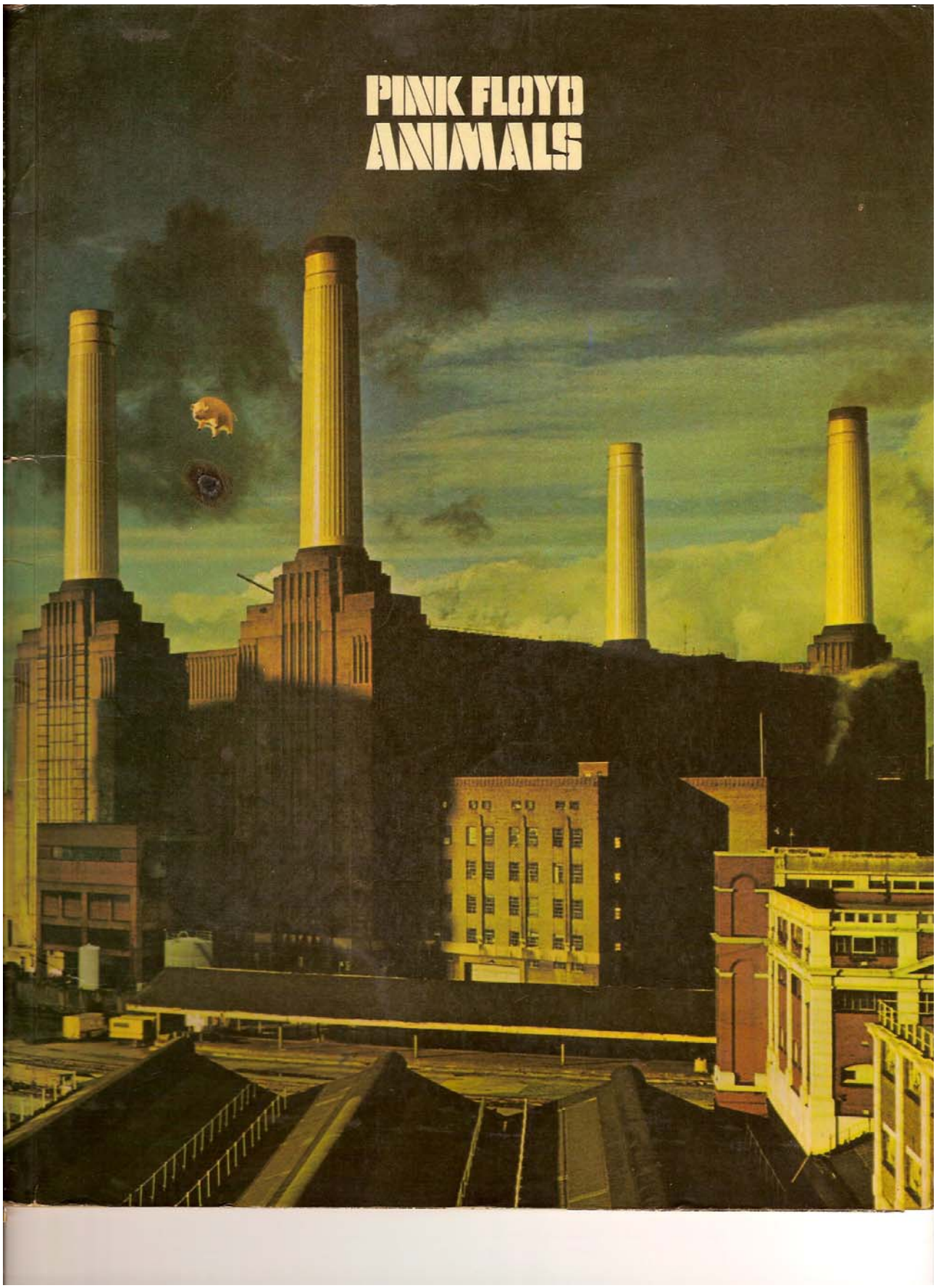
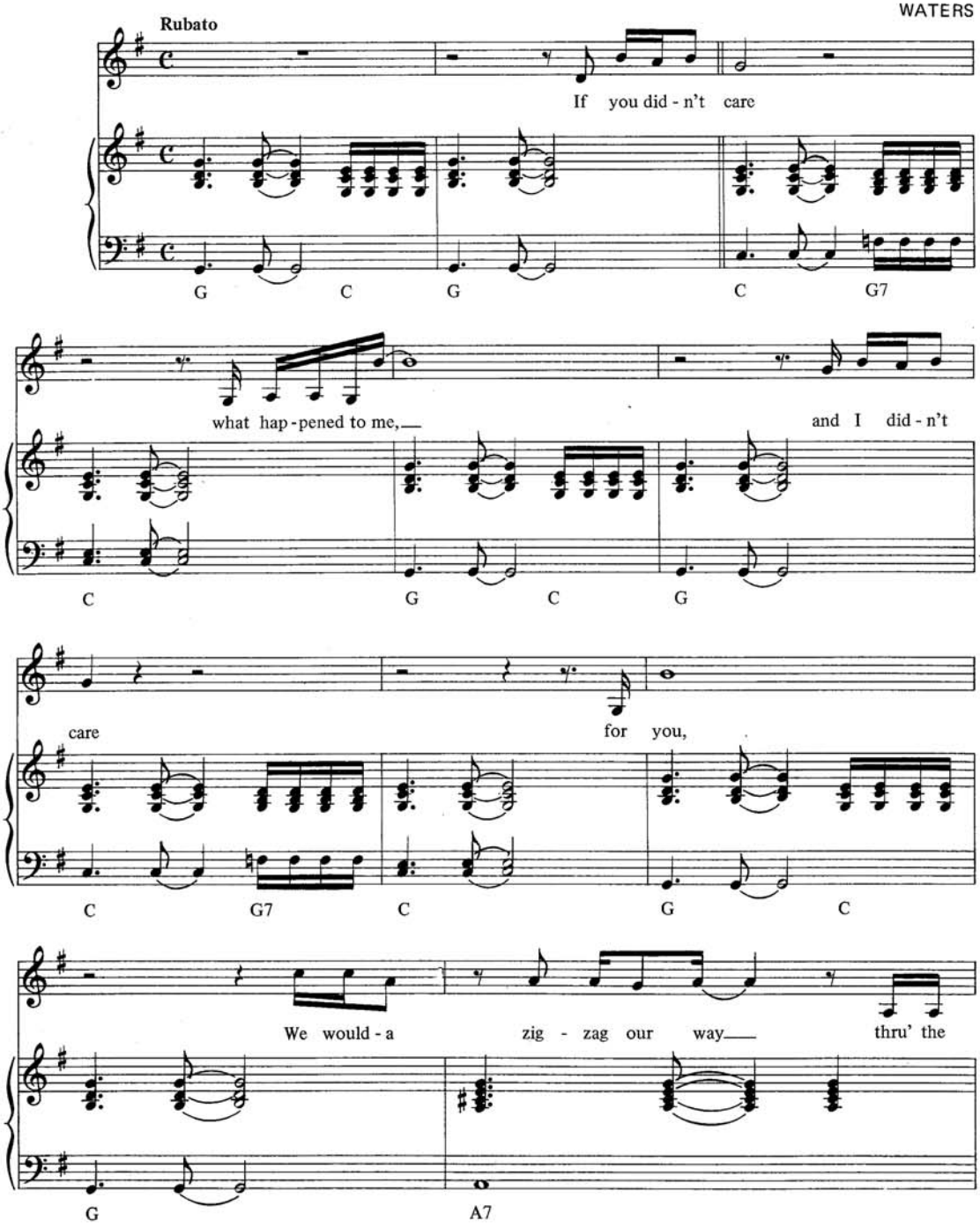

PINK FLOYD
ANIMALS

PIGS ON THE WING (ONE)

WATERS



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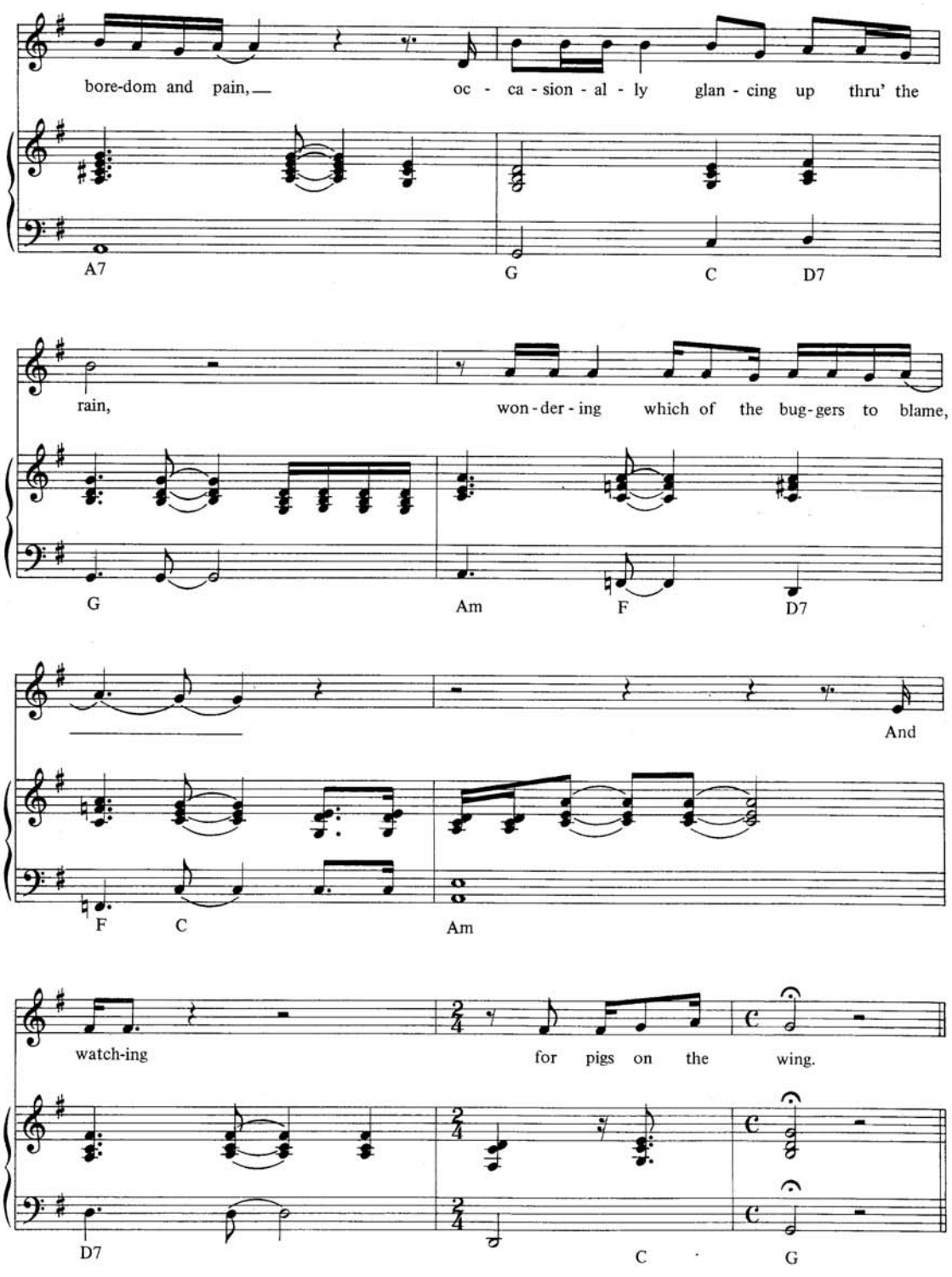
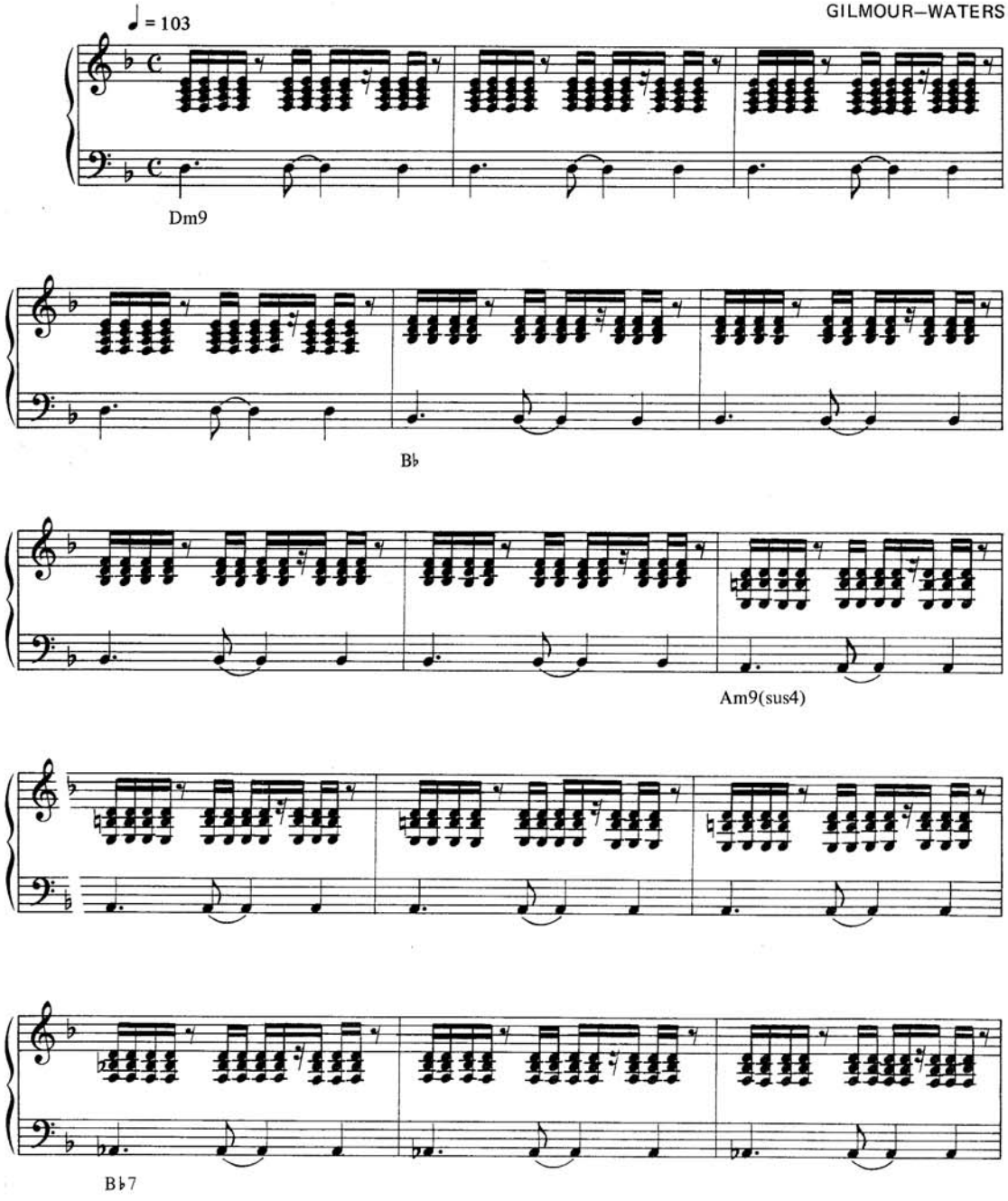

bore-dom and pain,
oc - ca - sion - al - ly glan - cing up thru' the
A7
G
C
D7
rain,
won - der - ing which of the bug - gers to blame,
G
Am
F
D7
And
F
C
Am
watch-ing
for pigs on the wing.
D7
C
G

