In the Flesh?

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly
No Chord

So ya Thought ya Might like to
go to the show
To feel the warm thrill of confusion That

space cadet glow. Tell me is something eluding you sunshine?

Is this not what you expected to see? If you want to find out what's behind these cold eyes, You'll

just have to claw your way through this disguise.
"The Thin Ice"

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly  C   Am  F  G

Mama loves her baby — And daddy loves you too

C   Am  F  G  C    G  F  C/G

And the sea may look warm to you, babe, And the sky may look blue — Ooh,

Am  C   Am  C  Am  G

babe, Ooh, — baby blue. Ooh, — ooh, — babe

C  Am  F  G

If you should go skating — On the thin ice of modern life

Another Brick in the Wall, part 1.

Words & Music by ROGER WATERS

Daddy's flown across the ocean
Leaving just a memory.
The snapshot
in the family album.

Daddy, what else did you leave for me?

Daddy, what d'ya leave behind for me?

All in all it was just a brick in the
All in all—

Wall.

It was all just bricks in the wall.
When we grew up and went to school
There were certain teachers who would

Hurt the children anyway — they could
pouring their decision—Upon anything—we did—Exposing every weakness How—
ever carefully hidden by the kids.

But in the town it was well known When they got home at night Their fat and psychopathic wives would thrash them—Within inches of their lives.
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Another Brick in the Wall, part 2:

Slowly

We don't need no education,
We don't need no education,
We don't need no education,
We don't need no education,

thought control,

dark sarcasm in the classroom.
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Words and Music by ROGER WATERS
Teacher, leave them kids alone.
Teachers, leave the kids alone.

Hey, hey,

Teacher! Teacher!
Leave them kids alone!

All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.
Mother, do you think they'll drop the bomb?

Mother, do you think they'll like the song?
Mother, do you think they'll try to break my balls?

Ooh
Ah, Mother, should I build the wall?

Mother, should I run for president?

Mother, should I trust the government?
Moth-er, will they put me in the fir—ing line?

Ooh,

Ah, is it just a waste of time?

Hush now, ba—by, ba—by, don't you
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,
Mama's gonna put all of her fears into you, Mama's gonna keep you right here under her wing. She won't let anyone dirty get through, Mama's gonna wait up until you get in.

won't let you fly but she might let you sing, Mama's gonna keep baby cozy and warm.}

Ooh babe, ooh babe,

Ooh babe, of course Mama's gonna help build the wall.
Mother, do you think she's good enough for me?

Mother, do you think she's dangerous to me?
Moth-er, will she tear your lit-tle boy-a-part?

Ah, moth-er, will she break my heart?

CODA

Ooh babe, you'll al-ways be a ba-by to me.

Moth-er, did it need to be-so high?
Did, did, did, did you see the frightened ones?

Did, did, did, did you hear the falling bombs?

Did, did, did, did you ever wonder why we had to run for shelter when the promise of a brave new world unfurled beneath a clear blue sky?
The flames are all long gone — But the pain lingers on.

Goodbye, — Blue Sky, —

Goodbye, — Blue Sky, — Goodbye, — Goodbye.

No Chord

Fade — — — — — — —
Empty Spaces / What shall we do now?

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slow

No chord

\( \text{pp} \)

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What shall we use to fill the empty spaces?

Where we used to talk?

How shall I fill the final places?

How should I complete the wall?
I am just a new boy, 
A stranger in this town.

Where are all the good times?

Who's gonna show this stranger around.
Am

Ooh, I need a dirty woman;

Am

Ooh, I need a dirty girl.

Will some woman in this desert land

make me feel like a real man?

Take this rock 'n' roll refugee.

Ooh babe, set me free.
Em

Am

Ooh.

I need a dirty woman;

I need a dirty girl.

Em

Am

G

Em

Ooh.

F

F#  Em

G

\[ M \text{ Major } \]
Am7

Ooh, I need a dirty woman;

Ooh,

Repeat and fade
One of my tears

Words & Music by ROGER WATERS

Moderately

Day after day,
love turns grey
Like the skin of a

dying man.
And night after night
we pretend it's all

right,
But I have grown older and you have grown colder
And

nothing is very much fun any more.
And I
can feel one of my turns coming on.

I feel cold as a razor blade. Tight as a tourniquet, dry as a funeral drum.

Run to the bedroom, in the suitcase on the left—You'll find my favourite axe.

Don't look so fright-
_ened, This is just a pass-ing phase._  One of my bad days._

Would you like to watch— T. V.? _ Or

get be-tween—the sheets?— Or con-tem-plate the si-ent free-way? Would you

like some-thing to eat? — Would you like to learn— to fly?

