Breathe, breathe in the air.

Don't be afraid to care.

Leave, but don't leave me.

Look around And choose your own ground.

For
long you live, And high you fly, And smiles you'll give, And tears you'll cry.

All you touch and all you see Is all your life will ever be!

Run, rabbit, run!

Dig that hole, forget the sun.
And when, at last, the work is done,
Don't sit down it's time to start another one.

For

long you live And high you fly, But only if you ride the tide And

balanced on the biggest wave You race t'ward an early grave.
TIME

Words by ROGER WATERS

Music by DAVID GILMOUR, RICK WRIGHT, NICK MASON & ROGER WATERS

Tick-ing a-way the mo-ments that make up a dull

A

day,

Frit-ter and waste the hours

in an off-hand way.

© Copyright 1973 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1. All rights reserved. International Copyright Secured.
Kick-ing a-round _ on a piece of ground _ in your home town.

Wait-ing for some-one or some-thing to show you the way.

Tired of ly-ing in

the sun-shine, Stay-ing home to watch the rain,
You are young and life is long
And there is time to kill
to-day.
And then one day you find
Ten years have got
behind you. No one told you when to run,
You missed the starting gun. And you run, you run to catch up
_with the sun_ but it's sinking._

Racing around_ to come up behind you again._

The sun is the same_ in a relative way_ but you're older._

Shorter of breath_ And
one day closer to death,

Every year is getting shorter, Never seem to find

the time. Plans that either come to naught, Or

half a page of scribbled lines. Hanging on in
quiet desperation is the English way. The

time is gone, the song is over. Thought I'd something

more to say.

Segue to Breathe (Reprise)
BREATHE (Reprise)

Words by ROGER WATERS

Music by ROGER WATERS, DAVID GILMOUR & RICK WRIGHT

Em7

Home, home again,

I like to be here when I can.

Em7

And when I come home cold and tired

© Copyright 1973 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1. All rights reserved. International Copyright Secured.
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire.

Far away, across the field, the tolling of the iron bell calls the faithful to their knees To hear the softly spoken magic spell.
THE GREAT GIG IN THE SKY

Music by RICK WRIGHT

And I am not fright-ened of dy-ing,
An-y-time will do, I don't mind.

Why should I be fright-ened of dy-ing? There's no rea-son for it, you've got to go some-time.

All rights reserved. International Copyright Secured.
The lunatic is on the grass,

The lunatic is on the grass,
Re-memb'ring games And daisy chains and laughs,

Got to keep the loon-ies on the path,

The lu-na-tic is in the hall,

The lu-na-tics are in my hall,
The paper holds their folded faces to the floor.
And every day the paper boy brings more.

And if the dam breaks open many years too soon,
And if there is no room upon the hill,

And if your head explodes with dark,

forebodings, too,

I'll see you in the dark

side of the moon.

Ah,
Ah.
The lunatic is in my head,

You raise the blade,
you make the change,

You rearrange me till I'm sane.
You lock the door,
And
throw a-way the key,
There's some-one in my head, but it's not me.
And if the cloud bursts
thun-der in your ear
You shout and no one seems to hear.

And if the band you're in starts playin' different tunes,

I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah.
MONEY

Words & Music by ROGER WATERS

Money,
you get away,
you get a good job with more pay and you're O.K.
Money,

It's a gas,

Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash,

New car, caviar, four-star daydream, Think I'll buy me

a football team.
Money, you get back...

I'm all right, Jack, Keep your hands off a my stack.

Money, It's a hit...

But don't give me that
do good-y good bull-shit.
I'm in the

hi fi-del-i-ty, first class travel-ing set and I think

I need a Lear jet.
Money, It's a crime.

Money, Share it fairly, but don't take a slice of my pie.

Money, so they say.
Is the root of all evil
today.
But if you ask for a rise, it's no surprise that they're giving none away, away.
Repeat and fade
US AND THEM

Words by ROGER WATERS

Music by RICK WRIGHT

All rights reserved International Copyright Secured.
we're only or ordinary men.

D

we would choose to do.

"Forward", he cried, from the rear And the front rank died.

The General sat And the lines on the map
moved from side to side. Ah!
Black black black black black
black black black and blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue
blue And who knows which is which And who is who.
Up up up up up
up up up and down down down down down down down down down

And in the end,

it's only 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and

"Have-n't you heard? It's a battle of words," the

poster bearer cried.

"Listen, son," said the man.
with the gun, "There's room for you inside."

Down down down down down down down down And out out out out out out out out

out out out out out It can't be helped but there's a
out out out out And who'll deny it's what the

1.

lot of it about...
fighting's all about?

Out of the way, it's a busy day, I've

got things on my mind. For want of the price of

tea and a slice The old man died.
WOTS...UH THE DEAL

In a moderate four

Rhythm Gtr.

Lead Gtr.

Bass Gtr.

Heaven sent the promised land
Looks all right from where

(add Piano) (Organ sustains chords indicated)

I stand. It's so much better on the outside lookin' in.

© Copyright 1973 for the World by Pink Floyd Music Publishers Limited, 27 Noel Street, London W1. All rights reserved. International Copyright Secured.
Waiting on the first step,

Show me where the key is kept,

line because it's time,

To let me in
from the cold  Turn my lead  into gold,

There's a chill wind blowin' in my soul  And I think I'm growin'

cold.

Flash the readies
Wot's...uh the deal? Got to make it to the next meal.

Try to keep up with the turning of the wheel.

Mile after mile, stone after stone.

Mile after mile, stone after stone, you
to speak but you're alone.

turn to speak but you're alone;

Million miles from home,

you're on your own.

So let me in.

Instrumental
Fine bright, by candle light and her by my side.

Oh, if she prefers we need never stir again.

Someone sent the promised land Oh, I grabbed it with both hands. Now I'm the man on the inside looking out.

Hear me shout, Come on in, What's the news? Where you been?

'Cause there's no wind left in my soul And I've grown old.

Short instrumental fade (improvised)
ECLIPSE

Words & Music by ROGER WATERS

All that you touch, And all that you see,

All that you taste, All you feel, And all that you love, And

all that you hate, All you distrust, All you save,

All rights reserved International Copyright Secured.
And all that you give,
And all that you deal,
And all that you buy,
Beg, borrow or steal.
And all you create,

And all you destroy,
And all that you do,
And all that you say
And all that you eat,
And everyone you meet,
And all that you slight, And every one you fight.

And all that is now, And all that is gone,

And all that's to come, And every thing under the sun is in tune,

But the sun is eclipsed by the moon.