DOGS

GILMOUR–WATERS



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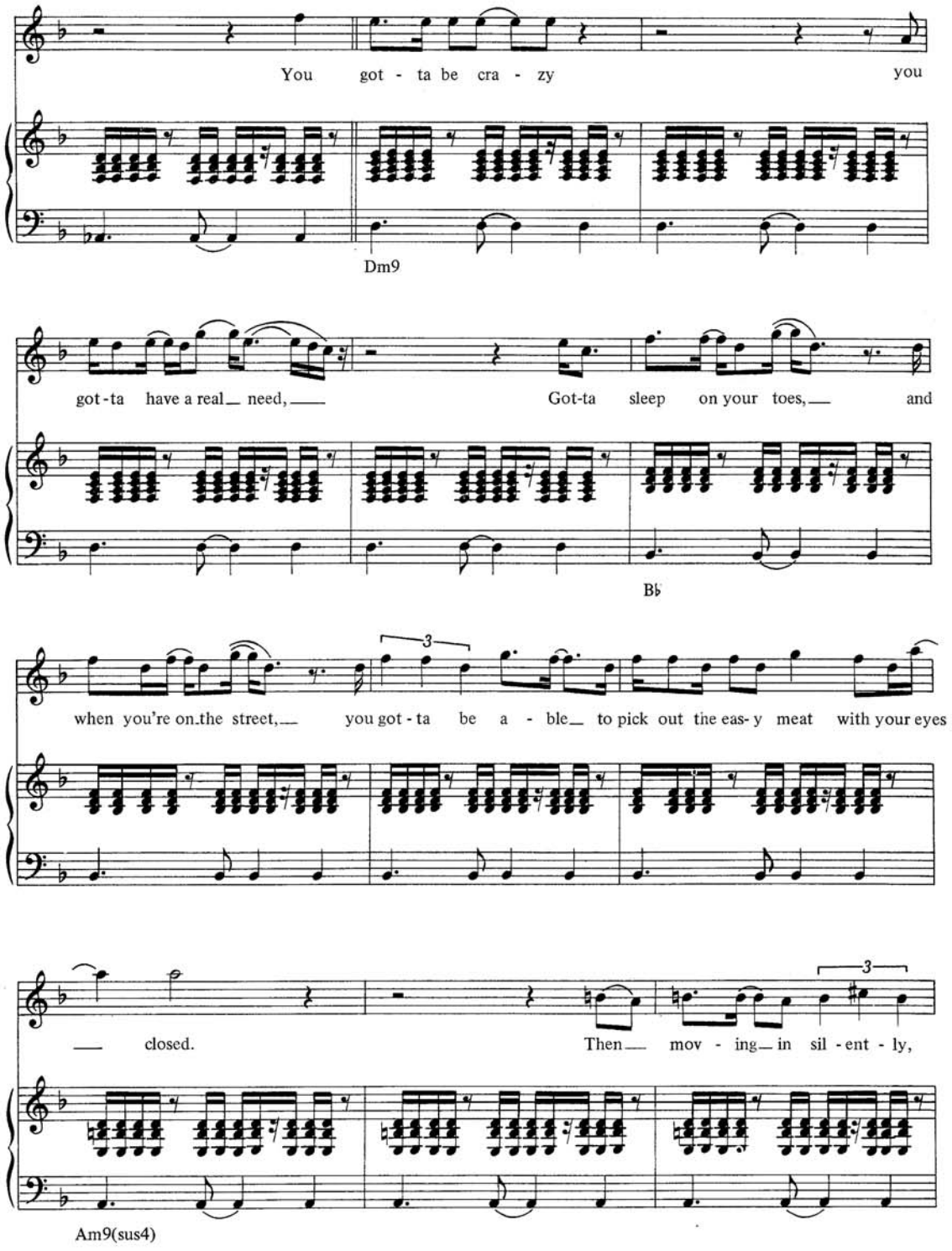
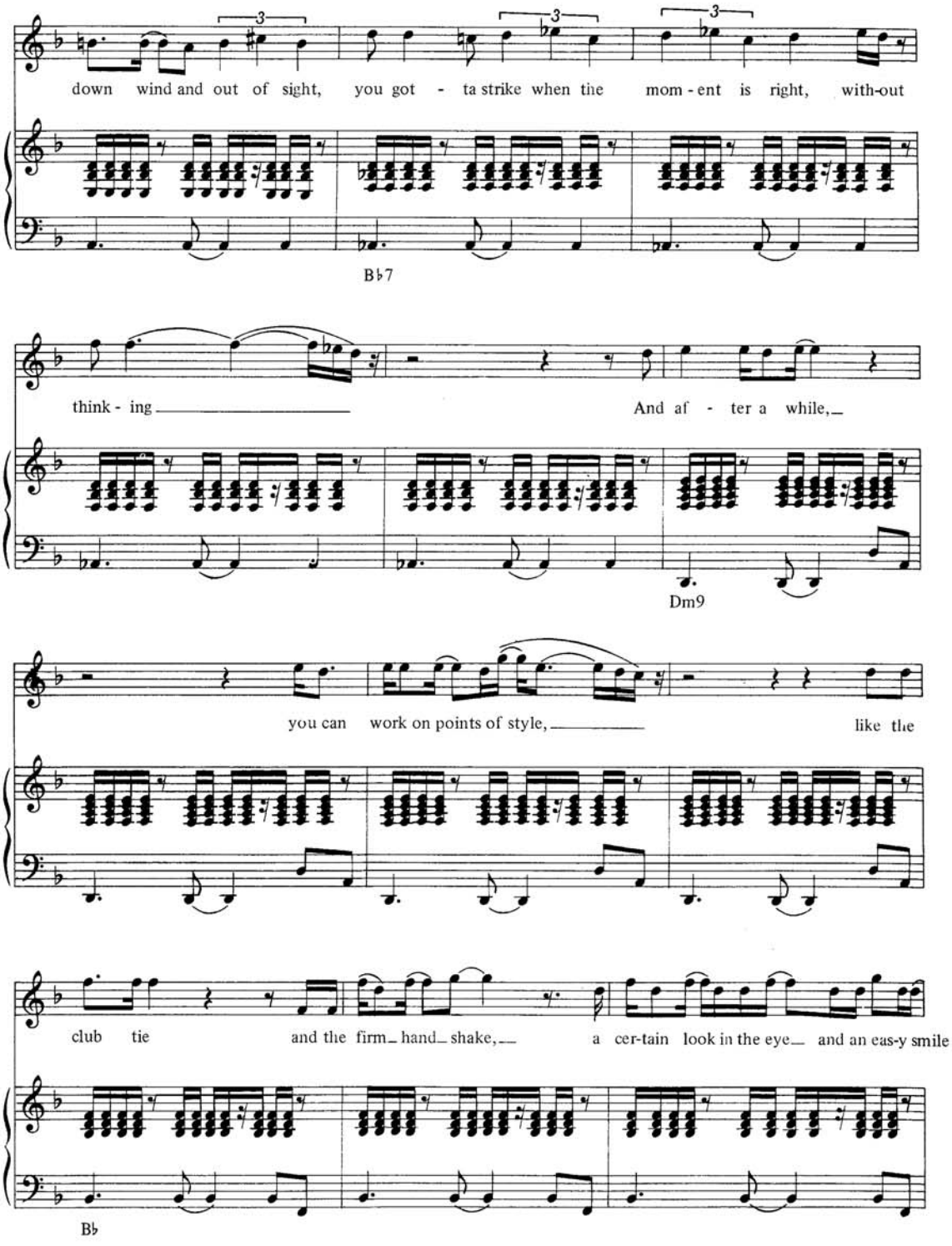
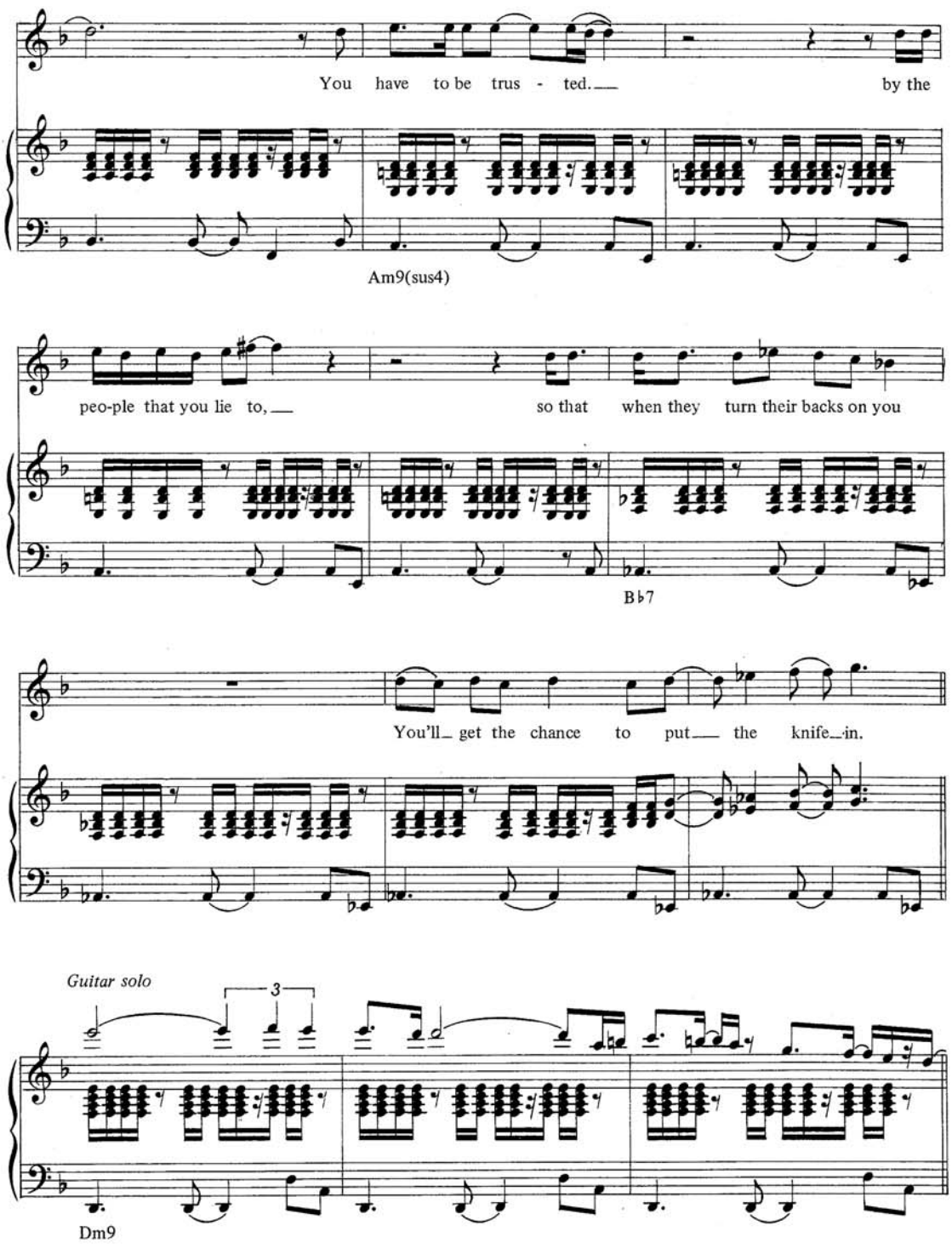
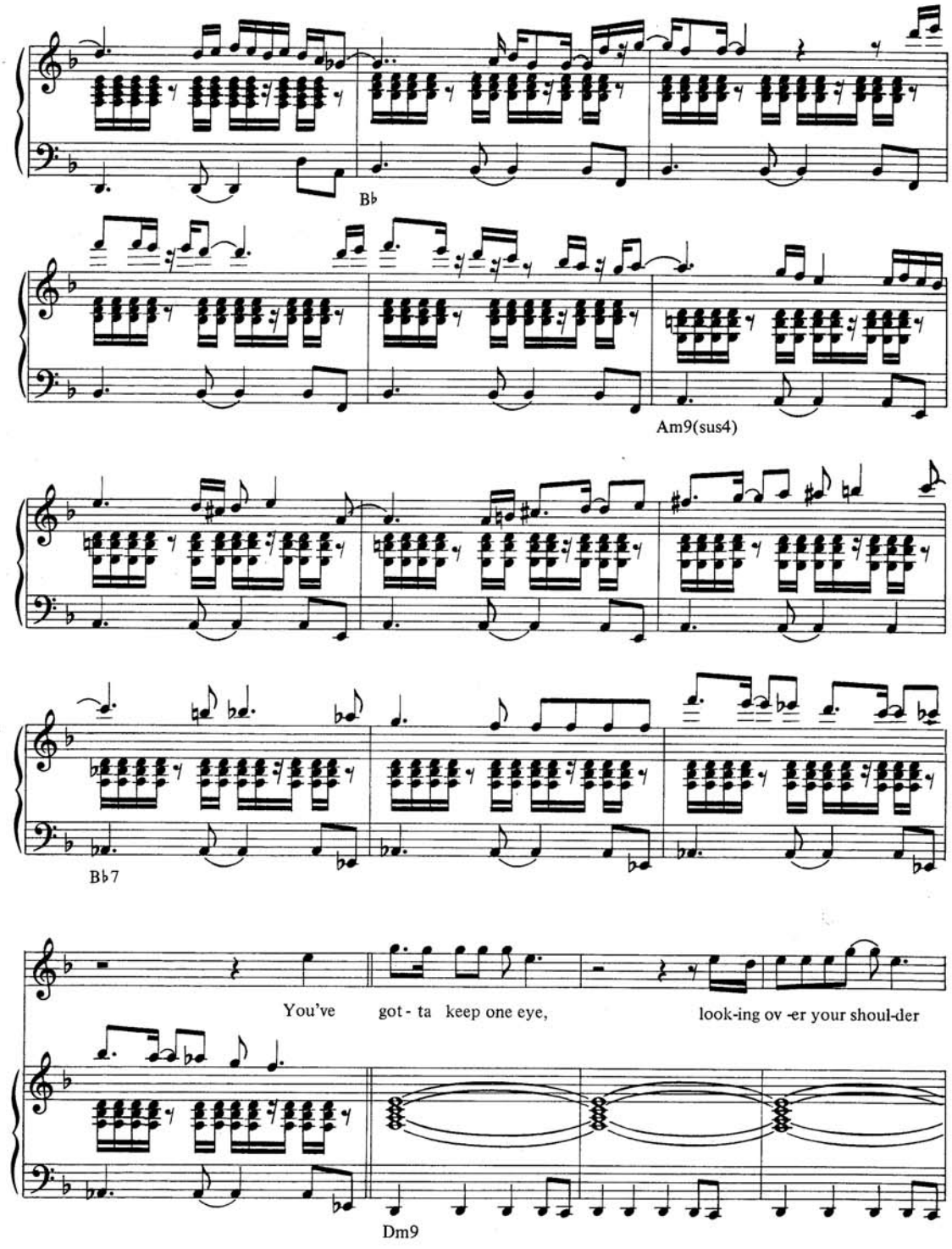
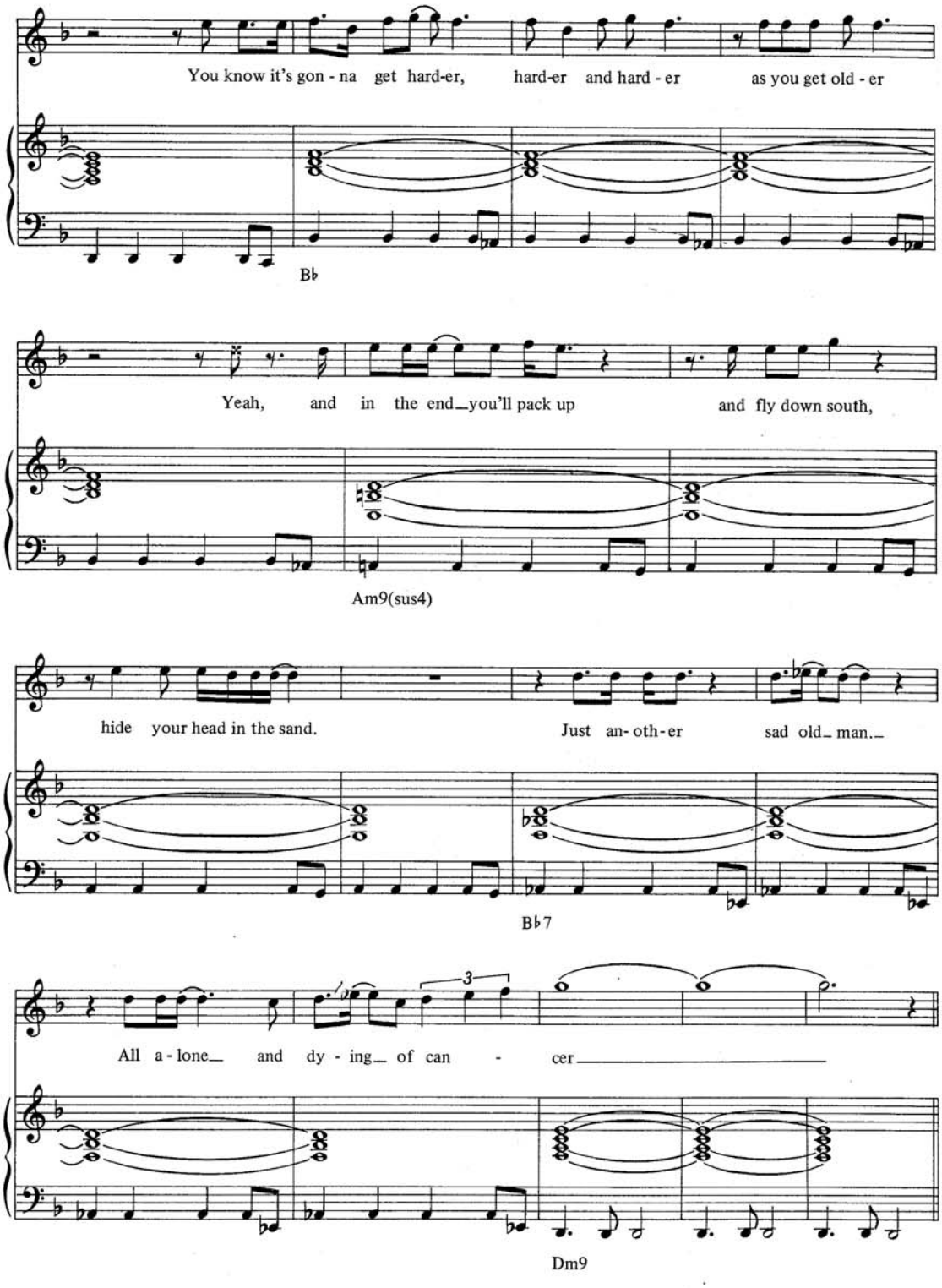
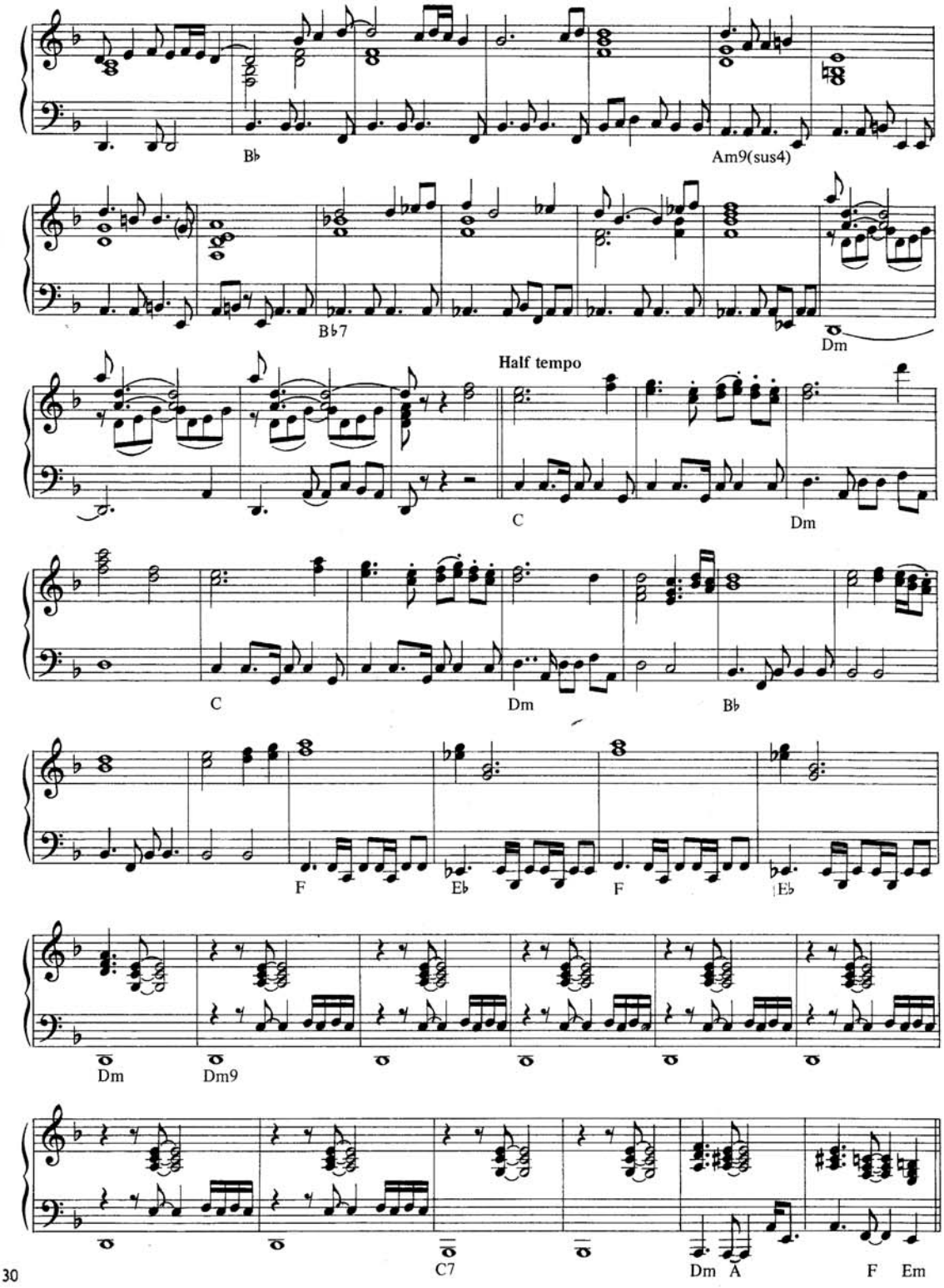

You got - ta be cra - zy you
Dm9
got - ta have a real_ need, Got-ta sleep on your toes, and
B♭
when you're on the street, you got - ta be a - ble_ to pick out the eas - y meat with your eyes
closed. Then mov - ing_ in sil - ent - ly,
Am9(sus4)

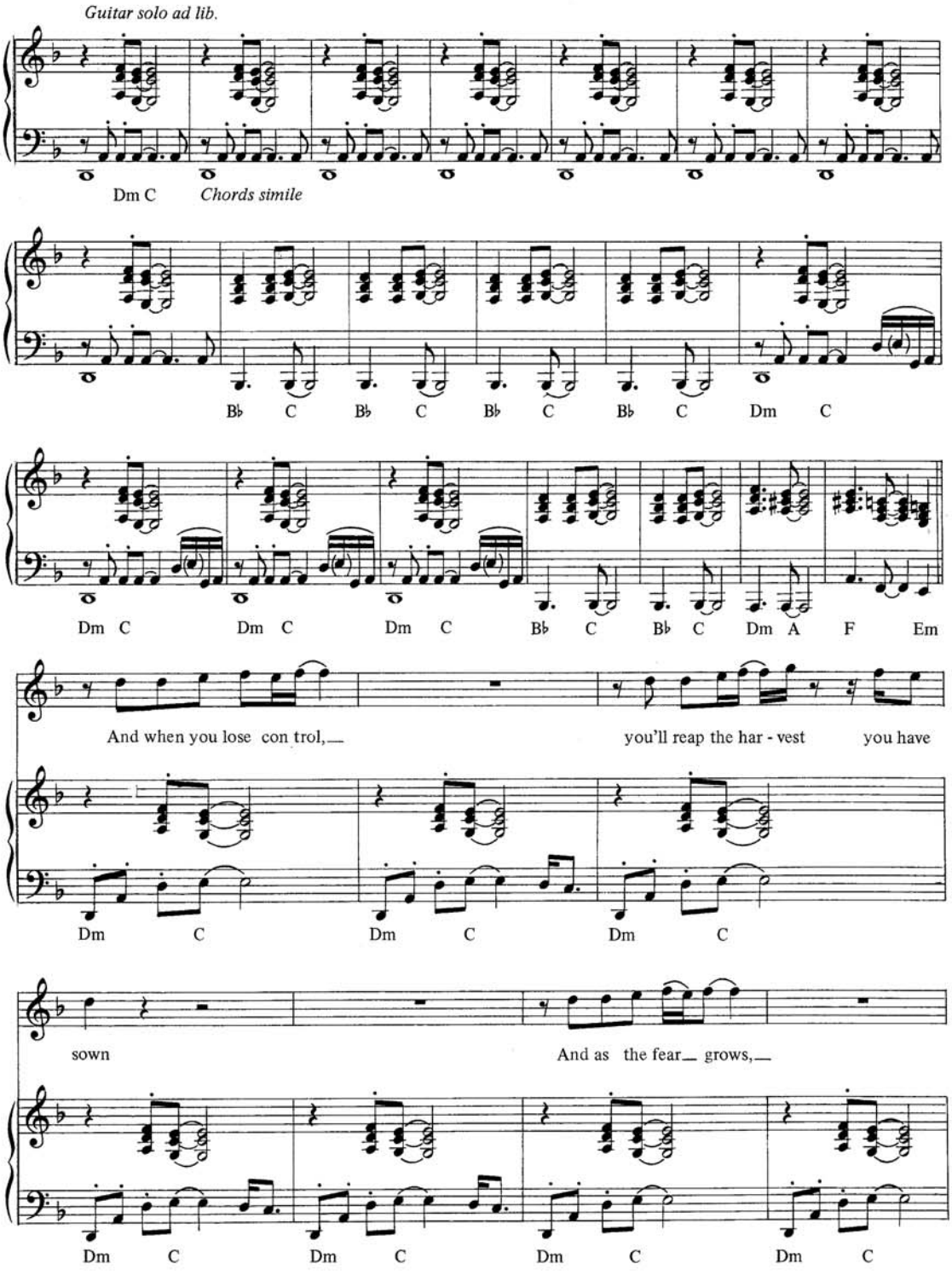

down wind and out of sight, you got - ta strike when the mom - ent is right, with-out
B♭7
think - ing And af - ter a while,
Dm9
you can work on points of style, like the
club tie and the firm hand shake, a cer-tain look in the eye and an eas-y smile
B♭

