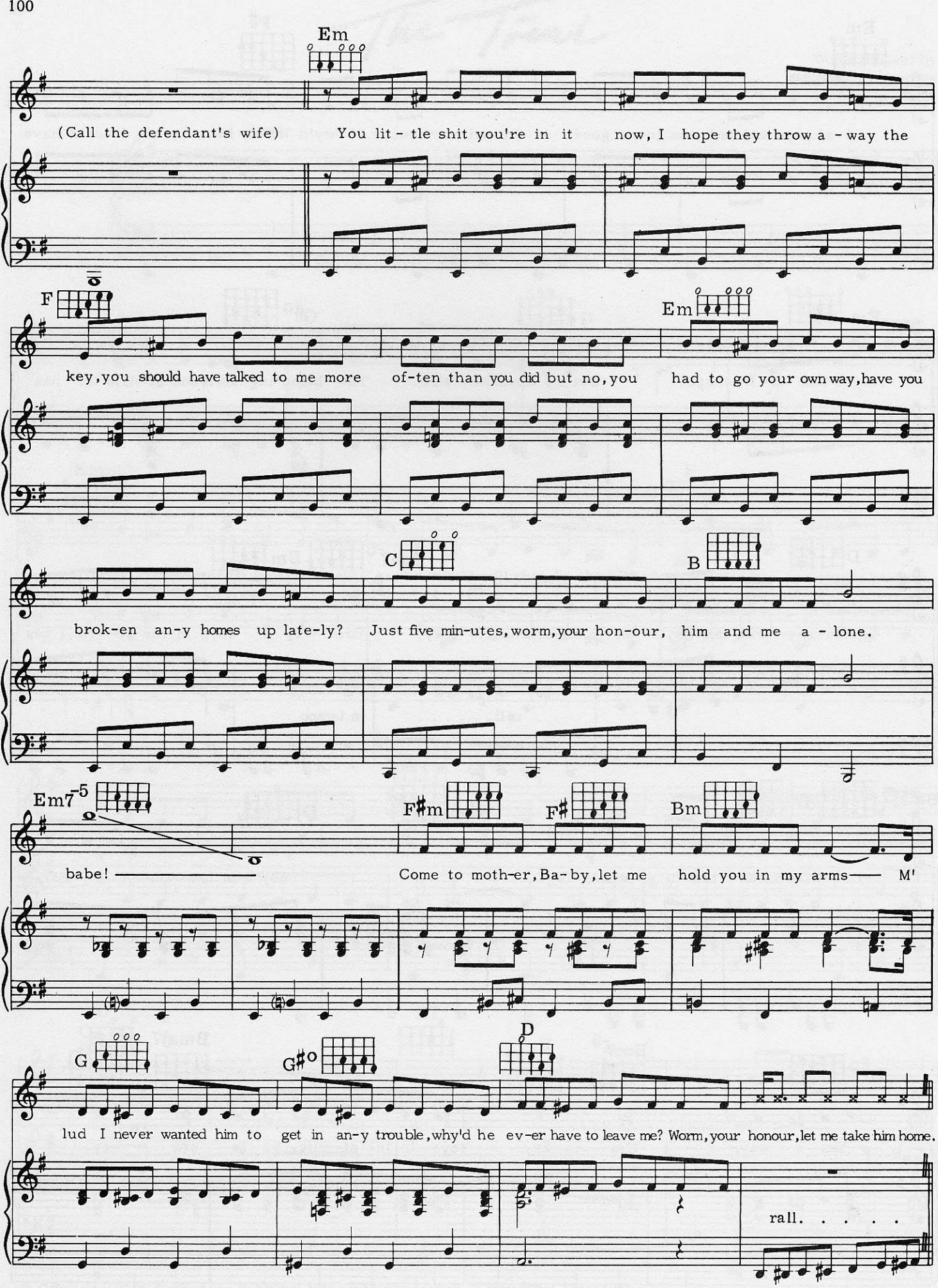
© Copyright 1980 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1