Would you?— Would you like to see— me try?
Would you like to call the cops? Do you think it's time I stopped—

Why are you running away?
Don't Leave me now

Slowly

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Ooh, babe, Don't leave me now,

Dbmaj7  Bb11

Don't say it's the end of the road.

member the flowers I sent. I need you, babe.

G

To

G+

put through the shredder — in front of my friends, Oh — babe, Don't leave me now.
How could you go
When you know how I need you, need you, need you,
To beat to a pulp on a Saturday night? Oh,
babe, Don't leave me now.
How can you treat me this way?
Running away.
Oh, babe, Why are you running away?
3 times

Ooh
Another Brick in the Wall: part 3.

Moderately

I don't need no arms around me.

And I don't need no drugs to calm me.

I have seen the writing on the wall.

Don't think I need...
anything at all. Oh, no,

Don't think I'll need anything at all.

All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.

All in all you were

all just bricks in the wall.
Goodbye, cruel world, I'm leaving you today. Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Goodbye, all you people, There's nothing you can say To make me change my mind. Goodbye.
Hey you!

Out there in the cold Getting lonely, getting old, Can you feel me? Hey

Standing in the aisles With itchy feet and fading smiles, Can you feel me?

Hey, you! Don't help them to bury the light.
Don't give in without a fight.

Hey you! Out there on your own Sitting

naked by the 'phone, Would you touch me? Hey you! With your

ear against the wall, Waiting for someone to call out, Would you touch me?

Hey you! Would you help me to carry the stone?
Open your heart,
I'm coming home.

But it was only fantasy,
The wall was too high as you can see.

No matter how he tried he could not break free.

And the worms ate into his brain.
Hey, you! Out there on the road, Always doing what you're told, Can you help me? Hey you! Out
there beyond the wall, Breaking bottles in the hall, Can you help me?

Hey you! Don't tell me there's no hope at all.

Together we stand, Divided we fall.
Is there anybody out there?

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

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Nobody Home

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Moderately

Am C+ C D7 F

Fm C E

I've got a little black book with my poems in. I've got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb in. When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in.

F C E

I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on. Got those swollen hand blues. Got thirteen channels of shit on the T.V. to choose from.
I've got electric light
And I've got second sight.
I've got amazing powers of observation.
And that is how I know
When I try to get through
On the telephone to you.
There'll be nobody home.
I've got the obligatory Hendrix perm — And the inevitable pin-hole burns All down the front of my favourite satin shirt.

I've got nicotine stains on my fingers, I've got a silver spoon on a chain. I've got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains.

I've got wild staring eyes And I've got a strong urge to
fly
But I've got no-where to fly to, (fly to, fly to.)

Oooh--
Babe,

when I pick up the phone
There's still no- bo-dy

home.

I've got a

pair of Go-hill's boots—But I got fading roots.
Does anybody here remember Vera

Lynn?

Remember how she said that

We would meet again some sunny day.
Am

D

G

C

Em

Am

D

G

C

Em

Am

D

G

C

Em

Am

D

G

C

Em

Am

D

G

C

Em

Am

D
Bring the boys back home

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Slowly

Bring the boys back home!

Bring the boys back home.

Don't leave the children on their own, own,

own.

Bring the boys back home.
Comfortably Numb

Slowly

No chord

Bm

Hello! Is there anybody in there? Just nod if you can hear me.

Is there anyone at home?

Come on, come on now. I hear you're feeling down.

I can ease your pain Get you on your feet again. Relax. I'll need some information first.
Just the basic facts—Can you show me where it hurts?—
There is no pain, you are receding.

A distant ship's smoke on the horizon,

You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.

When I was a child—I had a fever.

My hands felt—just like two balloons.
Now I've got—that feeling once again.
I can't explain you would not understand. This is not how I am.

I have become comfortably numb.
I have become comfortably numb.
O.K., O.K., O.K., Just a little
pin-prick.

There'll be no more aah!
But you may feel a little sick.
Can you

stand up?
I do believe it's working. good! - That'll keep you going through the show. - Come

on, it's time to go.
There is no pain, you are receding.

A distant ship smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in
waves. Your lips move but I can't hear—what you're saying. When I was a child—
I caught a fleeting glimpse Out of the corner of my eye.
I turned to look— but it was gone. I cannot put my finger on—

— it now. The child is grown— The dream is gone And I have become Com-fort-bly numb.
The Show must go on.

Words and Music by ROGER WATERS

Slowly

G  C  G  C

D  C  G  D

Ooh Ma—  Ooh Pa, Must the show go on?