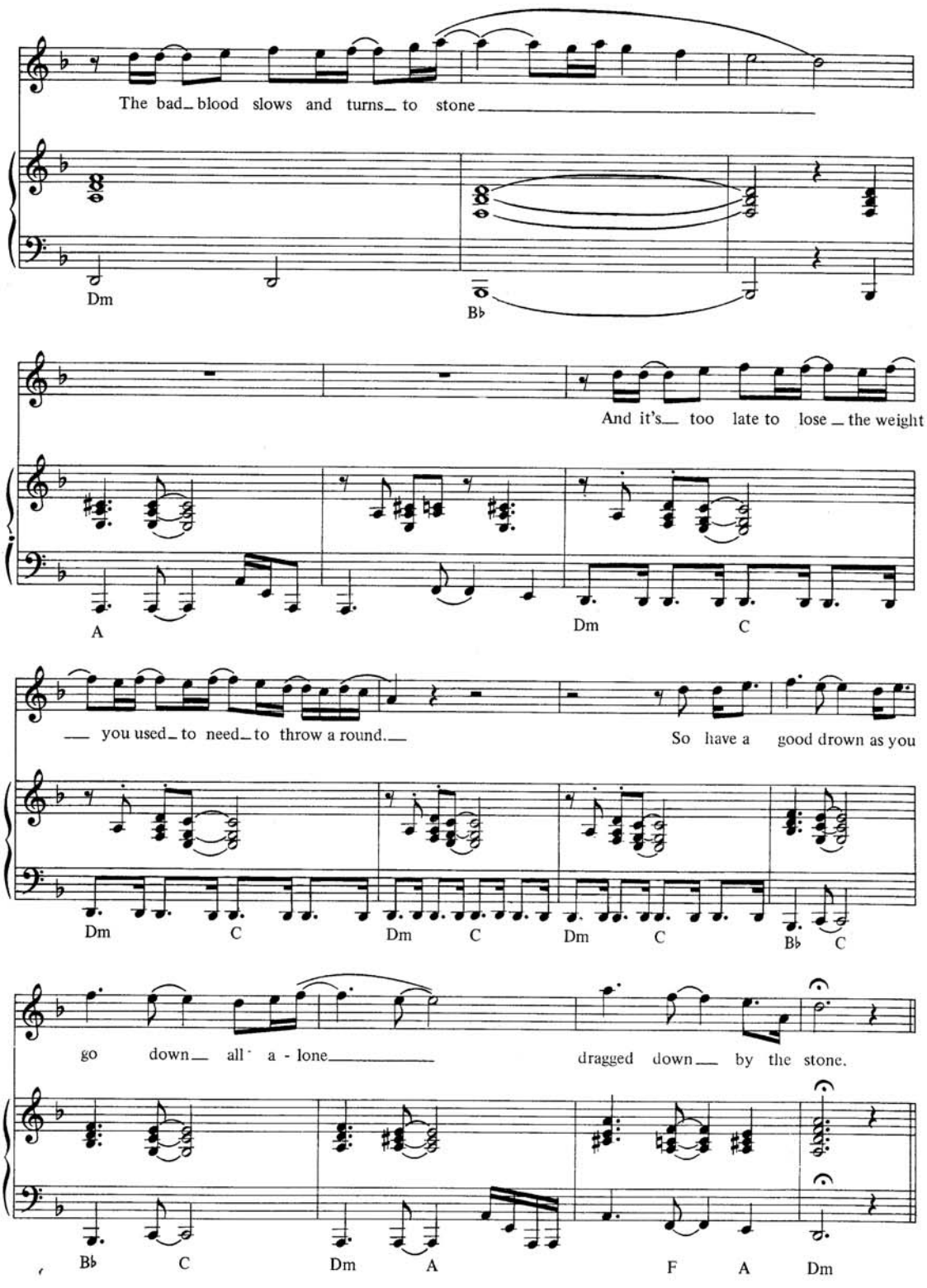

You have to be trus - ted. by the
Am9(sus4)
peo-ple that you lie to, so that when they turn their backs on you
B♭7
You'll get the chance to put the knife in.
Guitar solo
3
Dm9

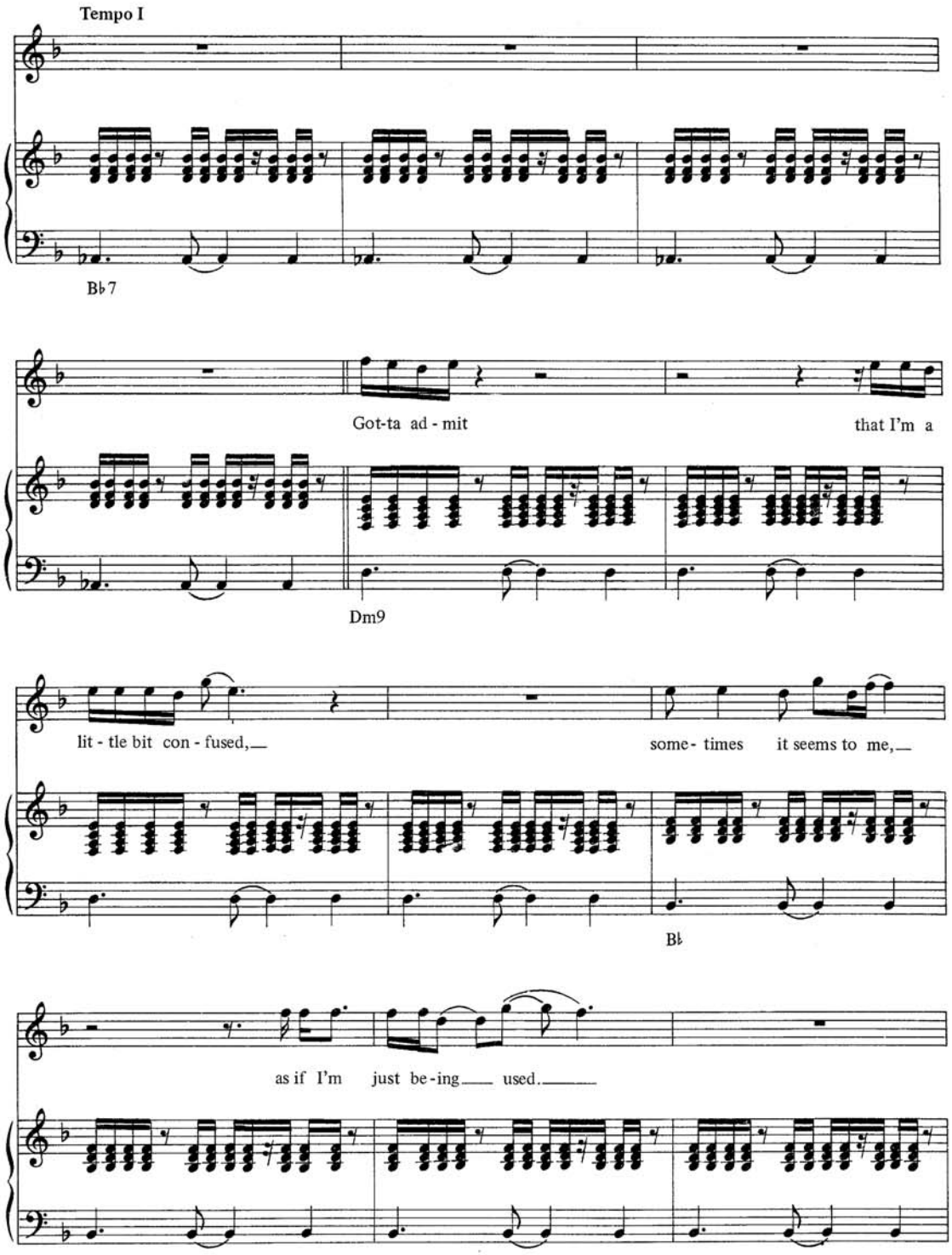

B♭
Am9(sus4)
B♭7
You've got - ta keep one eye, look-ing ov -er your shoul-der
Dm9

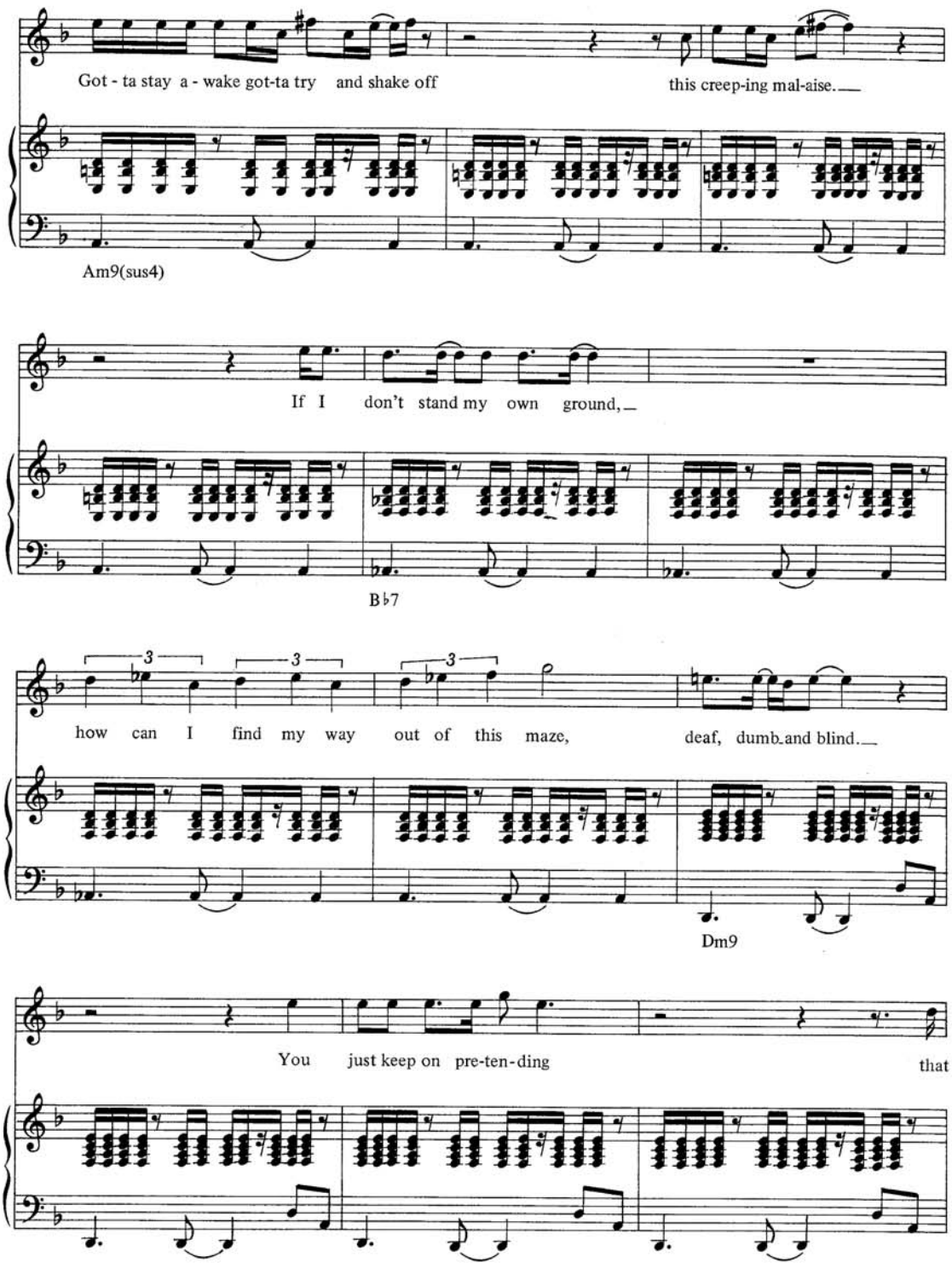

You know it's gon - na get hard-er, hard-er and hard - er as you get old - er
B♭
Yeah, and in the end_you'll pack up and fly down south,
Am9(sus4)
hide your head in the sand. Just an- oth - er sad old_ man._
B♭7
All a - lone_ and dy - ing_ of can - cer
3
Dm9

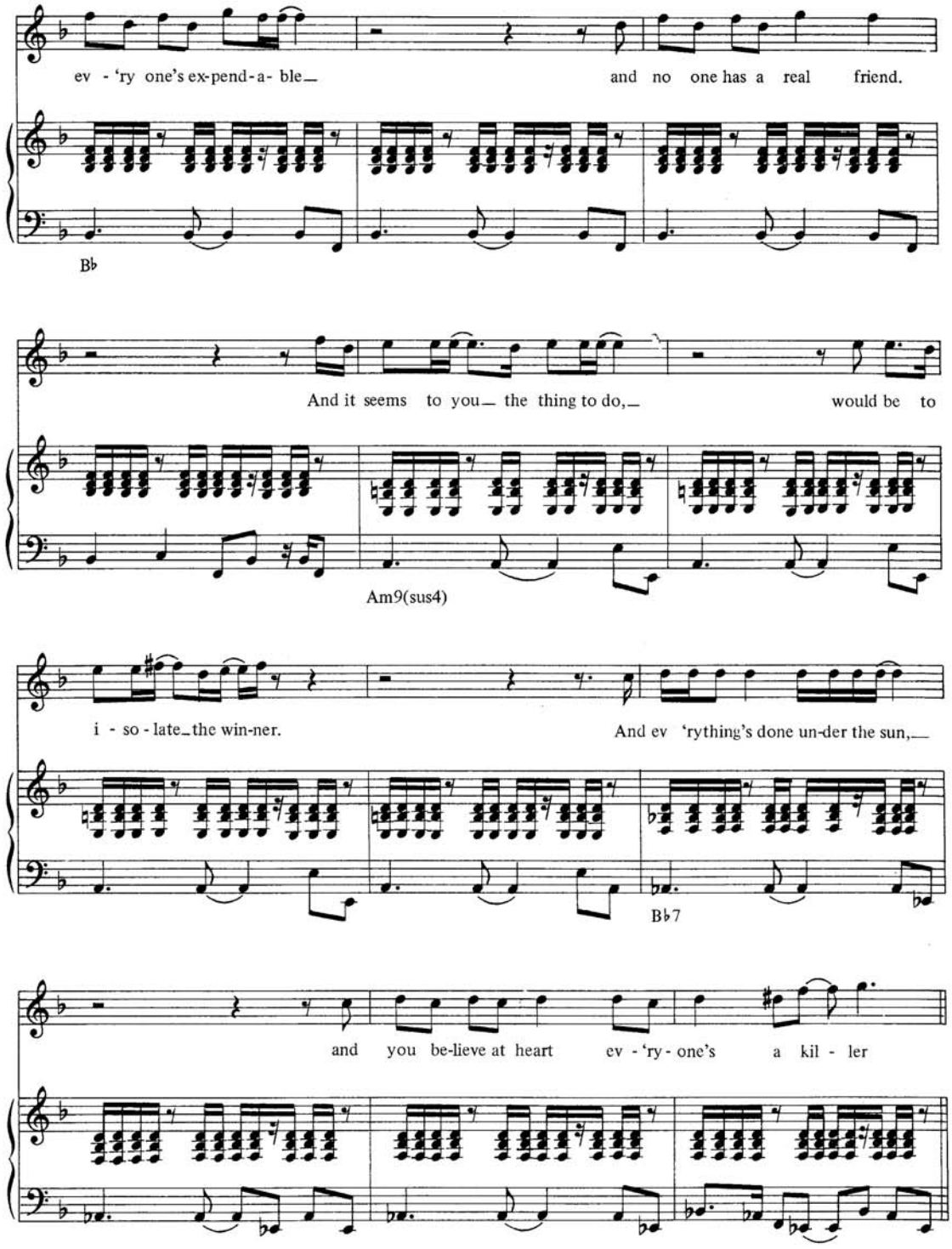

B♭
Am9(sus4)
B♭7
Dm
Half tempo
C
Dm
C
Dm
B♭
F
E♭
F
E♭
Dm
Dm9
C7
Dm
A
F
Em

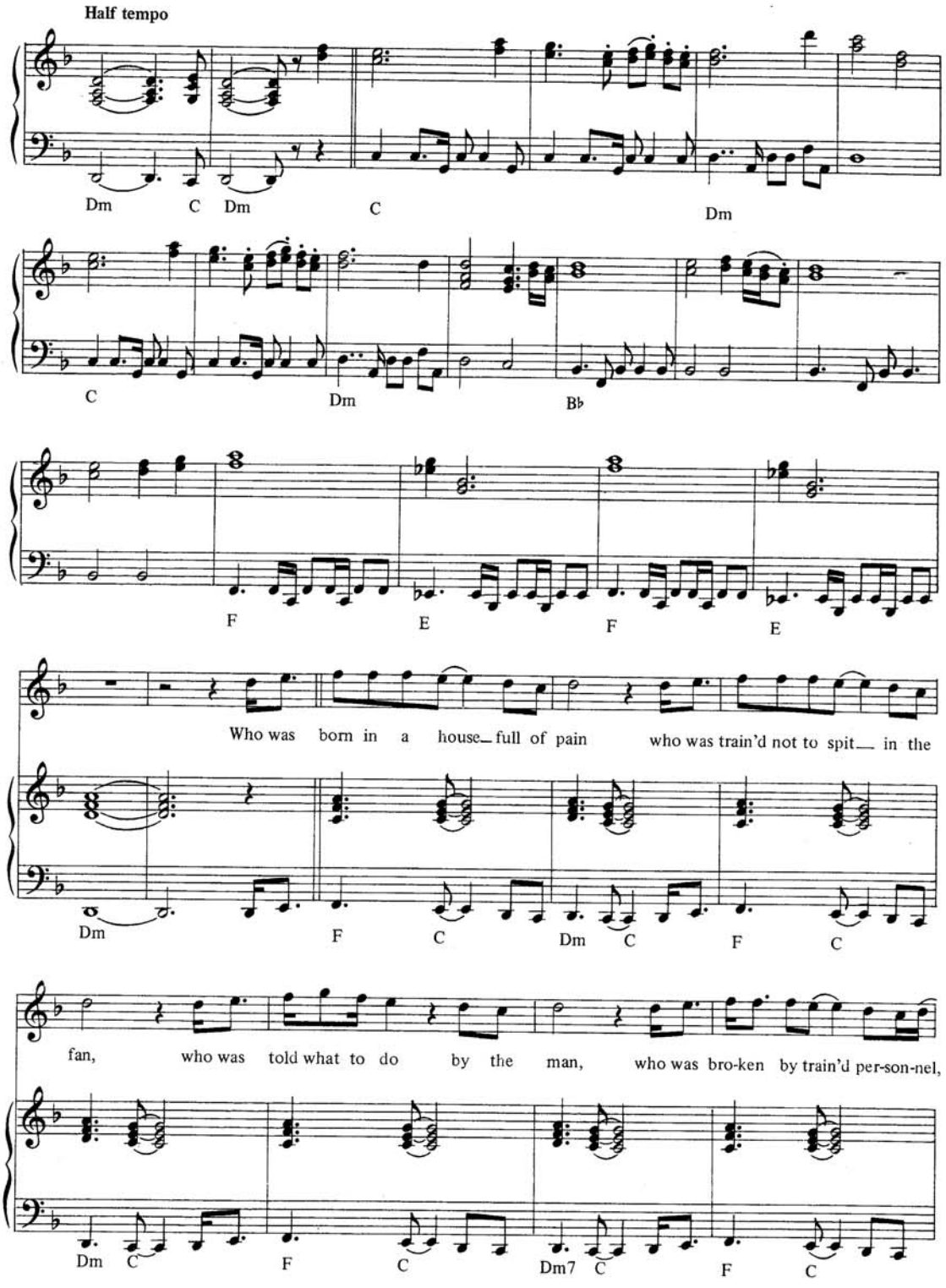

Guitar solo ad lib.
Dm C
Chords simile
B♭ C B♭ C B♭ C B♭ C Dm C
Dm C Dm C Dm C B♭ C B♭ C Dm A F Em
And when you lose con trol,— you'll reap the har - vest you have
Dm C Dm C Dm C
sown And as the fear— grows,—
Dm C Dm C Dm C Dm C

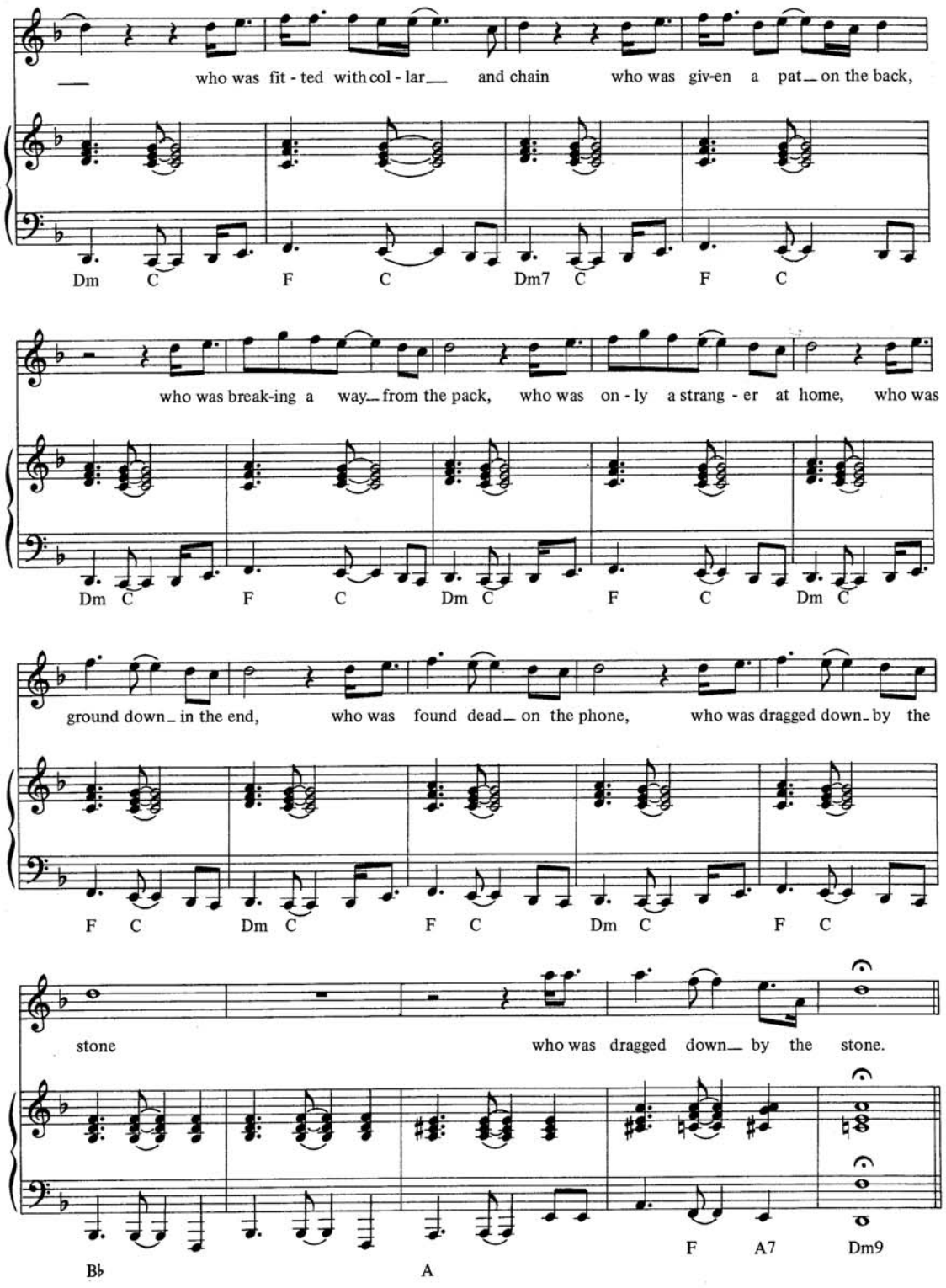

The bad_ blood slows and turns_ to stone
Dm
B♭
And it's_ too late to lose _ the weight
A
Dm
C
_ you used_ to need_ to throw a round._
So have a good drown as you
Dm
C
Dm
C
Dm
C
B♭
C
go down_ all a - lone_
dragged down_ by the stone.
B♭
C
Dm
A
F
A
Dm


Tempo I
B♭7
Got-ta ad - mit
that I'm a
Dm9
lit - tle bit con - fused,
some - times
it seems to me,
B♭
as if I'm
just be - ing
used.