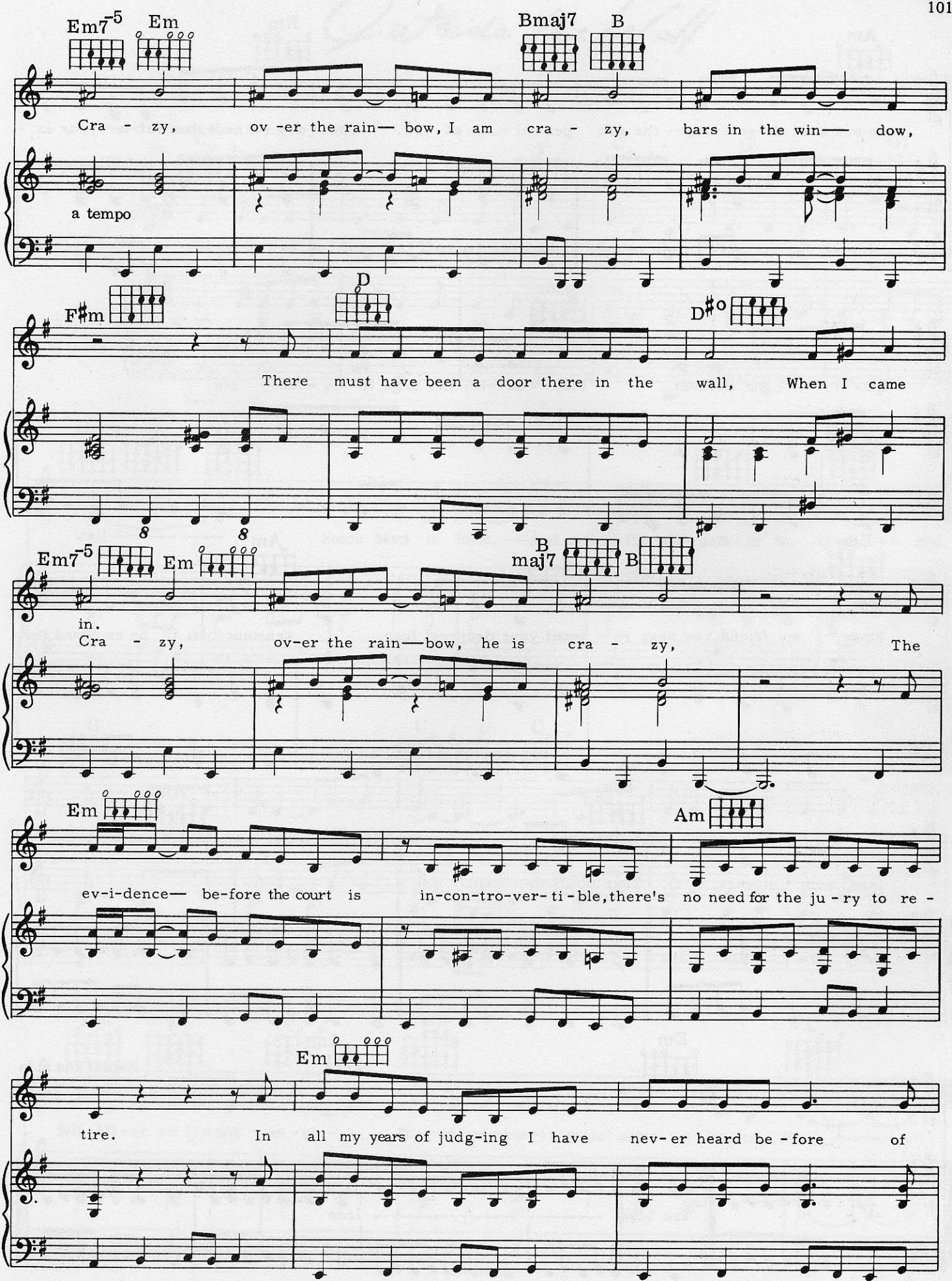
The Trial

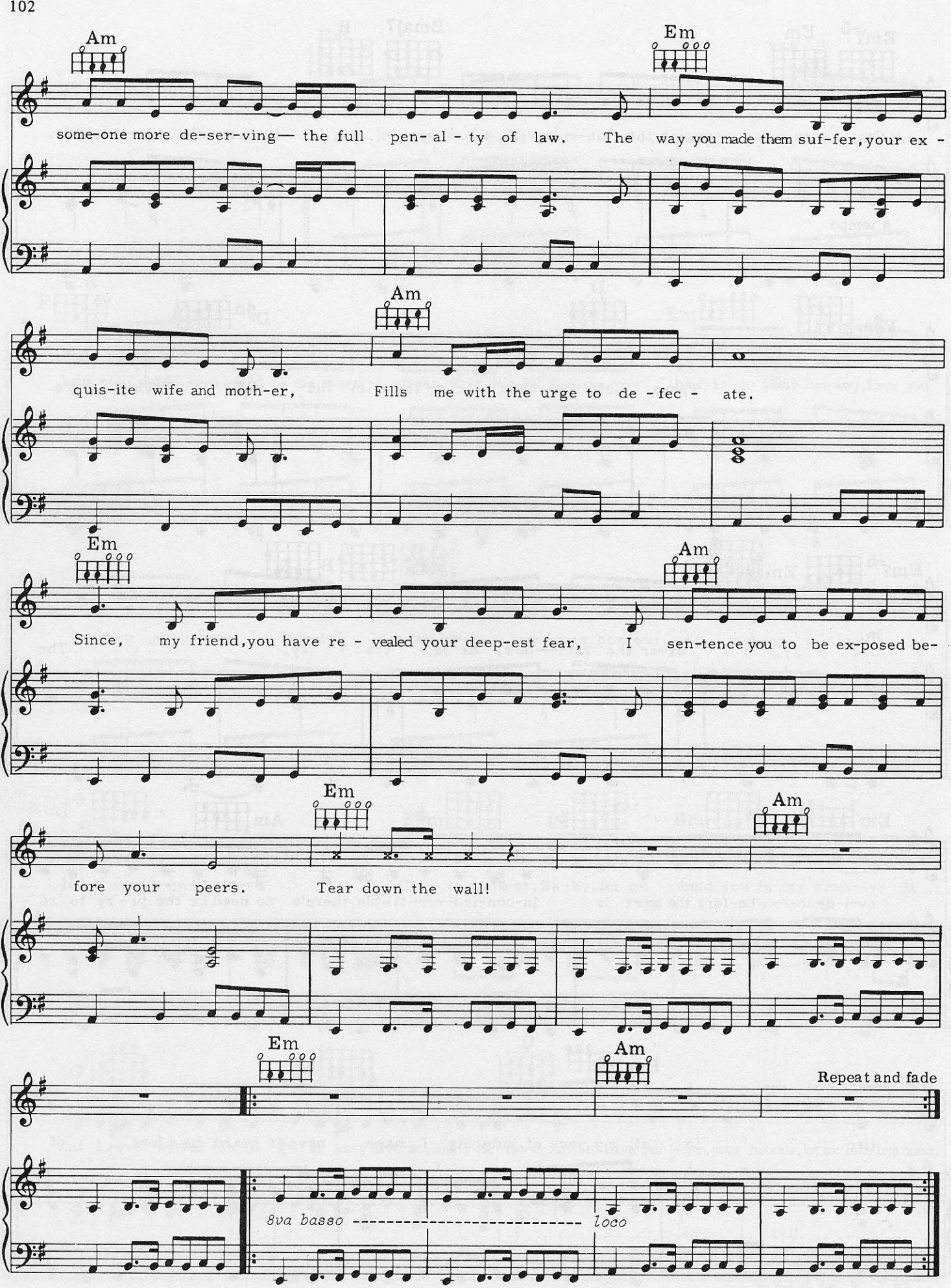
Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS
& BOB EZRIN




Em
F♯
I al-ways said he'd come to no good in the end, your honour. If they'd let me have my way I could have
Em
G
G♯o
flayed him in- to shape. But my hands were tied. The bleed-ing hearts and ar-tists let him
D
Em7-5
Em
get a-way—with mur-der, let me ham-mer him to - day. Cra - zy toys in the at—tic, I am
rall. . . . . .
a tempo
Bmaj7
B
F♯m
D
cra - zy, tru-ly gone fish-ing. They must have tak-en my mar—
D♯o
Em7-5
Em
Bmaj7
B
—bles a - way— Cra - zy, toys in the at—tic, he is cra - zy.


Em
(Call the defendant's wife) You lit - tle shit you're in it now, I hope they throw a - way the
F
Em
key, you should have talked to me more of-ten than you did but no, you had to go your own way, have you
C
B
brok-en an-y homes up late-ly? Just five min-utes, worm, your hon-our, him and me a - lone.
Em7-5
F♯m
F♯
Bm
babe! Come to moth-er, Ba-by, let me hold you in my arms— M'
G
G♯o
D
lud I never wanted him to get in an-y trouble, why'd he ev-er have to leave me? Worm, your honour, let me take him home.
rall. . . . .


Em7-5
Em
Bmaj7
B