G  C  G  D

Bm6  D  Bm6

Pa,  Ooh Ma!
There must be some mistake, I didn't mean to let them take away my soul. Am I too old? Is it too late?

Ooh Ma, Ooh Pa! Where has the feeling gone?

Ooh Ma, Ooh Pa! Will I remember the songs?

Ooh ah! The show must go on!
So ya Thought ya
Might like to Go to the show.
To feel the warm thrill of confusion, That space cadet glow.
I've got some bad news for you, sunshine. Pink isn't well— He stayed back at the hotel And they've
sent us along as a surrogate band. We're going to find out where you
fans really stand. Are there any queers in the theatre tonight? Get 'em
up against the wall. Get them! There's one in the spotlight. He don't
look right to me. Get him up against the wall. Get them! And
that one looks Jewish. And that one's a coon. Who let all this riff raff—
into the room? There's one smoking a joint And another

- other with spots. If I had my way I'd have all of them

shot.
run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,

run, run. You better

(make your face up in your
run all day and
favourite disguise

with your
run all night

(Instrumental on)

but-ton down lips and your roll-er blind-eyes
keep your dirty feelings keep your dirty feelings in

deep in side, and if you're taking your girl and your

hungry heart Feel the bile rising from your guilty past

out to-night you'd better park the car well out of

sight, 'cause if they

nerves in tatters as the cockle-shell'd shatter and the hammers batter

catch you in the back seat tryin' to pick her locks they're gonna send you back to mother in a
down your door, — you better run.
card-board box, — you better run.
Waiting for the Worms.

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

Ooh —
You can-not reach me

now —
Ooh —
No mat-ter how you try.

Good-bye, cruel world, it's

o-ver.

Walk on by.

Sit-ting in a bun-ker

here be-hind my wall —

Waiting for the
worms to come. In perfect isolation
here behind my wall. Waiting for the
worms to come.

Waiting to cut out the dead wood, Waiting to clean up the city,

Waiting to follow the worms. Waiting to put on a black shirt,
Waiting to weed out the weaklings,
Waiting to smash in their windows And
kick in their doors,
Waiting for the final solution To strengthen the strain,

Waiting to follow the worms, Waiting to turn on the show-ers And

fire the ovens,
Waiting for the queens and the coons And the reds and the Jews,

Waiting to follow the worms.
Would you like to see — Britannia rule again — my friend?

All you have to do is follow — the worms.

Would you like to send our coloured cousins home again — my friend?

All you need to do is follow — the worms.
Stop! I wanna go home. Take off this uniform and leave the show. And I'm waiting in this cell because I have to know. Have I been guilty all this time?
The Trial

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS
& BOB EZRIN

No chord

Em

Good morning, your honour the crown will plainly show the prisoner who now stands before

F

was caught red-handed showing feelings, showing feelings of an almost human

Em

nature. This will not do. Call the school-master!
I always said he'd come to no good in the end, your honour. If they'd let me have my way I could have flayed him into shape. But my hands were tied. The bleeding hearts and artists let him get away—with murder, let me hammer him today. Crazy toys in the attic, I am rally. . . . a tempo crazy, truly gone fishing. They must have taken my marbles away. Crazy, toys in the attic, he is crazy.
(Call the defendant's wife) You little shit you're in it now, I hope they throw away the key, you should have talked to me more often than you did but no, you had to go your own way, have you broken any homes up lately? Just five minutes, worm, your honour, him and me alone.

Babe! Come to mother, baby, let me hold you in my arms—

Lud I never wanted him to get in any trouble, why'd he ever have to leave me? Worm, your honour, let me take him home.
Crazy, over the rainbow, I am crazy, bars in the window,
a tempo

There must have been a door there in the wall, When I came in.
Crazy, over the rainbow, he is crazy,

The evidence—before the court is incontroversible, there's no need for the jury to re-
tire. In all my years of judging I have never heard before of

...
some-one more de-ser-ving— the full pen-al-ty of law. The way you made them suf-fer, your ex-
quis-ite wife and moth-er, Fills me with the urge to de-fec-ate.

Since, my friend, you have re-vealed your deep-est fear, I sen-tence you to be ex-posed be-
fore your peers. Tear down the wall!
Outside the Wall

Words & Music by ROGER WATERS

Slowly

C\ G\ C\ F\ C\ G\ G7

All alone or in twos — The ones who really love you— Walk up and down outside the wall.

F\ C\ F\ C\ G

Some hand in hand, — And some gathered together in bands, — The bleeding hearts and the artists — Make their stand — And when they’ve given you their all, Some stagger and fall. After all it’s not easy — Banging your heart against some mad bugger’s wall.

G\ C\ F\ C\ Am\ F\ C\ G7\ C\