Got - ta stay a - wake got-ta try and shake off this creep-ing mal-aise.
Am9(sus4)
If I don't stand my own ground,
B♭7
how can I find my way out of this maze, deaf, dumb and blind.
Dm9
You just keep on pre-ten-ding that

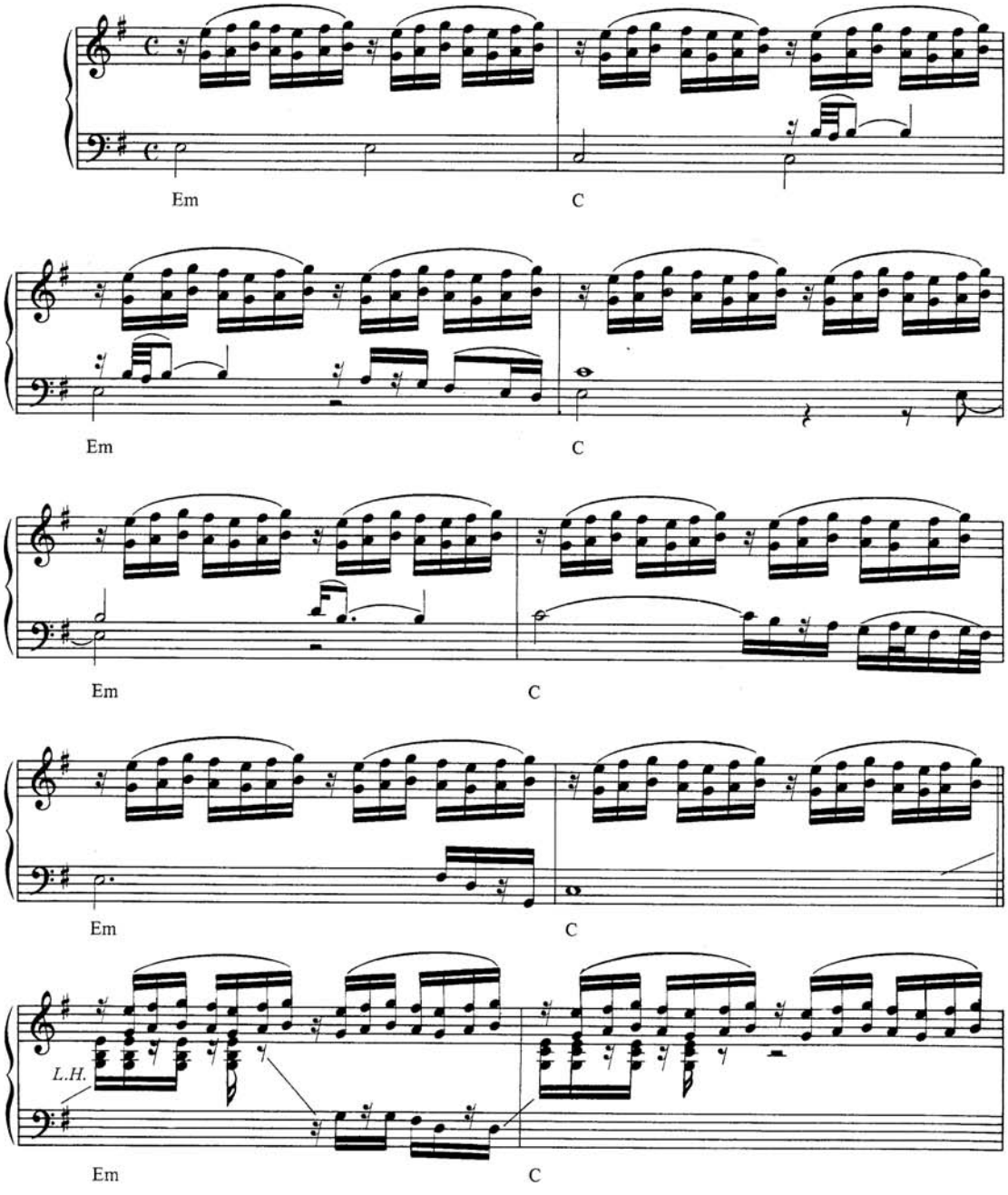

ev - 'ry one's ex-pend-a- ble_ and no one has a real friend.
B♭
And it seems to you_ the thing to do,_ would be to
Am9(sus4)
i - so - late_the win-ner. And ev 'rything's done un-der the sun,_
B♭7
and you be-lieve at heart ev - 'ry - one's a kil - ler


Half tempo
Dm C Dm C Dm
C Dm B♭
F E F E
Who was born in a house_ full of pain who was train'd not to spit_ in the
Dm F C Dm C F C
fan, who was told what to do by the man, who was bro-ken by train'd per-son-nel,
Dm C F C Dm7 C F C


who was fit - ted with col - lar and chain who was giv-en a pat on the back,
Dm C F C Dm7 C F C
who was break-ing a way from the pack, who was on - ly a strang - er at home, who was
Dm C F C Dm C F C Dm C
ground down in the end, who was found dead on the phone, who was dragged down by the
F C Dm C F C Dm C F C
stone who was dragged down by the stone.
B♭ A F A7 Dm9

PIGS (THREE DIFFERENT ONES)

♩ = 62 WATERS



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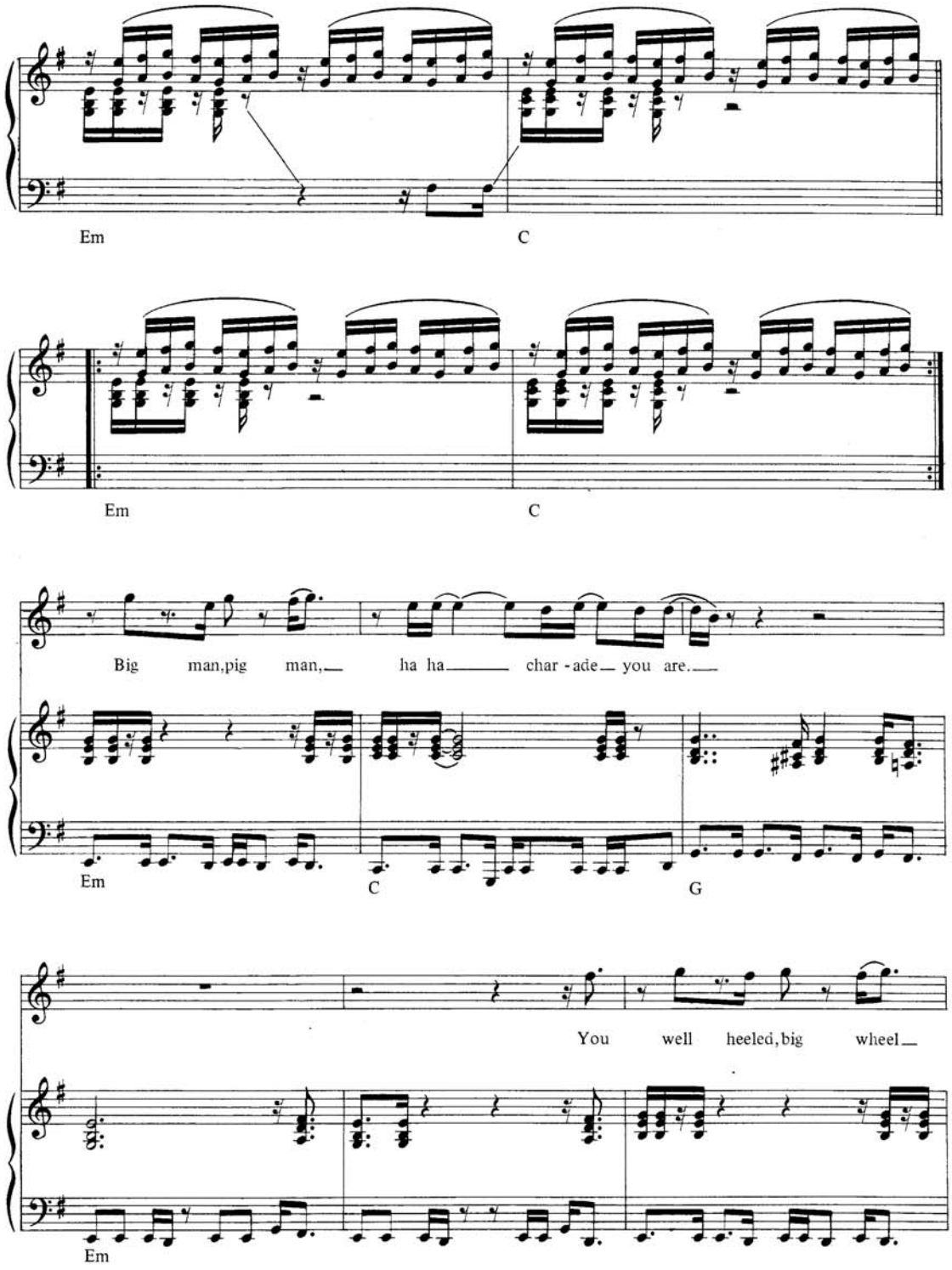
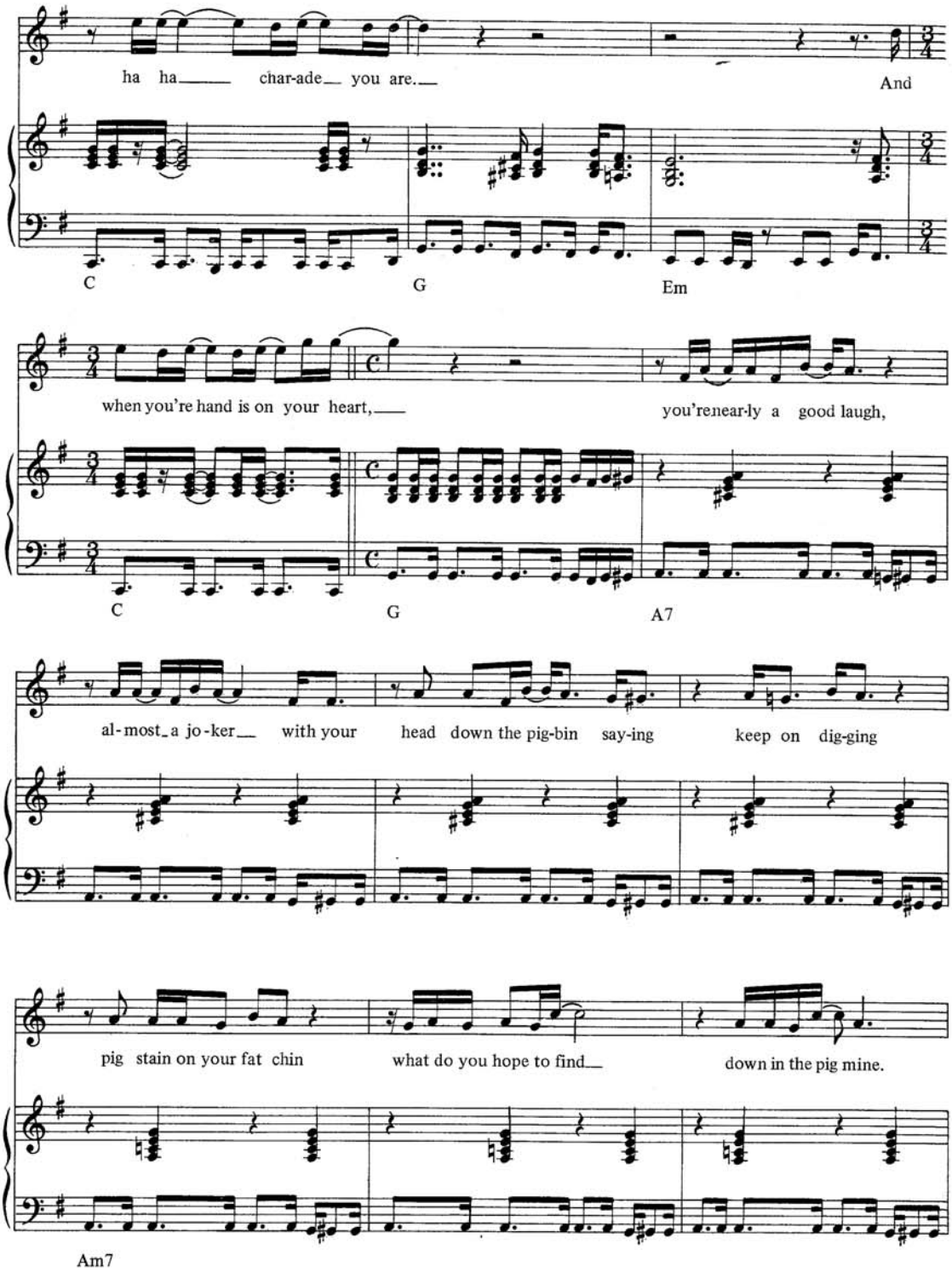
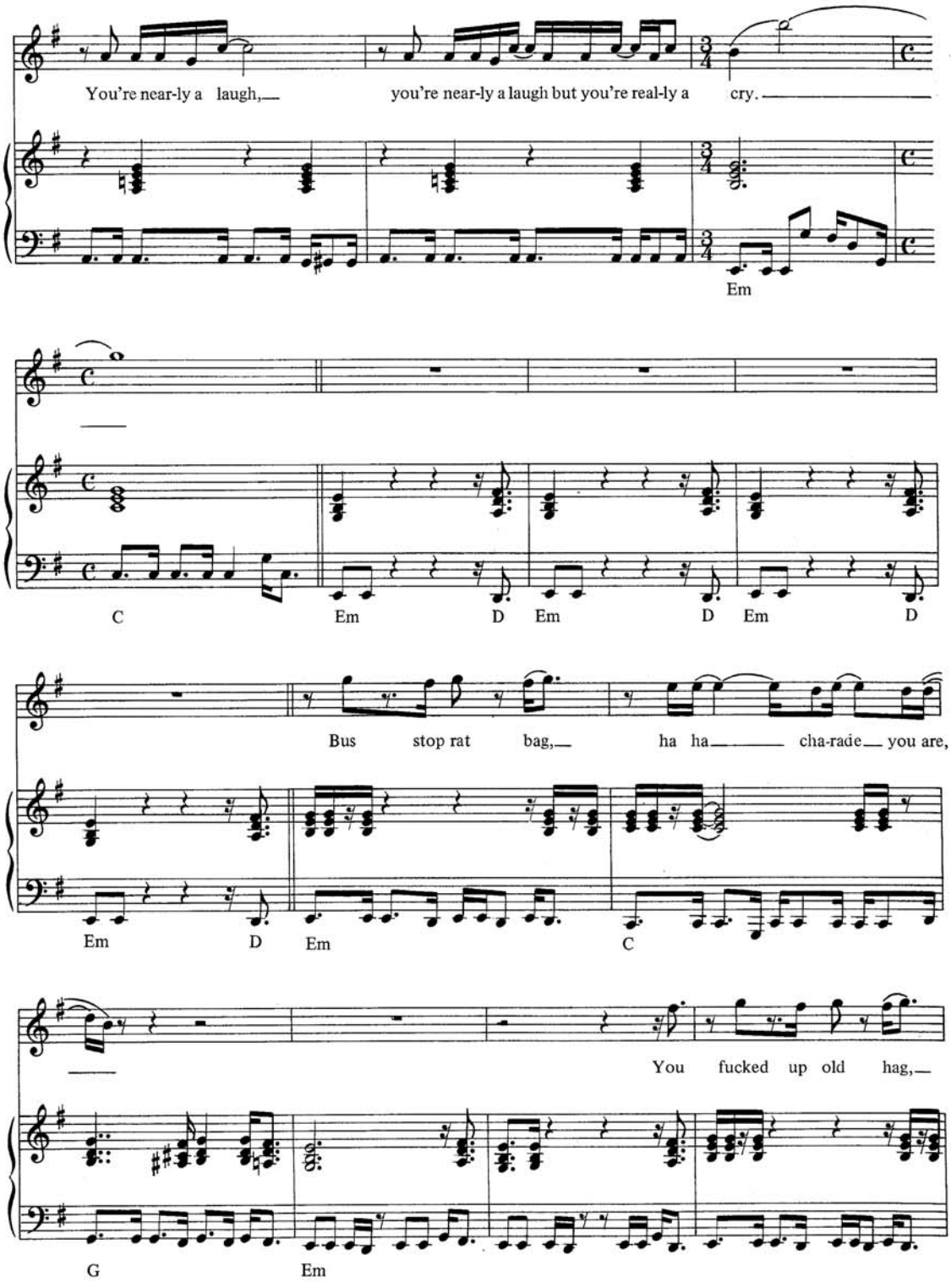
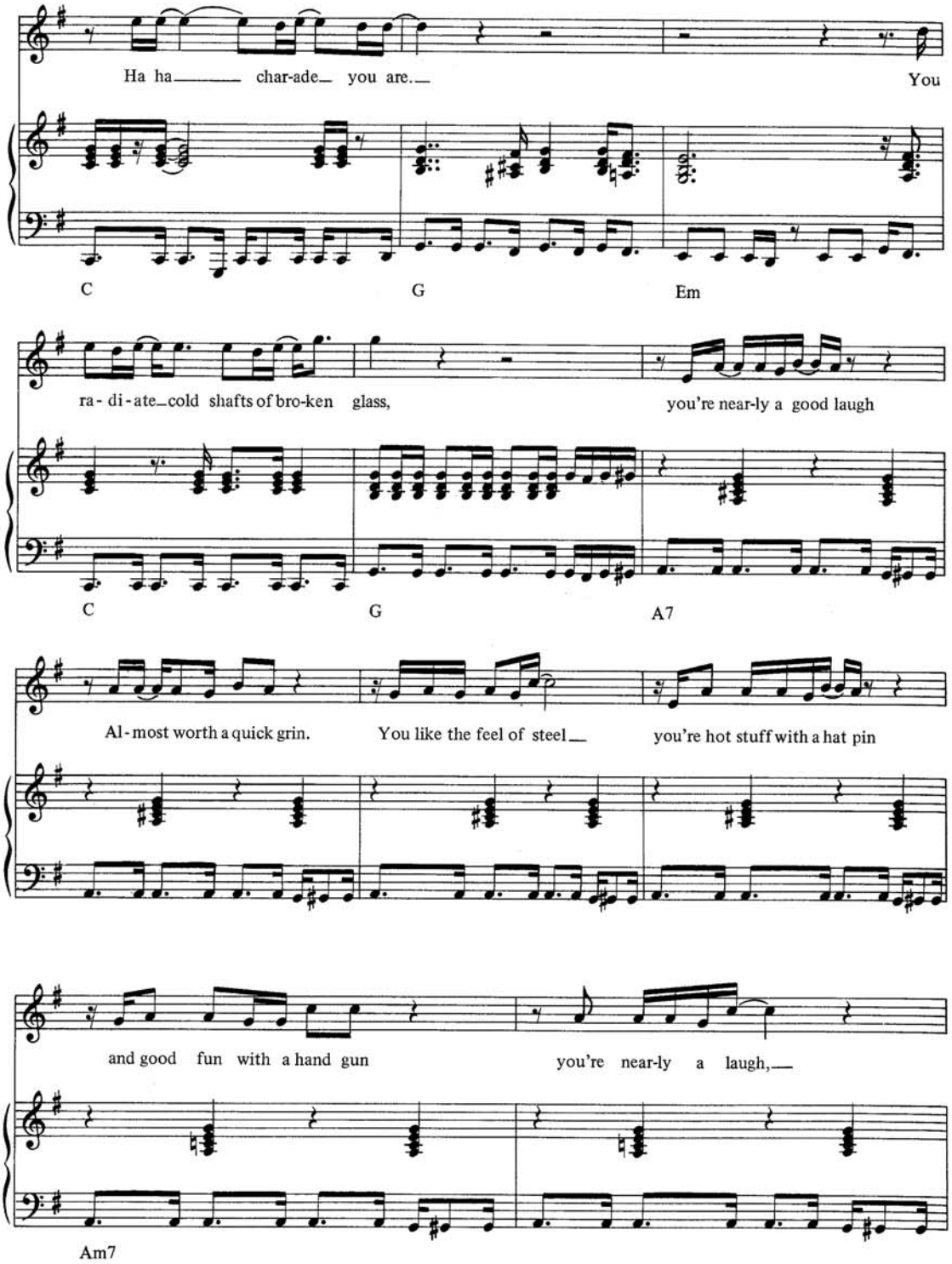
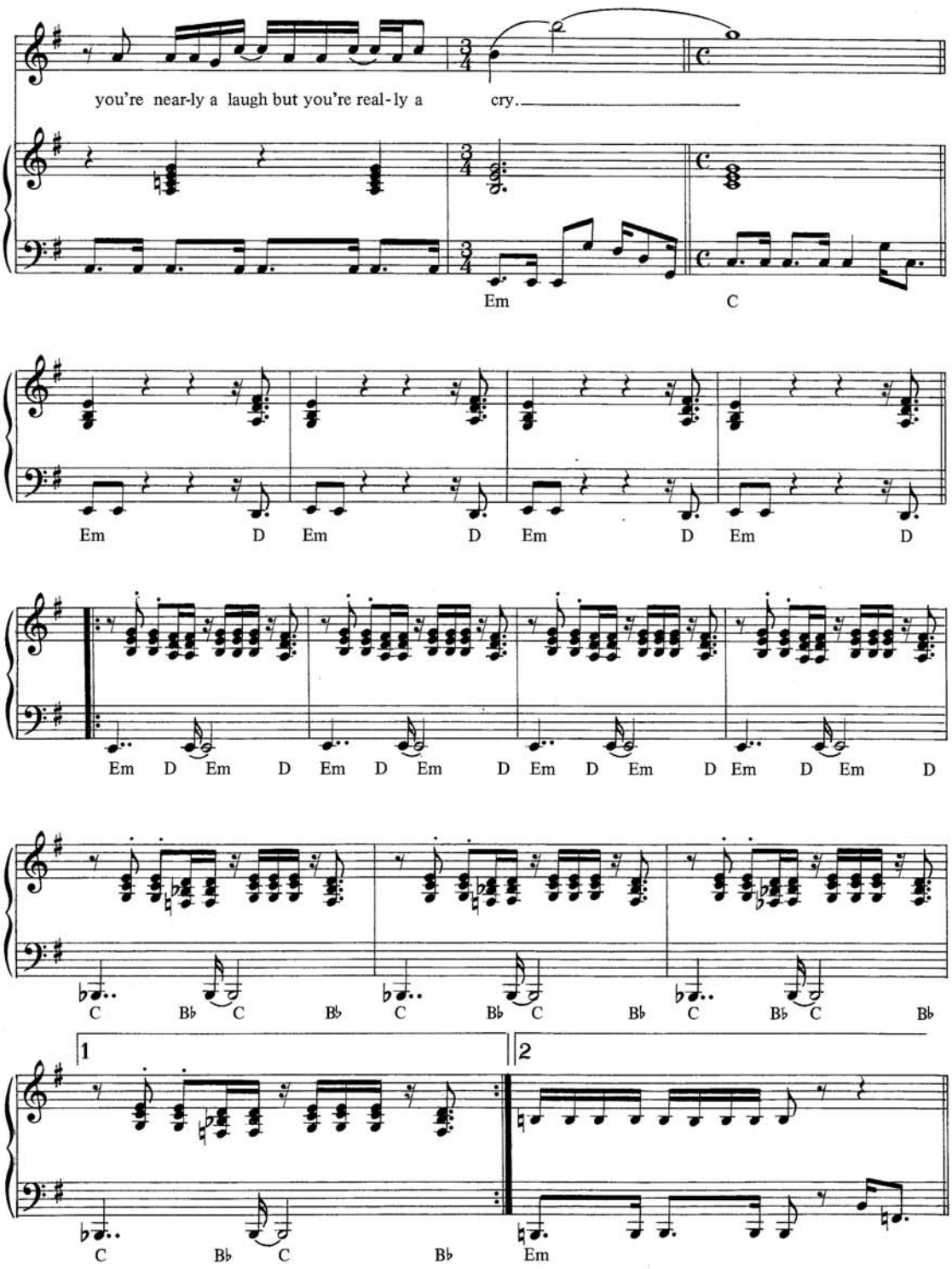
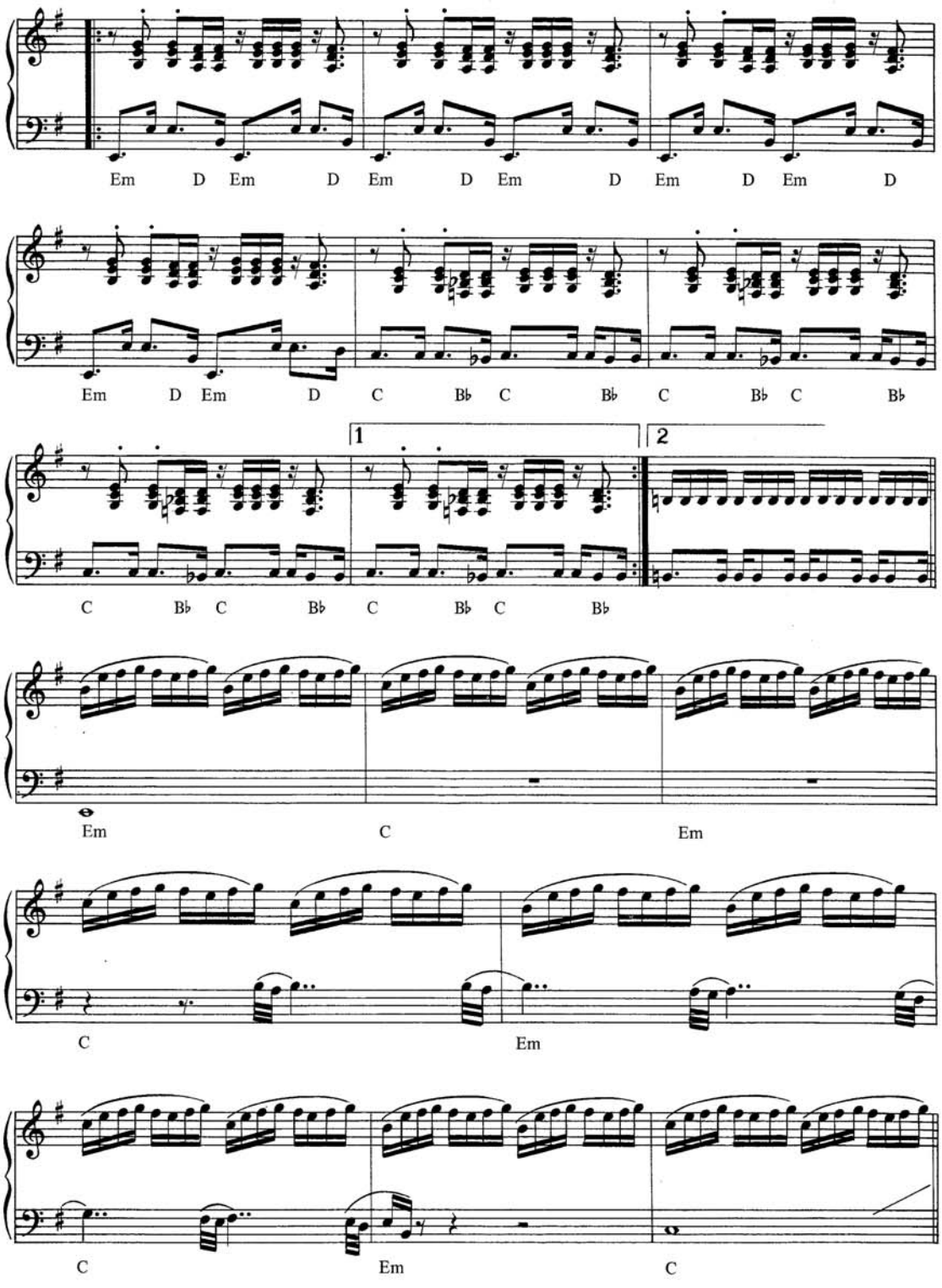