Cra - zy, ov -er the rain— bow, I am cra - zy, bars in the win— dow,
a tempo
F♯m
D
D♯o
There must have been a door there in the wall, When I came
Em7-5
Em
B maj7
B
in.
Cra - zy, ov-er the rain—bow, he is cra - zy, The
Em
Am
ev-i-dence— be-fore the court is in-con-tro-ver- ti - ble, there's no need for the ju - ry to re -
Em
tire. In all my years of judg-ing I have nev- er heard be - fore of


Am
Em
some-one more de-ser-ving— the full pen- al - ty of law. The way you made them suf-fer, your ex -
Am
quis-ite wife and moth-er, Fills me with the urge to de - fec - ate.
Em
Am
Since, my friend, you have re - vealed your deep-est fear, I sen-tence you to be ex-posed be-
Em
Am
fore your peers. Tear down the wall!
Em
Am
Repeat and fade
8va basso
loco

Outside the Wall

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

C F C G G7

All a-lone or in twos — The ones who real-ly love you— Walk up and down out-side the

mp

C F C F C

wall. — Some hand in hand, —And some gathered to-geth-er in bands, — The

G C F C

bleed-ing hearts and the art-ists— Make their stand — And,when they've giv-en you their all, Some stag-ger and

Am F C G7 C

fall. Aft-er all it's not ea-sy — Bang-ing your heart a-gainst some mad bugger's Wall. —