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Music Transcribed by ZIGGY LUDVIGSEN

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Let There Be More Light

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Far far far away people heard him say say I will find the
now now now

way way there will come a day day something will be done
time time time to be be be

a a a

ware

then at last the mighty ship descending on a point of flame made contact with the human race at
Carter's father saw it there and knew the hull revealed to him the living soul of Here-wood the

Mildenhall
Wake

Oh my something in my eye eye something in the
Oh oh did you ever no no never will they

sky sky waiting there for me
I I I can't say

The outer lock rolled slowly back the
Summoning his cosmic powers and

servicemen were heard to sigh for there revealed in flowing robes was Lucy in the sky
glowing slightly from his toes his psychic emanations flowed

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Let There Be More Light

Far far far away, way
People heard him say, say
I will find a way way
There will come a day day
Something will be done
Then at last the mighty ship descending on a point of flame
Made contact with the human race at Milden Hall
Oh my, something in my eye eye
Something in the sky sky
Waiting there for me
The outer lock rolled slowly back
The servicemen were heard to sigh
For there revealed in flowing robes was Lucy in the sky
Now now now is the time time time
To be be be aware
Carter's father saw it there and knew the hull revealed to him
The living soul of Hereford the Wake
Oh oh did you ever
No no never will they
D-O-D-O can't say
Summoning his cosmic powers
And glowing slightly from his toes
His psychic emanations flowed.
Seabirds

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Mighty waves come crashing down the spray is lashing high into the eagle's eye.
Surf comes rushing up the beach now will it reach the castle wall and will it fall.

shrieking as it cuts the devil wind is calling sailors to the deep
catfish dappled silver flashing dogfish puffing bubbles in my deep

But I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
and I can see you smile

Surf is high an' the sea is a-wash an' a haze of candy floss, glitter, and beads

rock that we sat on and watched in the sun that was hot to the touch and the sea was an emerald green

and I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
and I can see you smile

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Seabirds

Mighty waves come crashing down
The spray is lashing high into the eagle's eye
Shrieking as it cuts the devil wind, is calling sailors to the deep
But I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
And I can see you smile
Surf is high an' the sea is awash
An' a haze of candy floss, glitter and beads
Rock that we sat on and watched in the sun
That was hot to the touch
And the sea was an emerald green
I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
And I can see you smile
Surf comes rushing up the beach
Now will it reach the castle wall and will it fall
Catfish dappled silver flashing
Dogfish puffing bubbles in my deep.
Embryo

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Em | Em9 | Em | Em9
---|----|----|----
All this love is all I am
All around I hear strange sounds come

Em | Em9 | Em | Em | Em9
ball is all gurgling in my ear
I am so new compared to red the light and

Em | Em9 | Em | Em9
pared to dark the night and I feel my
dawn is

Em | Bm | Em
small warm glow, moon glow, always need a little more room
warm glow, moon glow, always need a little more room

Bm | Em | B7 | Em
waiting here seems like years never seen the light of day,
whisper low here I go I will see the sunshine show.

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Embryo

All this love is all I am
A ball is all I am
I'm so new compared with you
And I am very small

Warm glow, moon glow,
Always need a little more room
Waiting here seems like years
Never seen the light of day

All around I hear strange sounds
Come gurgling in my ear
Red the light and dark the night
I feel my down is near

Warm glow, moon glow
Always need a little more room
Whisper low, here I go
I will see the sunshine show.
Fat Old Sun

Words and Music by DAVE GILMOUR

When that fat old sun in the sky's falling summer evening birds
are calling summer Sunday and a year the sound of music in
my ears Distant bells new mown grass smells songs sweet

By the river holding hands

And if you see don't you make a sound pick your feet up off the ground and if you

hear as the wall night falls the silver sound from a tongue so strange sing to me

sing to me When that fat old sun in the sky's falling

summer evening birds are calling children's laughter in my ears the

last song-light disappears And if you

Fat Old Sun

When that fat old sun in the sky's falling
Summer evening birds are calling
Summer Sunday and a year
The sound of music in my ears
Distant bells
New moon grass smells
Songs sweet
By the river holding hands
And if you see, don't you make a sound
Pick your feet up off the ground
And if you hear as the wall night falls
The silver sound from a tongue so strange
Sing to me
Sing to me
When that fat old sun in the sky's falling
Summer evening birds are calling
Children's laughter in my ears
The last song-light disappears.
Crying Song

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

(Slow) D D(-5) D D(-5)

We smiled and smiled
we smiled and smiled
climbed and climbed
we climbed and climbed

laughter echoes in your eyes,
footfall soft-ly in the pines.

D D D(-5) D

We cry and cry
we cry and
We roll and roll
we roll and

d(-5) D G Em

cry.
cry.
sadness passes in a while.
Help me roll away the stone.

D G Em

We
Crying Song

We smiled and smiled
We smiled and smiled
Laughter echoes in your eyes
We cry and cry
We cry and cry
Sadness passes in a while

We climbed and climbed
We climbed and climbed
Foot falls softly in the pines
We roll and roll
We roll and roll
Help me roll away the stone.
Arnold Layne

Words and Music by
SYD BARRETT

Arnold Layne had a strange hobby

collecting clothes Moonshine washing line

they suit him fine

On the wall Now he's caught

hung a tall nasty sort of person

distorted view See through Doors clang

baby blue chain gang

he dug it he hates it Oh, Arnold
Layne, it's not the same. Takes two to know.

two to know. Why can't you see.