Em
C
Em
C
Big man, pig man, ha ha char - ade you are.
Em
C
G
You well heeled, big wheel
Em

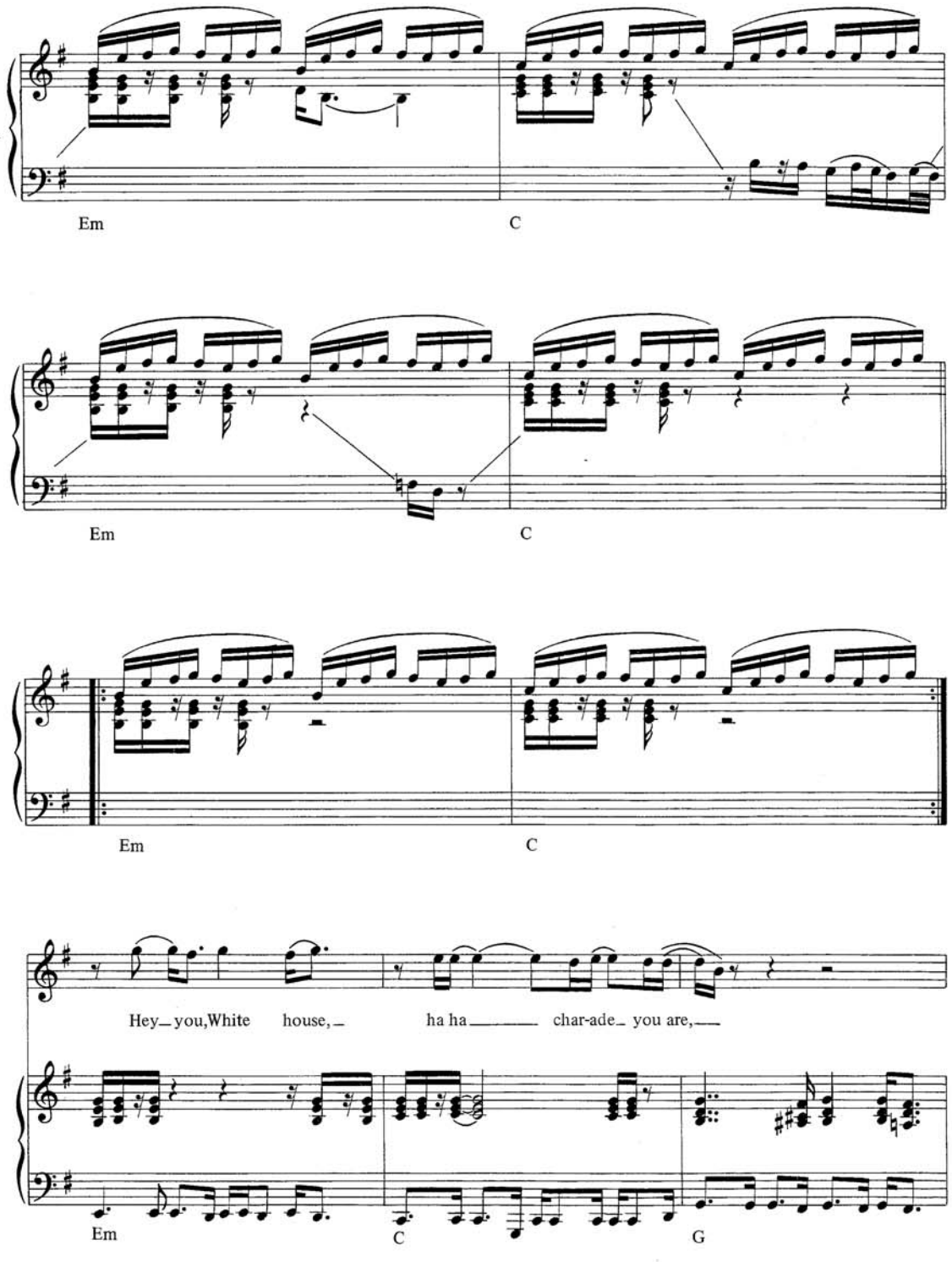

ha ha char-ade you are. And
C G Em
when you're hand is on your heart, you're near-ly a good laugh,
C G A7
al-most a jo-ker with your head down the pig-bin say-ing keep on dig-ging
pig stain on your fat chin what do you hope to find down in the pig mine.
Am7

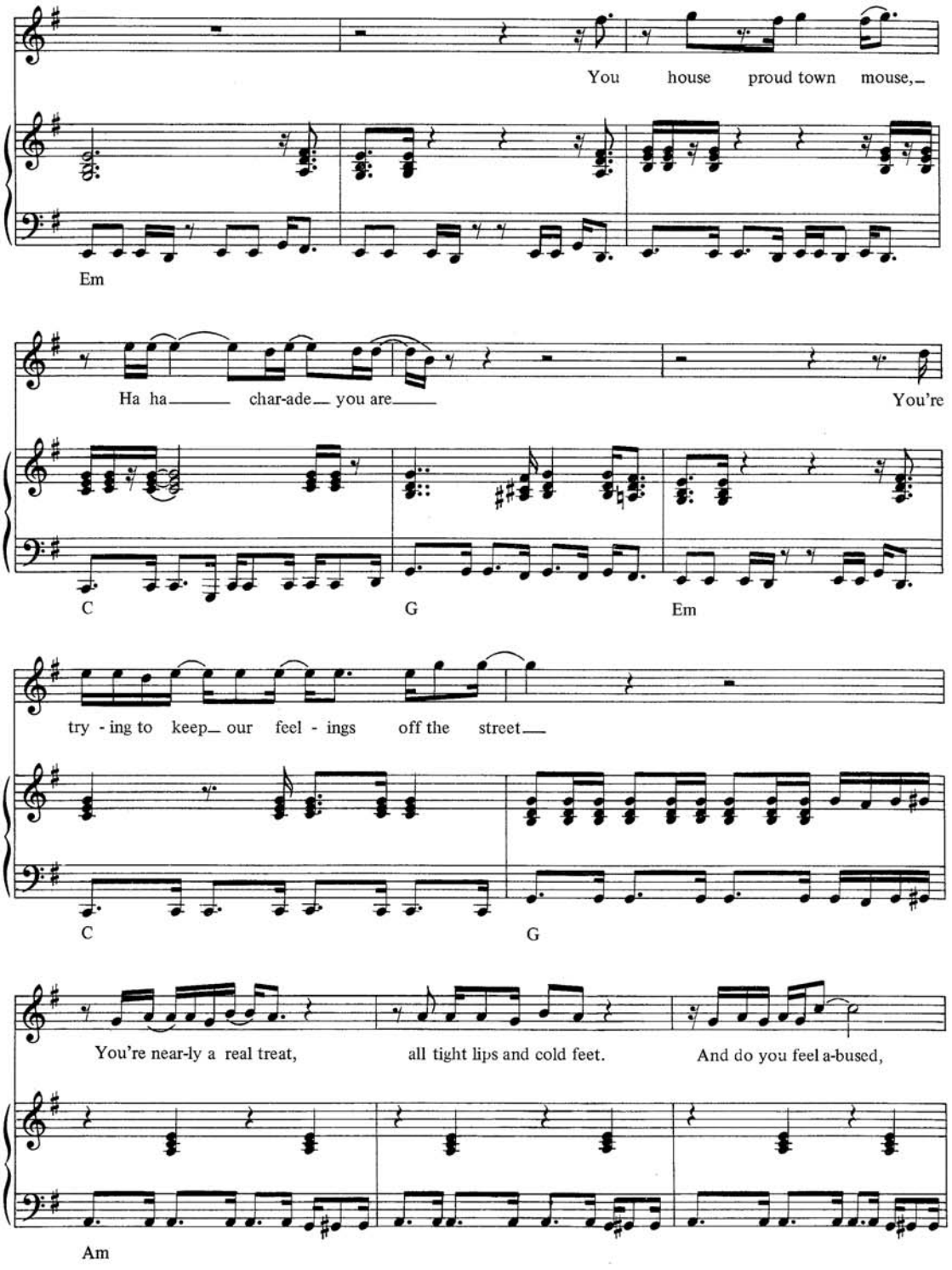

You're near-ly a laugh,
you're near-ly a laugh but you're real-ly a cry.
Em
C
Em
D
Em
D
Em
D
Bus stop rat bag,
ha ha
cha-rade
you are,
Em
D
Em
C
You fucked up old hag,
G
Em

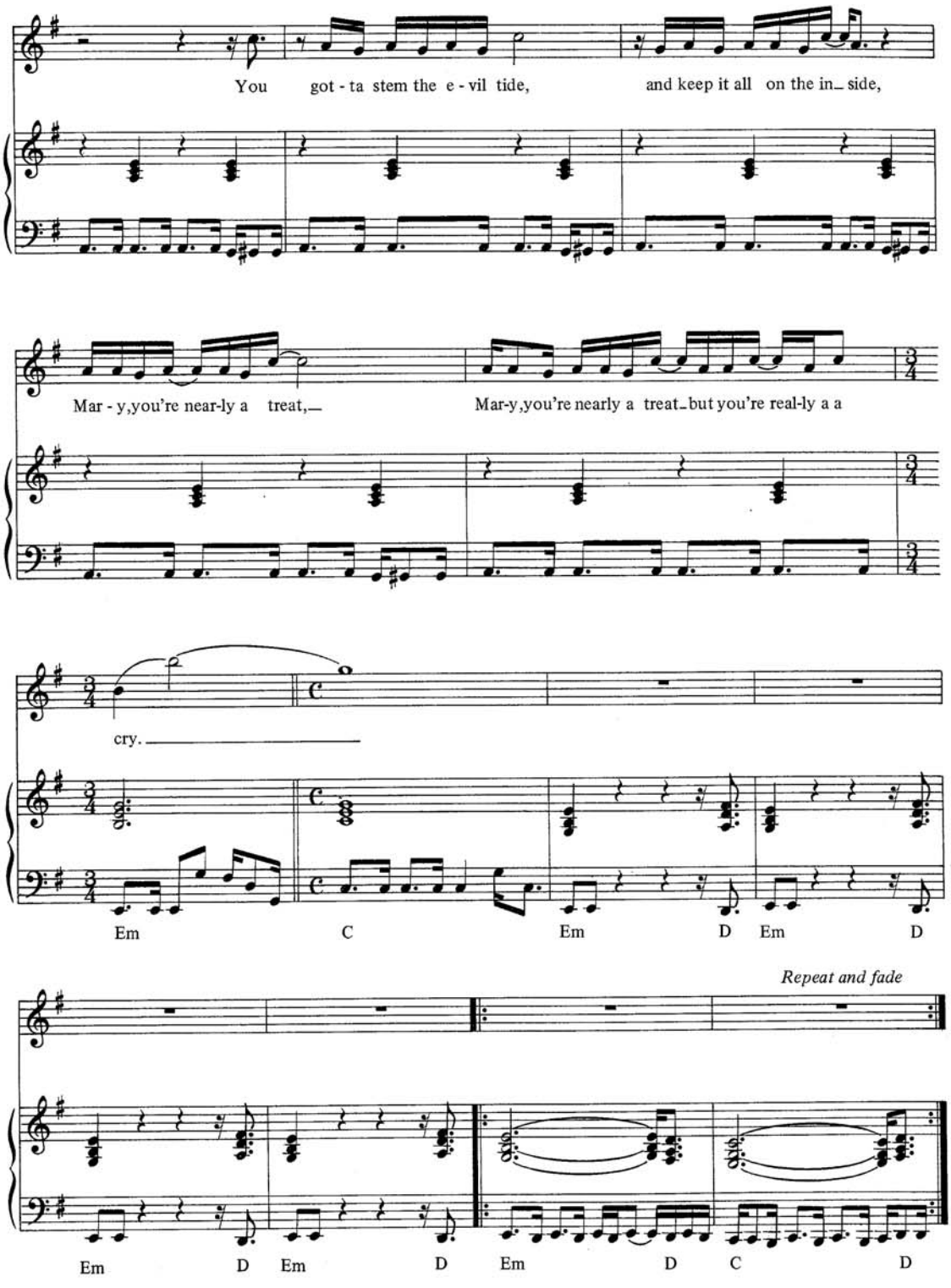

Ha ha char-ade you are.
You
C
G
Em
ra-di-ate cold shafts of bro-ken glass,
you're near-ly a good laugh
C
G
A7
Al-most worth a quick grin.
You like the feel of steel
you're hot stuff with a hat pin
and good fun with a hand gun
you're near-ly a laugh,
Am7


you're near-ly a laugh but you're real-ly a cry.
Em
C
Em D Em D Em D Em D
Em D Em D Em D Em D Em D Em D Em D Em D
C B♭ C B♭ C B♭ C B♭ C B♭ C B♭
1
2
C B♭ C B♭ Em


Em D Em D Em D Em D Em D Em D
Em D Em D C B♭ C B♭ C B♭ C B♭
1
2
C B♭ C B♭ C B♭ C B♭
Em C Em
C Em
C Em C

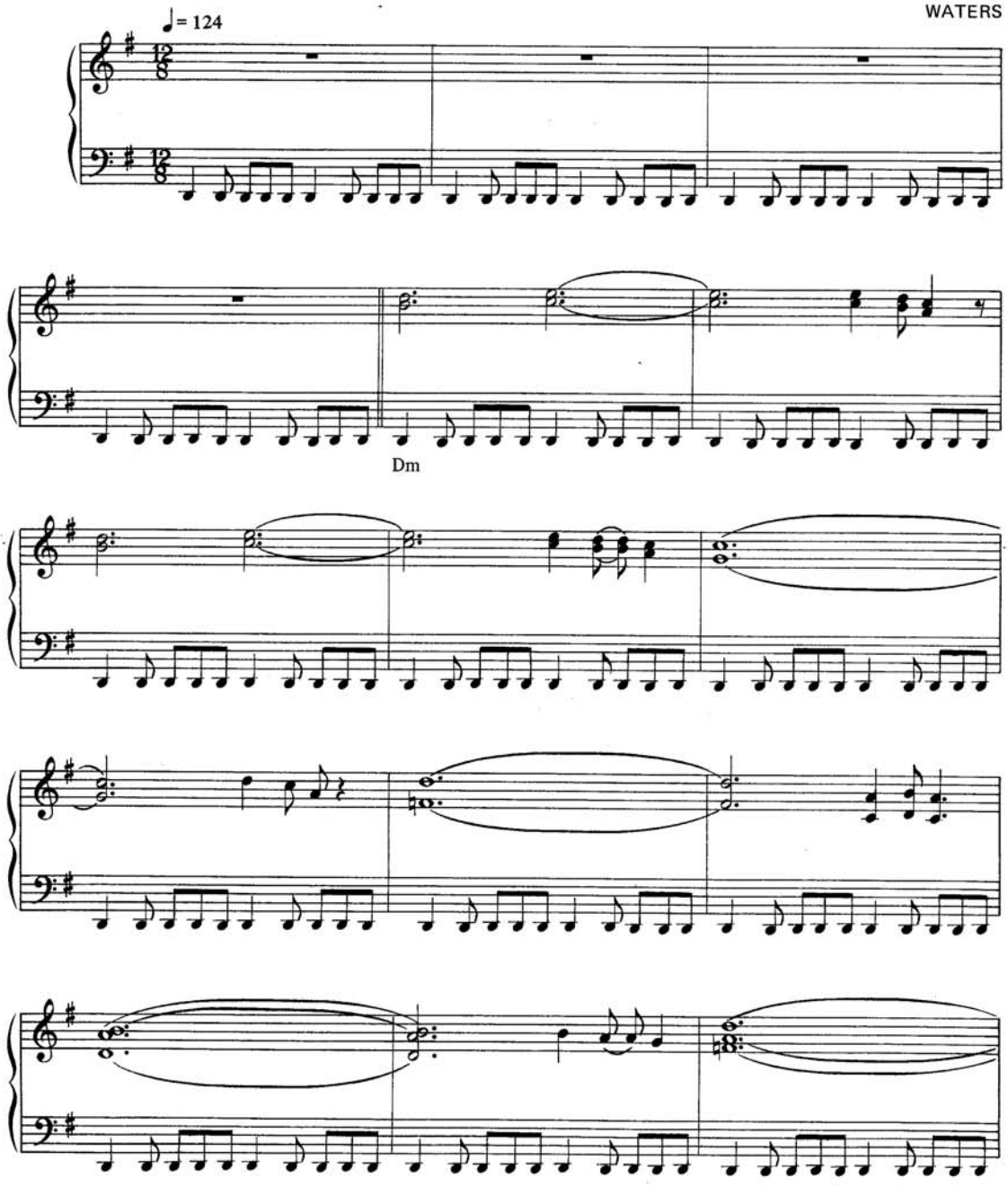

Em
C
Em
C
Em
C
Hey_ you, White house, _ ha ha _____ char-ade_ you are, ___
Em
C
G


You house proud town mouse,
Em
Ha ha char-ade you are
You're
C
G
Em
try - ing to keep our feel - ings off the street
C
G
You're near-ly a real treat,
all tight lips and cold feet.
And do you feel a-bused,
Am


You got - ta stem the e - vil tide, and keep it all on the in_ side,
Mar - y,you're near-ly a treat,_ Mar-y,you're nearly a treat_but you're real-ly a a
cry._
Em C Em D Em D
Repeat and fade
Em D Em D Em D C D

SHEEP

WATERS



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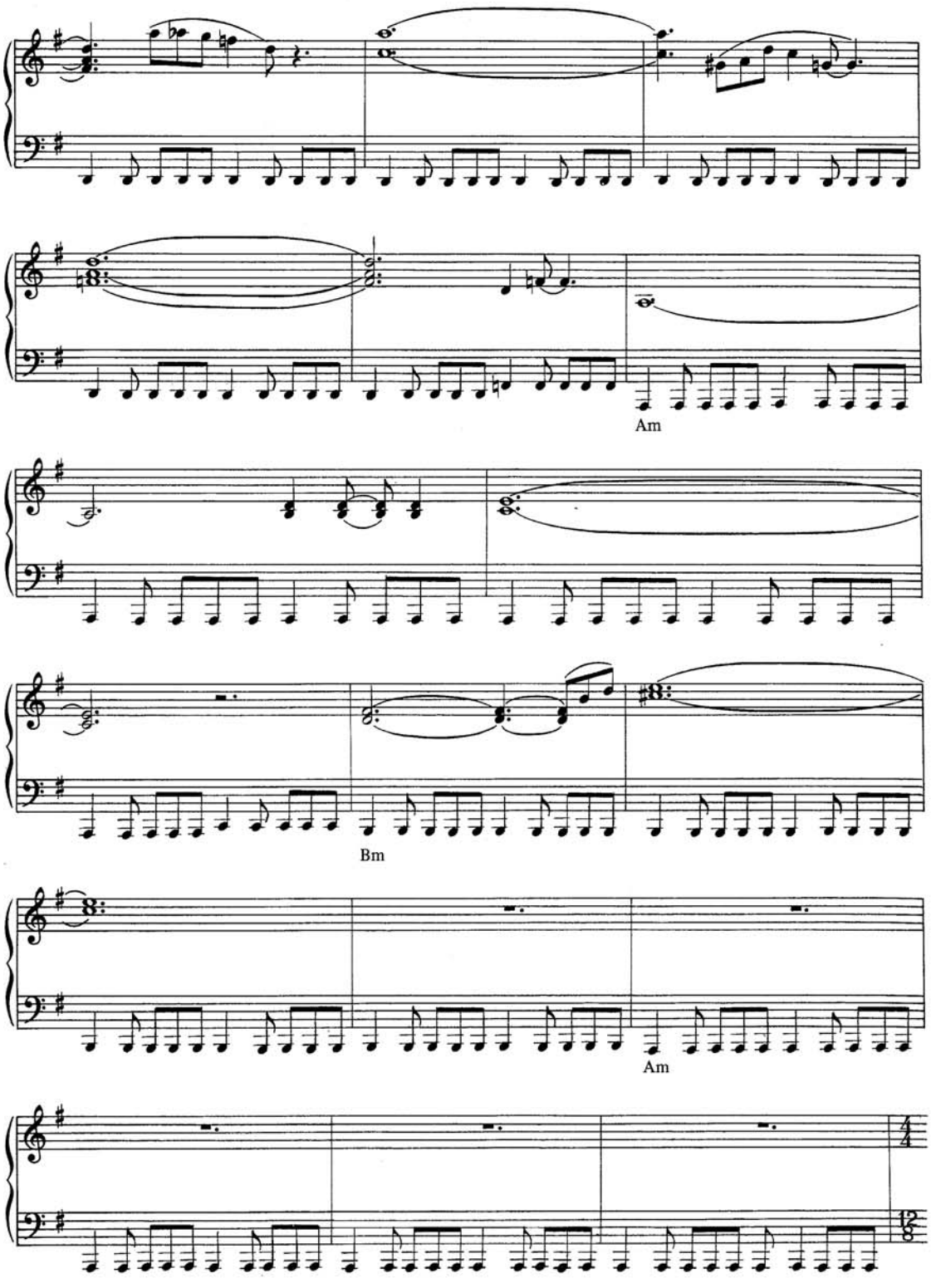
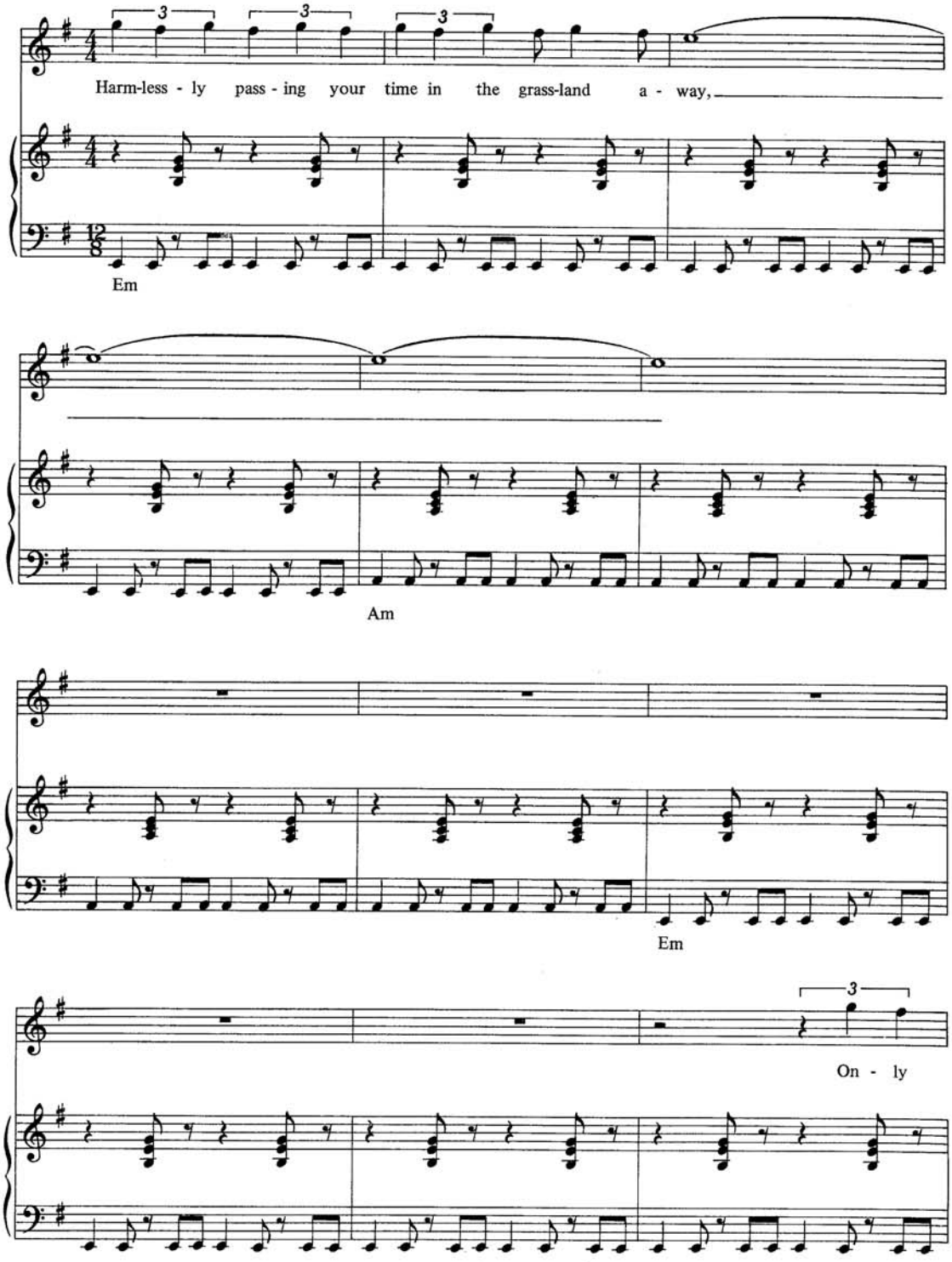
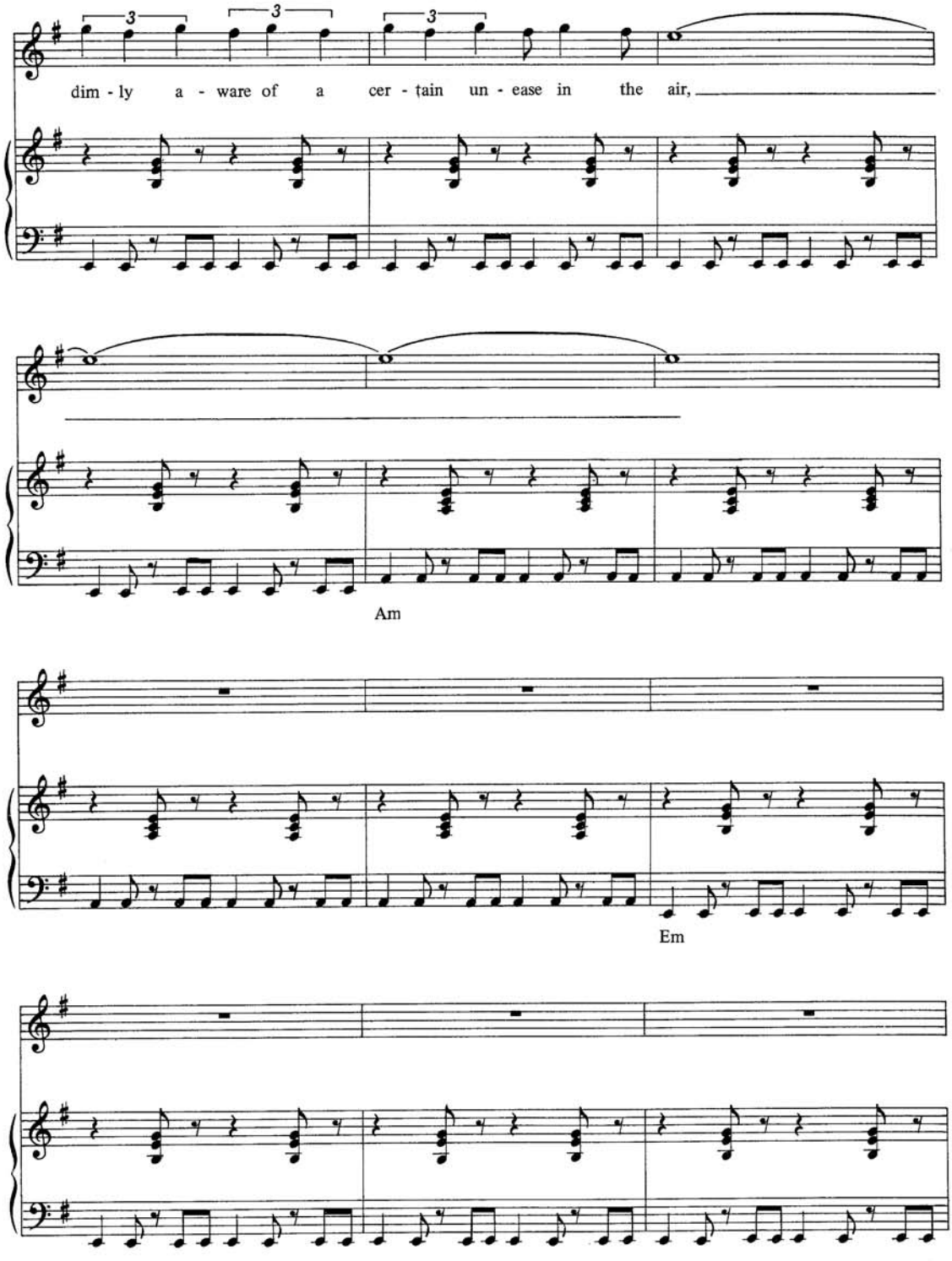
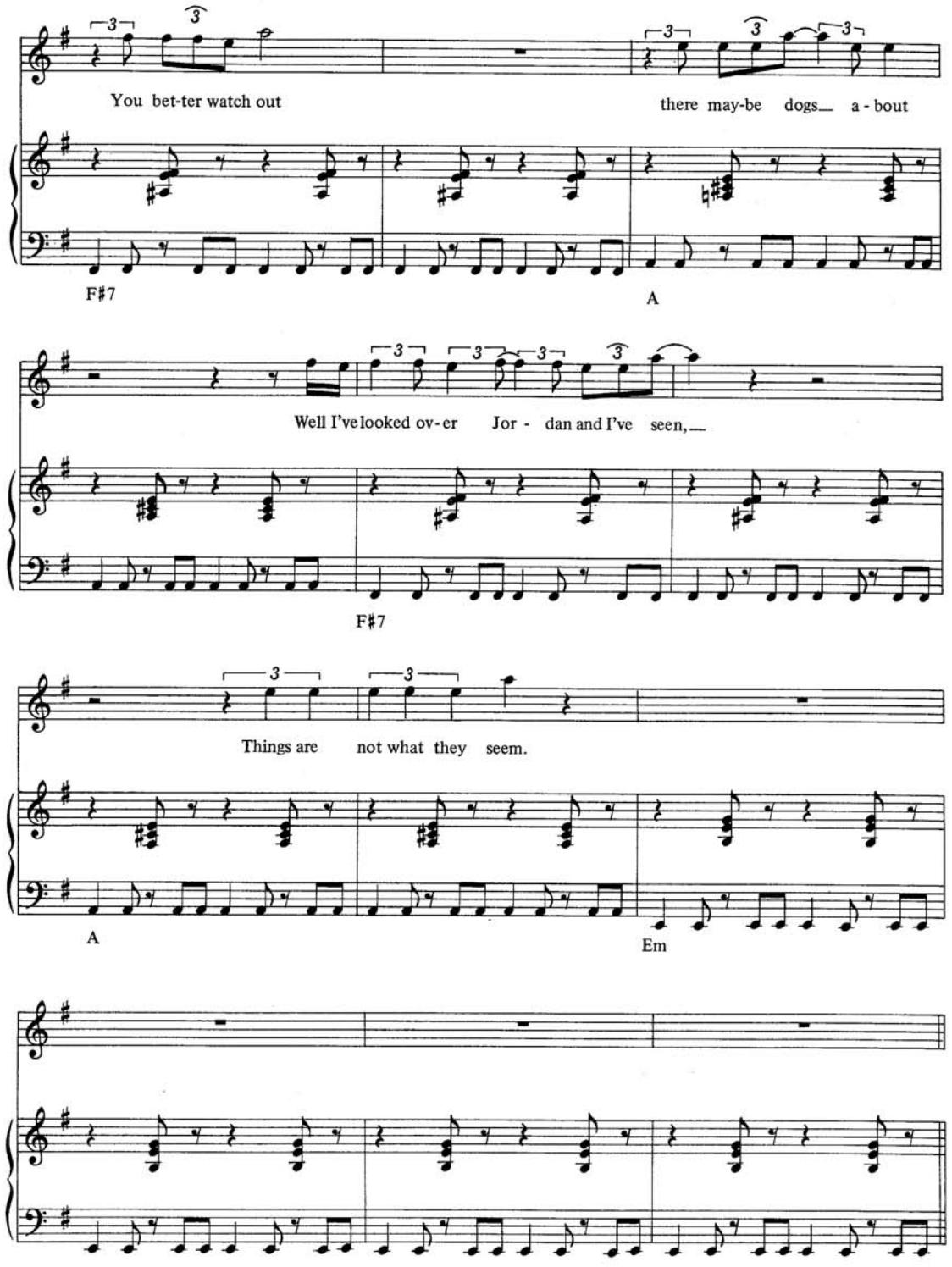
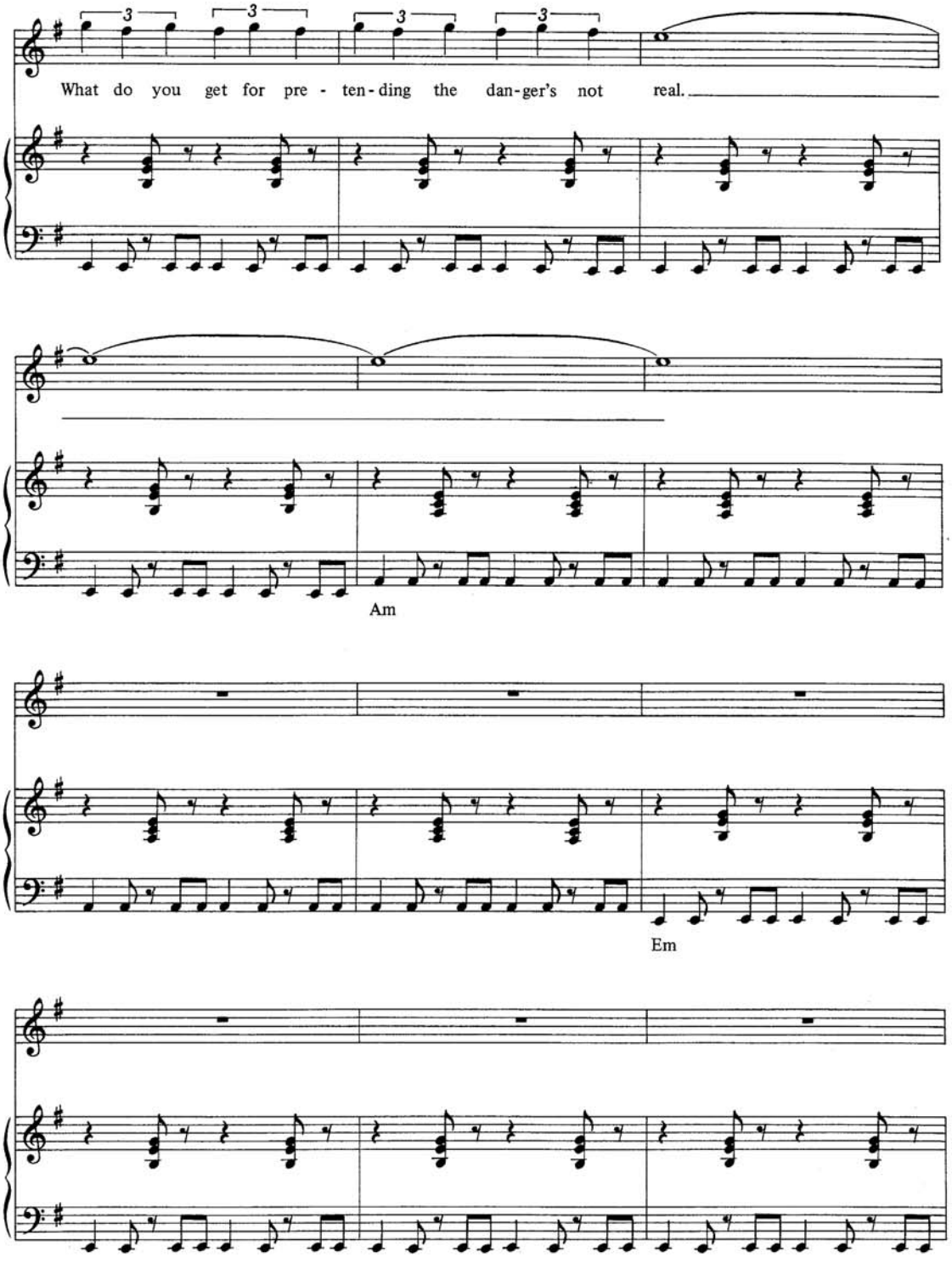
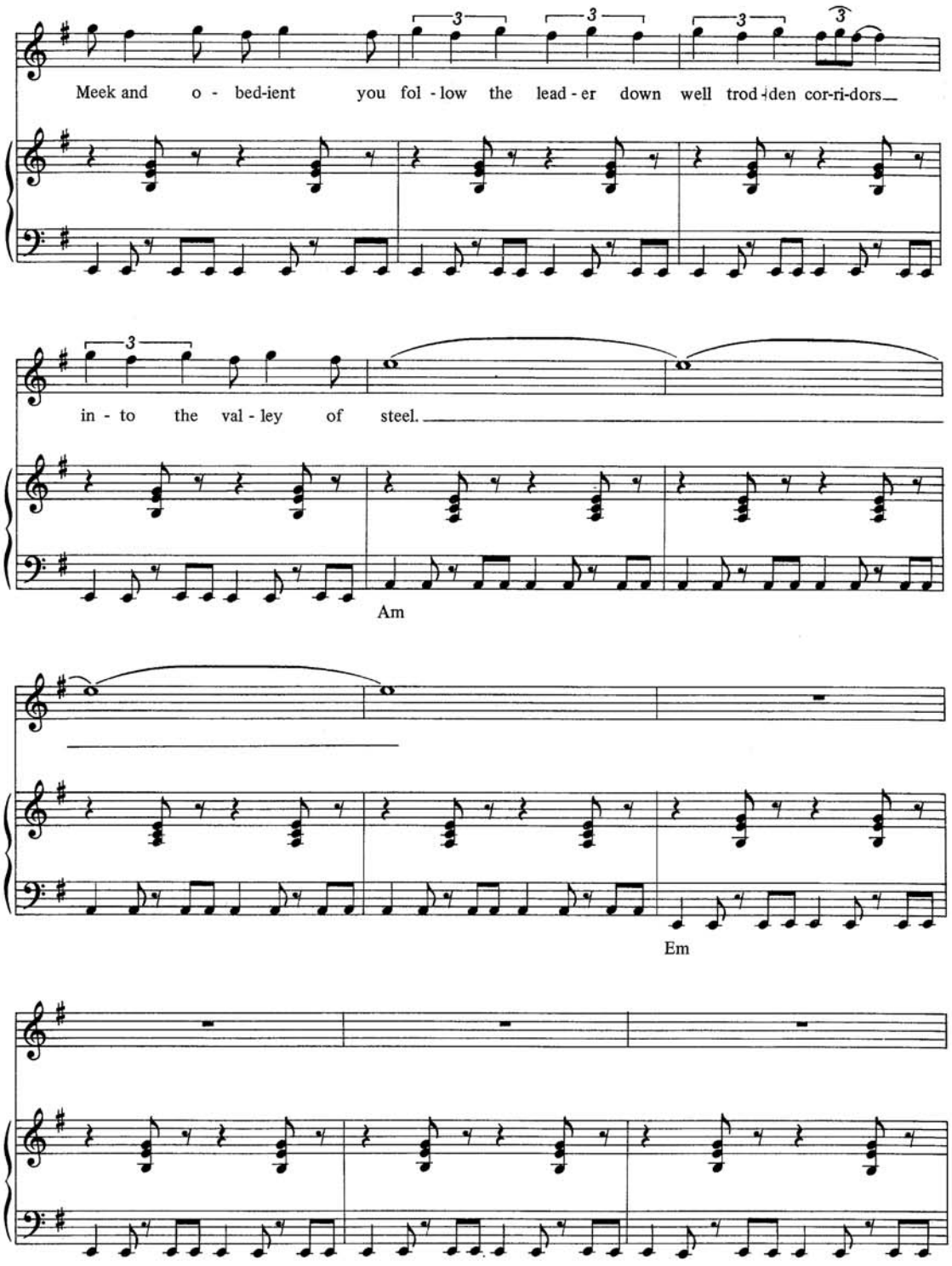