Arnold Layne.


Arnold Layne, don't do it again.
Arnold Layne

Arnold Layne had a strange hobby
Collecting clothes
Moonshine, washing line
They suit him fine.

On the wall hung a tall mirror
Distorted view
See-through baby blue
He dug it

Oh Arnold Layne, it's not the same
It takes two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Why can't you see Arnold Layne
Arnold Layne don't do it again

Arnold Layne had a strange hobby
Collecting clothes
Moonshine, washing line
They suit him fine

Now he's caught, a nasty sort of person
They gave him time
Doors clang, chain gang
He hates it

Oh Arnold Layne, it's not the same
It takes two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Why can't you see Arnold Layne
Arnold Layne don't do it again.
Point Me At The Sky

Words and Music by WATERS/GILMOUR

C G
Hey Jean misses Henry McLean an' I finished my beautiful
D C G
fly-ing machine an' I'm ring-ing to say that I'm leaving an' maybe you'd
F D C
like to fly with me and hide with me ba-by ______ Is-n't it strange how
G F D C
If you sur-vive till two
G F D
lit-tle we change is-n't it sad we're in-sane ______ play-ing the game that we
G F D A D
thousand and five I hope you're ex-ceed-ly thin for if you are stout you will
F#m A D
know ends in tears the game we're play-ing for thousands and thousands and thousands
F#m A D
have to breath out while the peo-ple a-round you breath in ______ breath in ______ breath in
F#m A D
jumps in to his cosmic fly-er pulls his plastic col-lar higher light the fuse and stand well back he
C# D G
people pressing on my sides is something that I hate and so is sit-ting down to eat with on-ly
C# D G
cried this is my last good-bye
D G D
lit-tle cap-sules on my plate point me at the sky let it fly
D G D
point me at the sky and let it fly point me at the sky and let it
C# A D G
fly ______ And

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Point Me At The Sky

Hey Jean misses, Henry McLean an' I finished my beautiful flying machine
An' I'm ringing to say that I'm leaving an' maybe you'd like to fly with me and hide with me baby
Isn't it strange how little we change, isn't it sad we're insane
Playing the game we know ends in tears
The game we've been playing for thousands and thousands and thousands
Jumps into his cosmic flyer, pulls his plastic collar higher
Light the fuse and stand well back, he cried, this my last goodbye

Point me at the sky and let it fly
Point me at the sky and let it fly
Point me at the sky and let it fly . . . .

Hey Jean misses Henry McLean an' I finished my beautiful flying machine
An' I'm ringing to say that I'm leaving an' maybe you'd like to fly with me and hide with me baby
If you survive till two thousand and five I hope you're exceedingly thin
For if you are stout you will have to breathe out
While the people around you breathe-in-breathe-in
People pressing on my sides is something that I hate
And so is sitting down to eat with only little capsules on my plate

Point me at the sky
Point me at the sky
Point me at the sky . . . .
See-Saw

Words and Music by
RICHARD WRIGHT

Marigolds are very much in love but he doesn't mind

Picking up sister he makes his way to see-saw land

All the way she smiles She goes up as he goes

Down down sits on a stick in the

River laughter in his sleep sister's throwing stones
Hoping for a hit
He doesn't know so there

She goes up while she goes down
down

Another time
Another day
A brother's way to leave

Another time
Another day

She'll be selling plastic flowers on a Sunday afternoon
picking out weeds she hasn't
got the time to care
all can see he's not there

She grows up for another man
and he's down
See-Saw

Marigolds are very much in love
But he doesn't mind
Picking up sister he makes his way to see-saw land
All the way she smiles
She goes up as he goes down down
Sits on a stick in the river
Laughter in his sleep
Sister's throwing stones
Hoping for a hit
He doesn't know
So there
She goes up while he goes down down
Another time, another day
A brother's way to leave
Another time, another day
She'll be selling plastic flowers on a Sunday afternoon
Picking out needs
She hasn't got the time to care
All can see he's not there
She grows up for another man
And he's down.
Grantchester Meadows

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Icy wind of night be gone this is not your domain.

In the sky a bird was heard to cry.

Misty morning whisperings and gentle stirring sound.

Belies a deathly silence that lay all around.

Hear the lark and harken to the barking of the dogfox gone to ground.

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See the splashing of the kingfisher, flashing to the water, and the
river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees
laughing as it passes thru' the endless summer making for the sea.

In the lazy water meadows, I lay me down

All around me golden sunflakes settle on the ground
Basking in the sunshine of a bygone afternoon

Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city doom
Grantchester Meadows

Dearly wind of night be gone this is not your domain
In the sky a bird was heard to cry
Misty morning whisperings and gentle stirring sound
Bells a deathly silence that lay all around

Hear the Lark and harken to the barking of the dog-fox gone to ground
See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the the water
And the river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees
Laughing as it passes thru the endless Summer making for the sea

In the lazy water meadows O lay me down
All around me golden sunflakes settle on the ground
Basking in the sunshine of a by-gone afternoon
Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city doom.