Am
Bm
Am

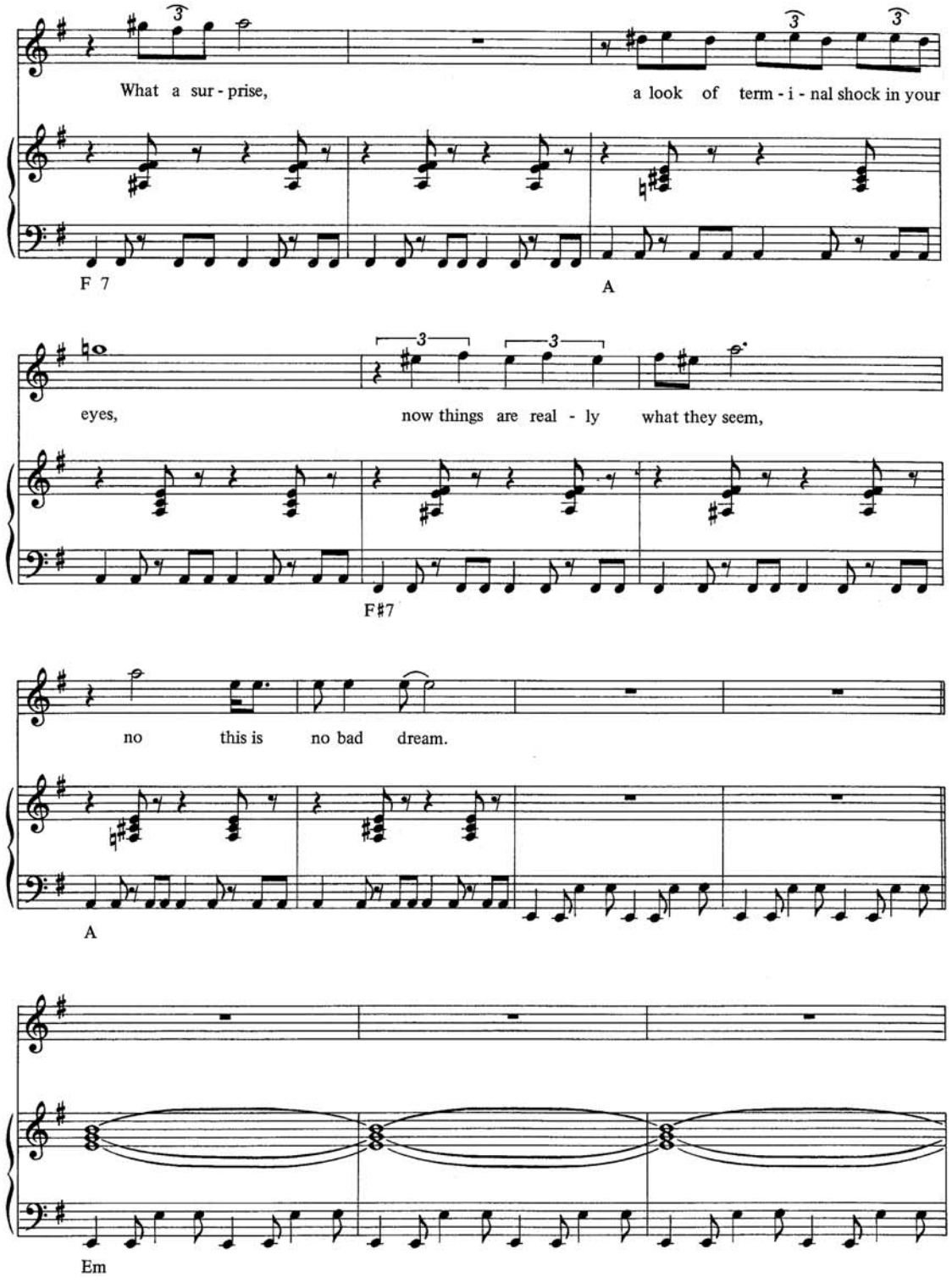

Harm-less - ly pass - ing your time in the grass-land a - way,
Em
Am
Em
On - ly

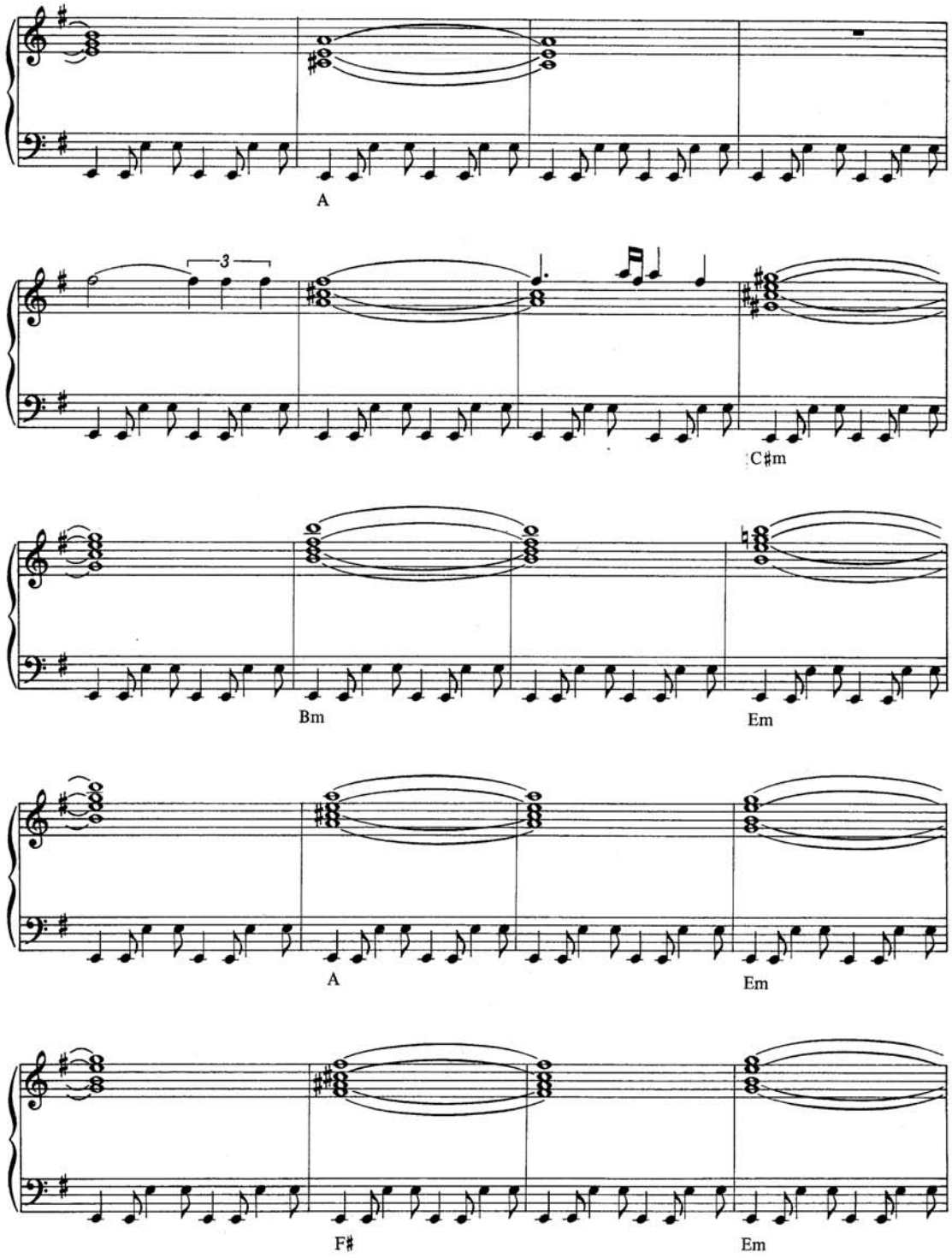

dim - ly a - ware of a cer - tain un - ease in the air,
Am
Em

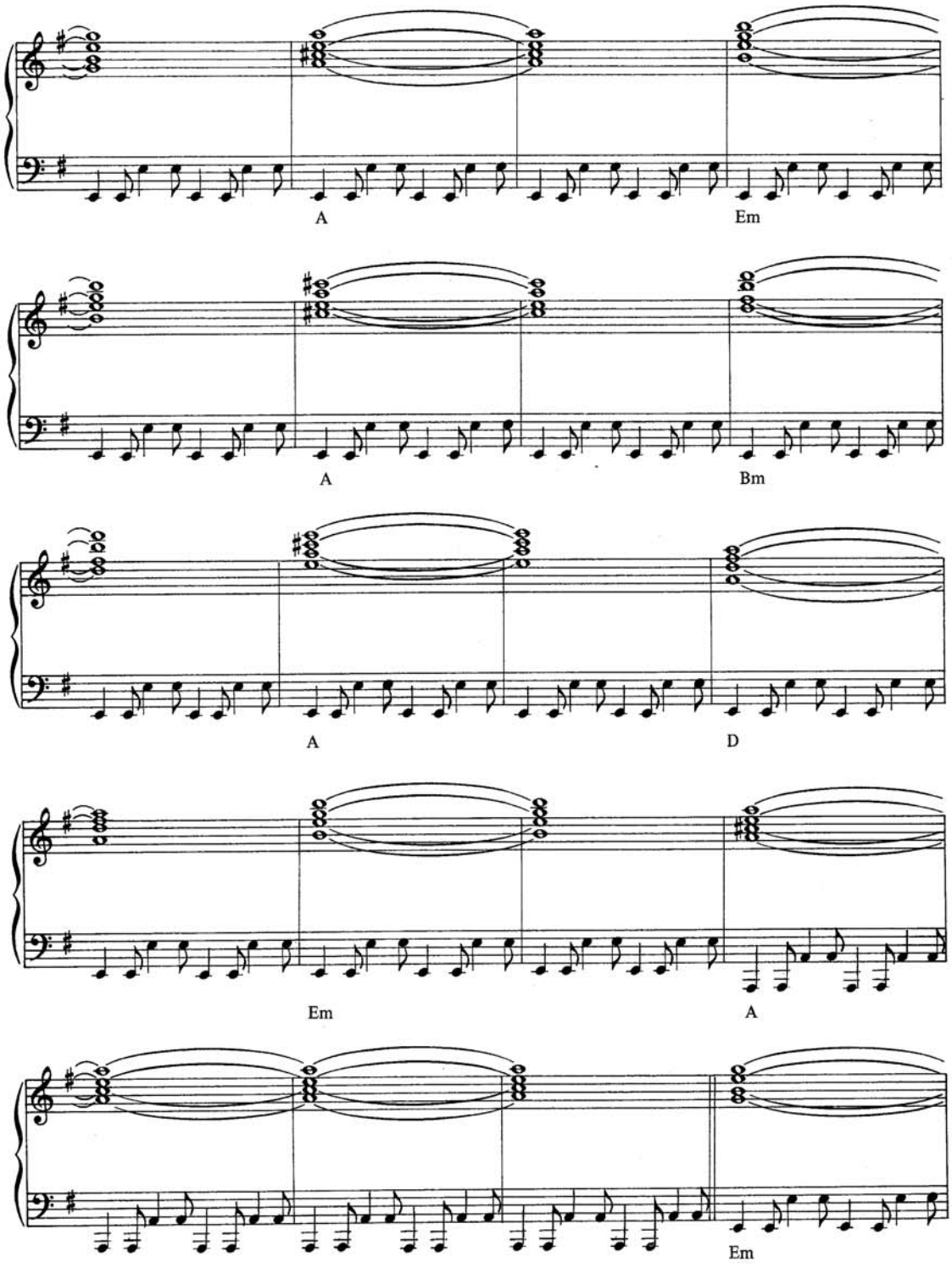

You bet-ter watch out
there may-be dogs_ a - bout
F♯7
A
Well I've looked ov-er Jor - dan and I've seen,_
F♯7
Things are not what they seem.
A
Em

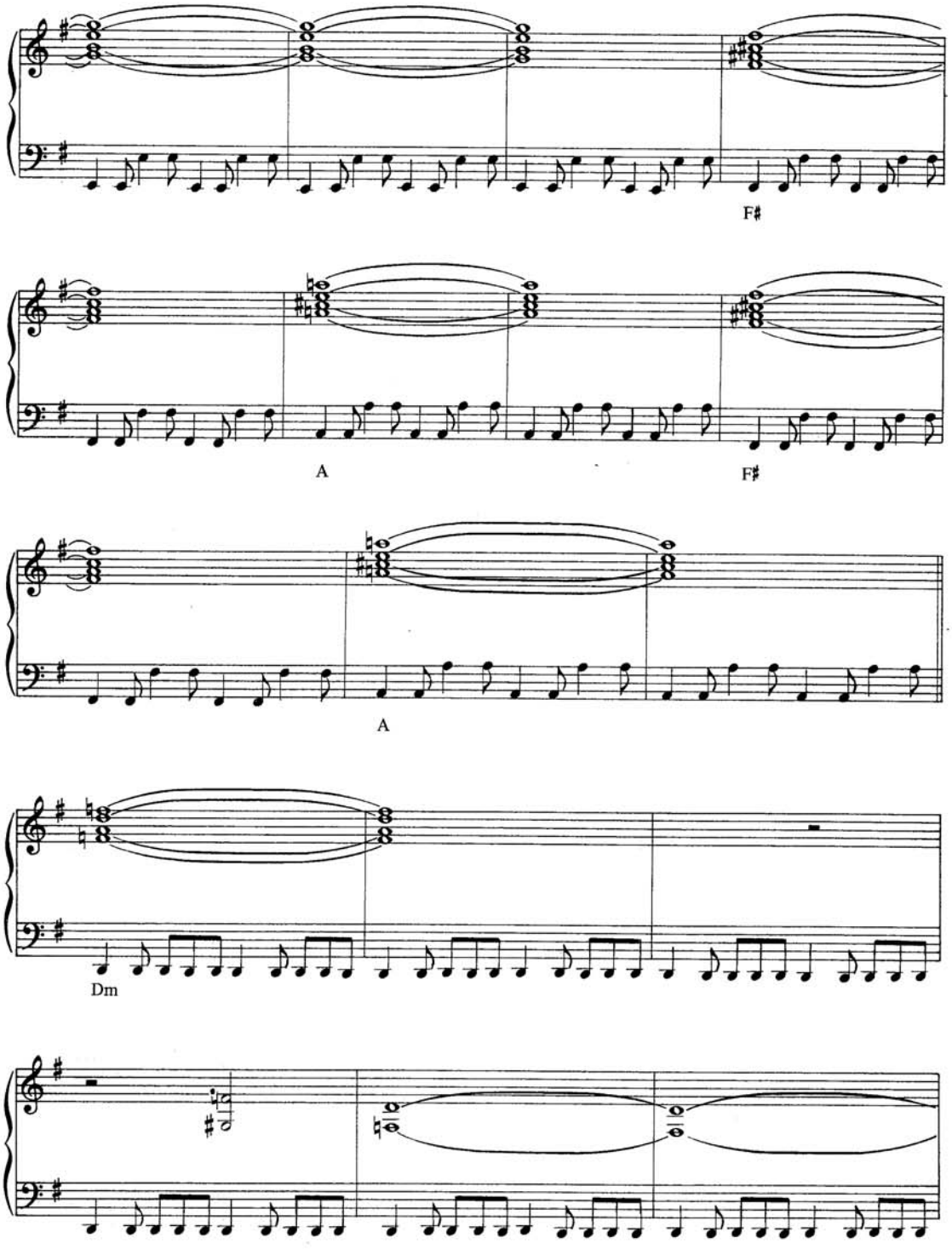

What do you get for pre - ten - ding the dan - ger's not real.
Am
Em

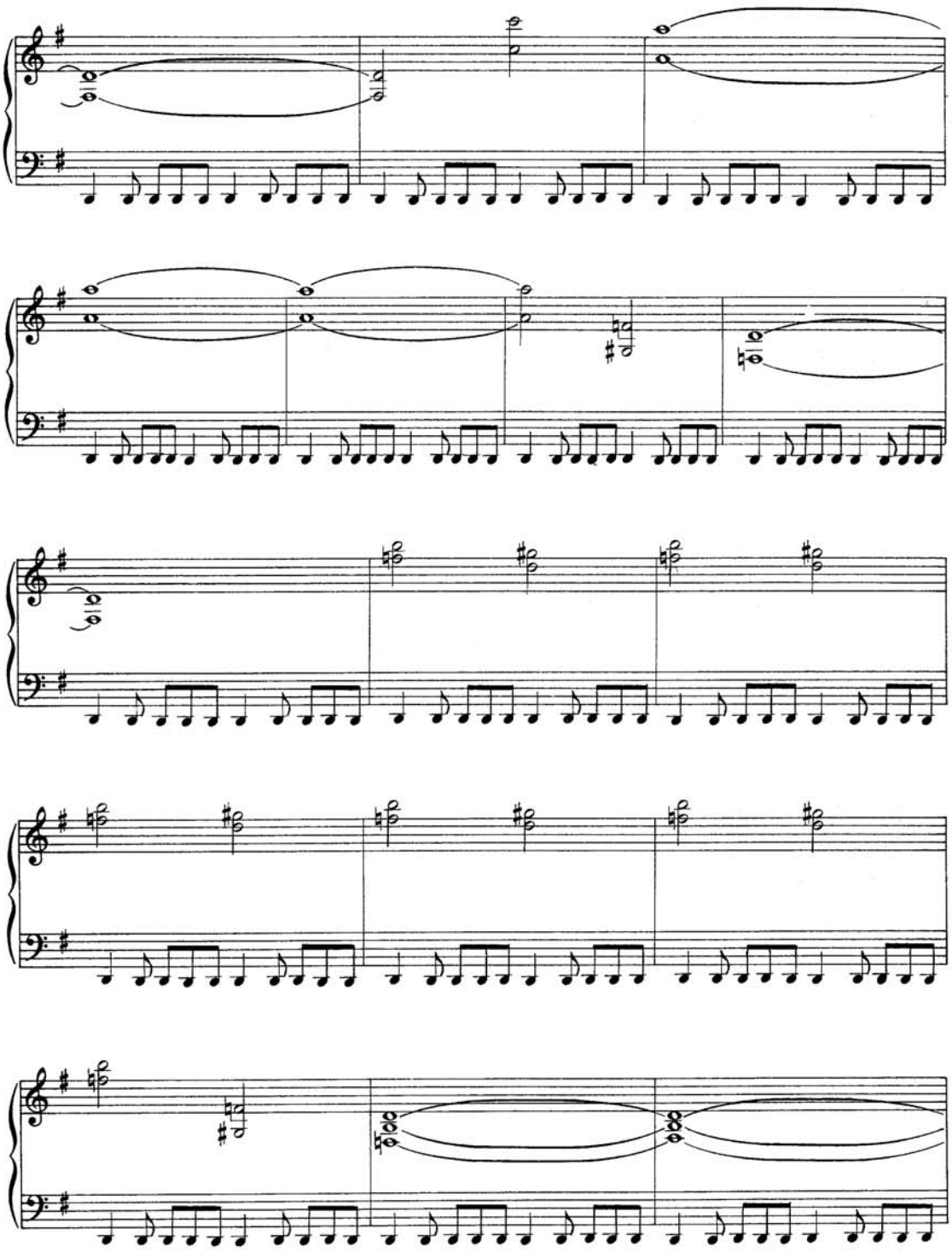

Meek and o - bed-ient you fol - low the lead - er down well trod-den cor-ri-dors
in - to the val - ley of steel.
Am
Em

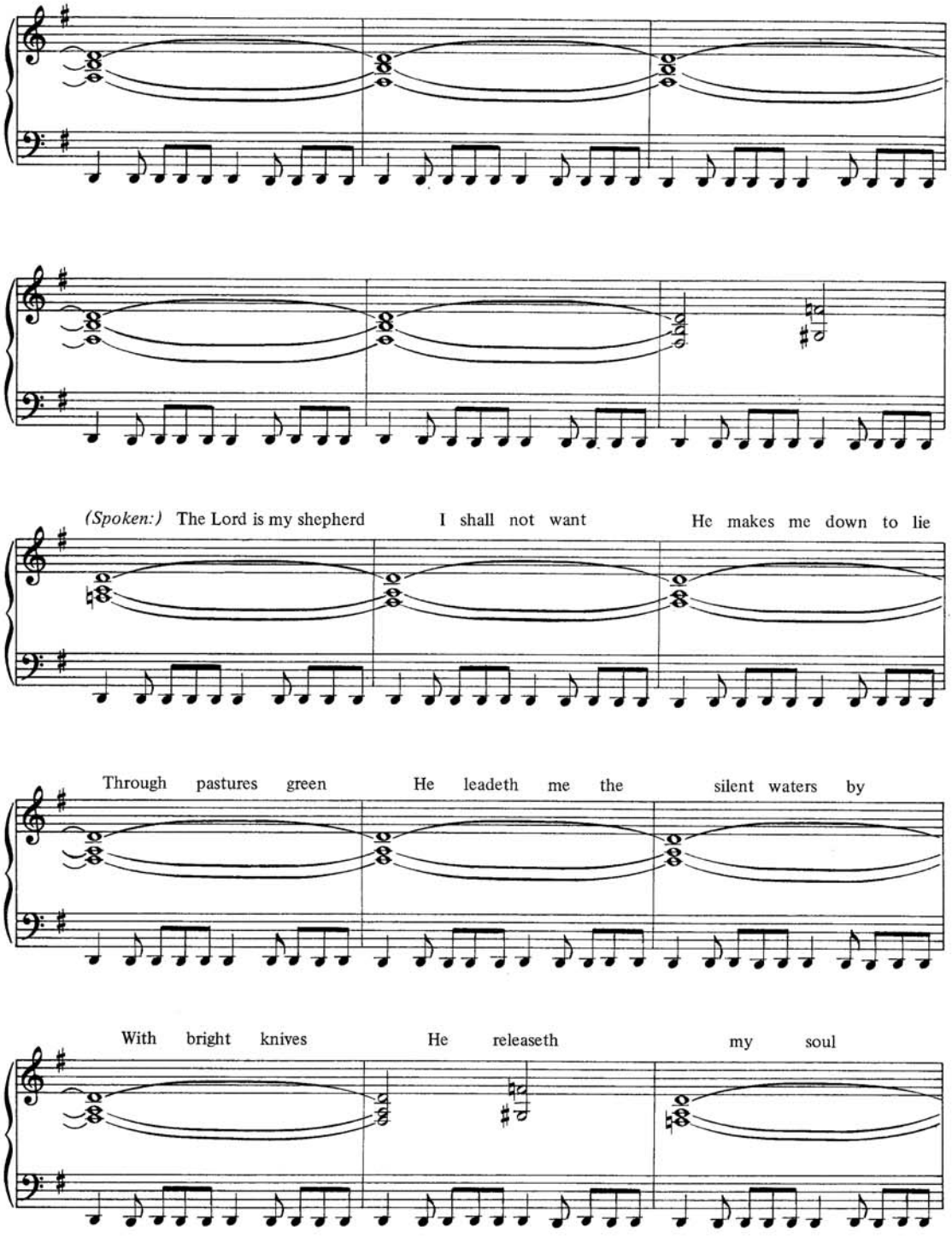

What a sur - prise,
a look of term - i - nal shock in your
F 7
A
eyes,
now things are real - ly
what they seem,
F♯7
no
this is
no bad
dream.
A
Em

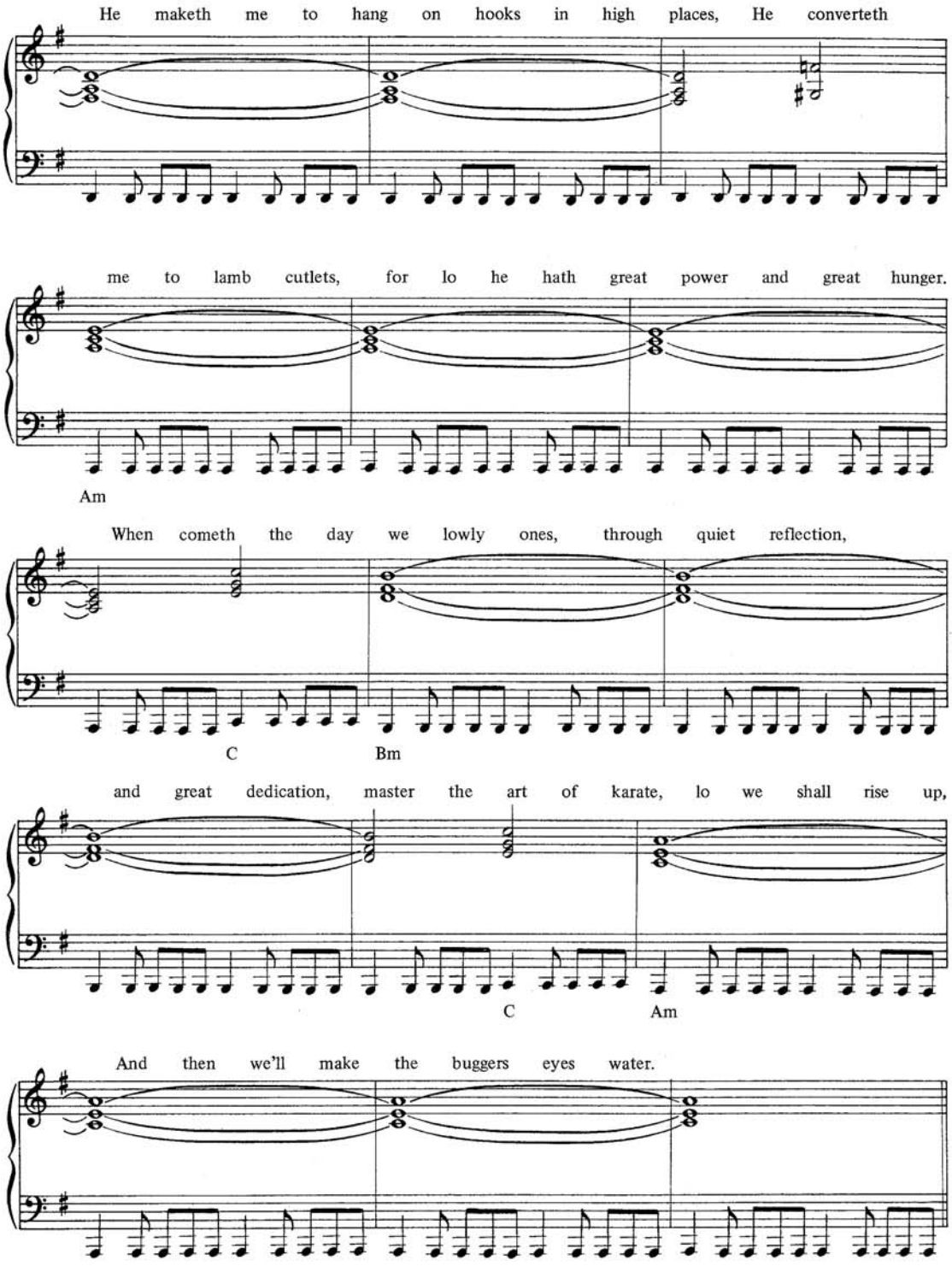

A
3
C♯m
Bm
Em
A
Em
F♯
Em

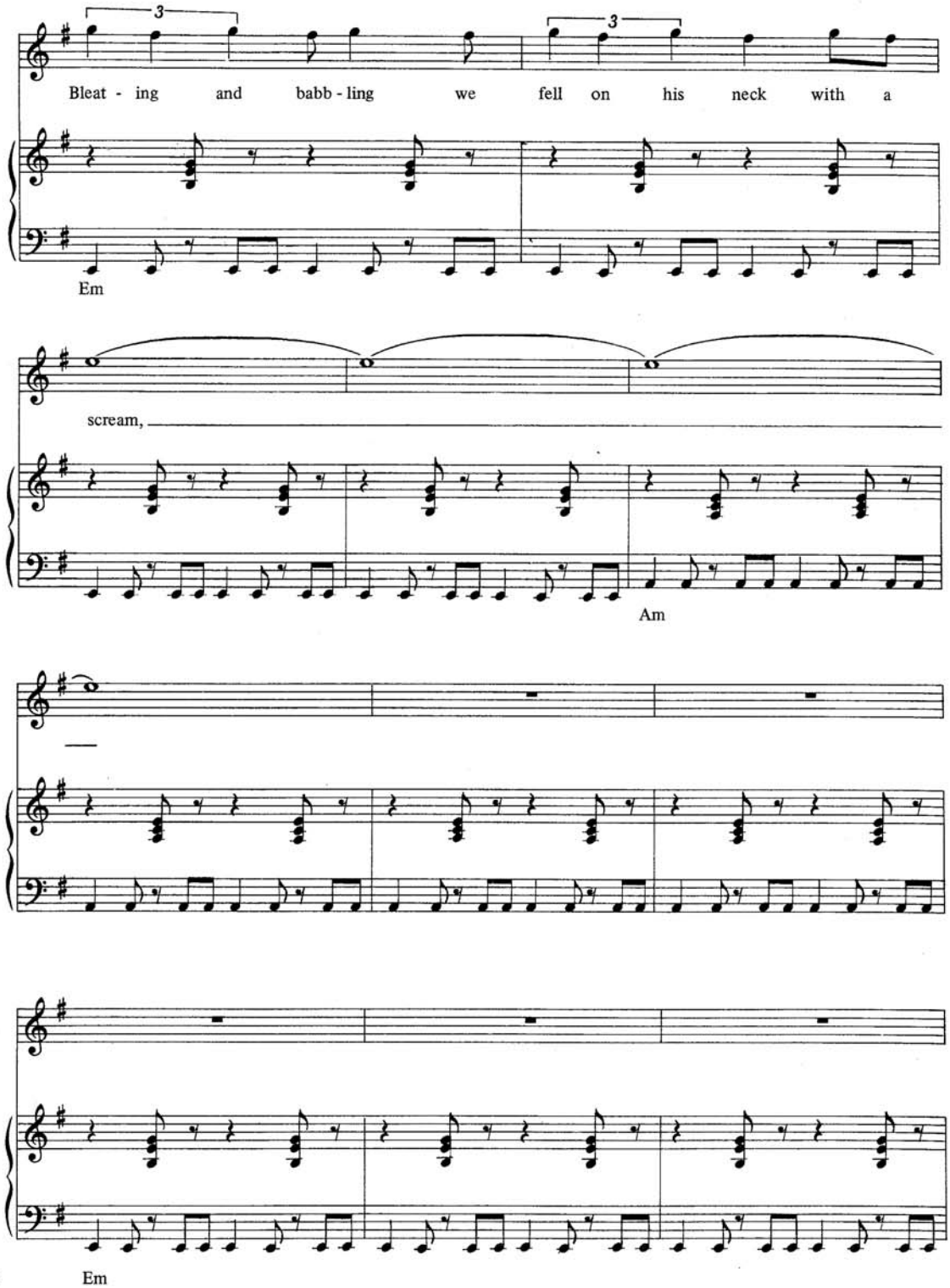

A
Em
A
Bm
A
D
Em
A
Em

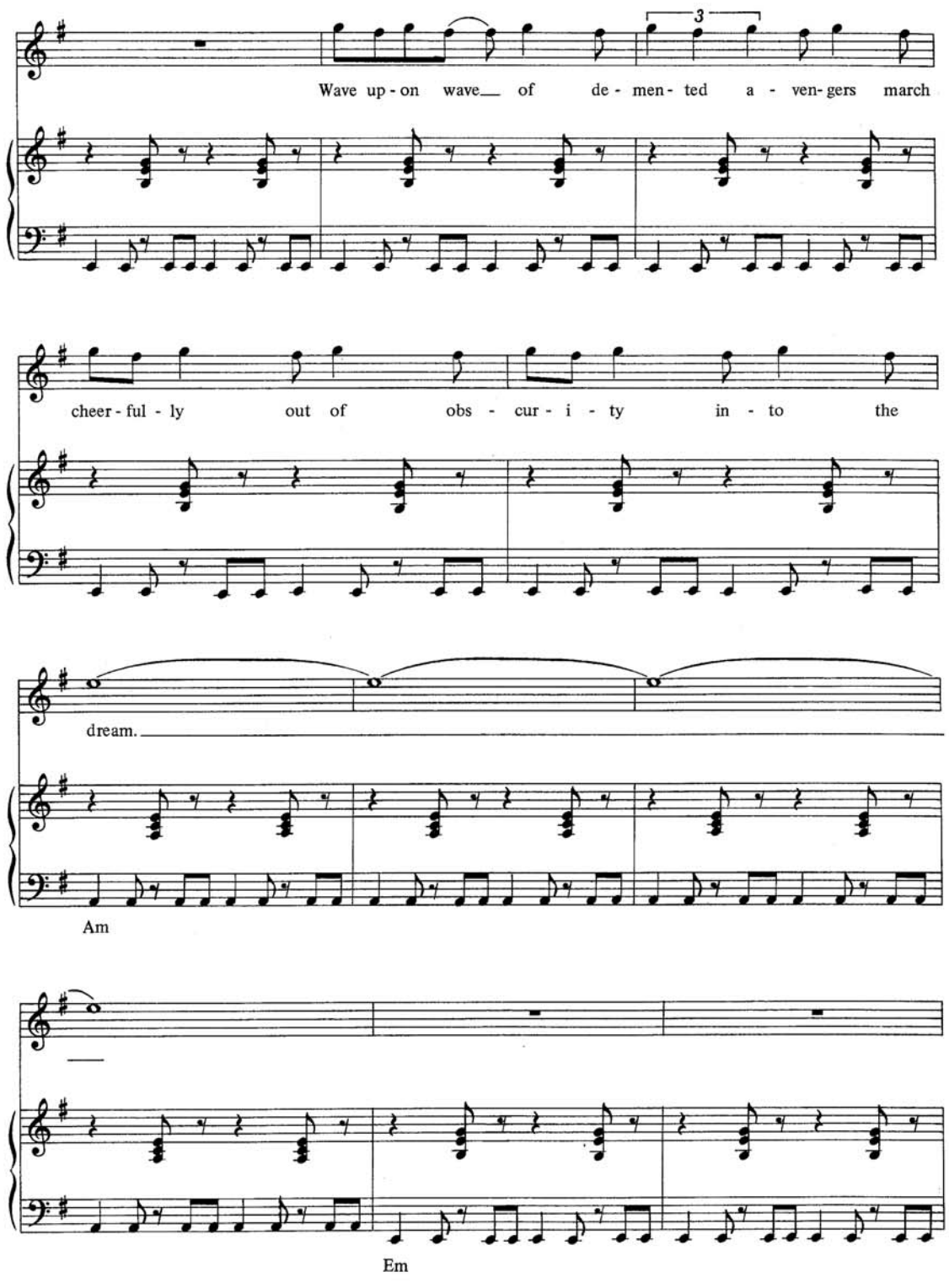

F♯
A
F♯
A
Dm

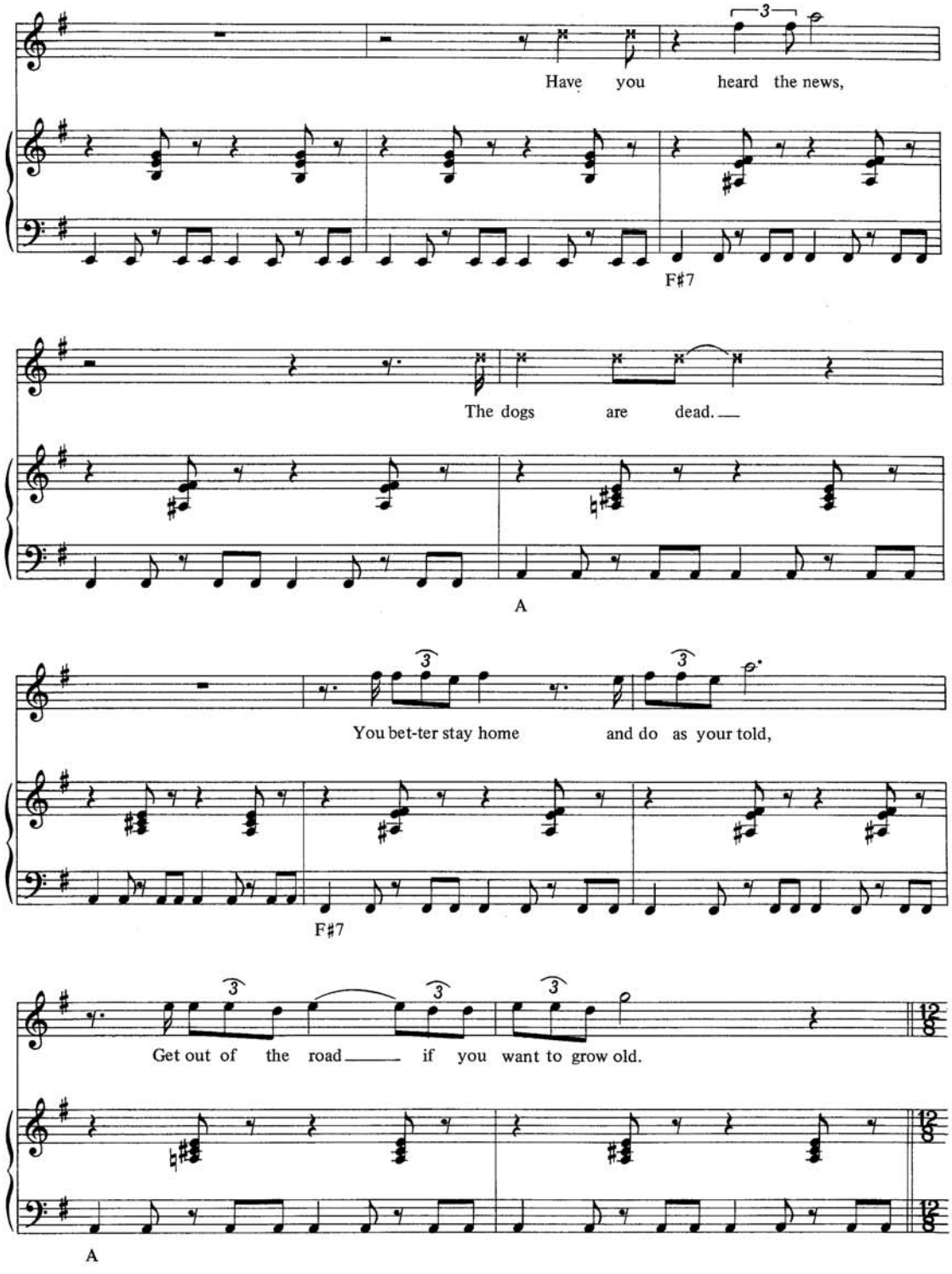


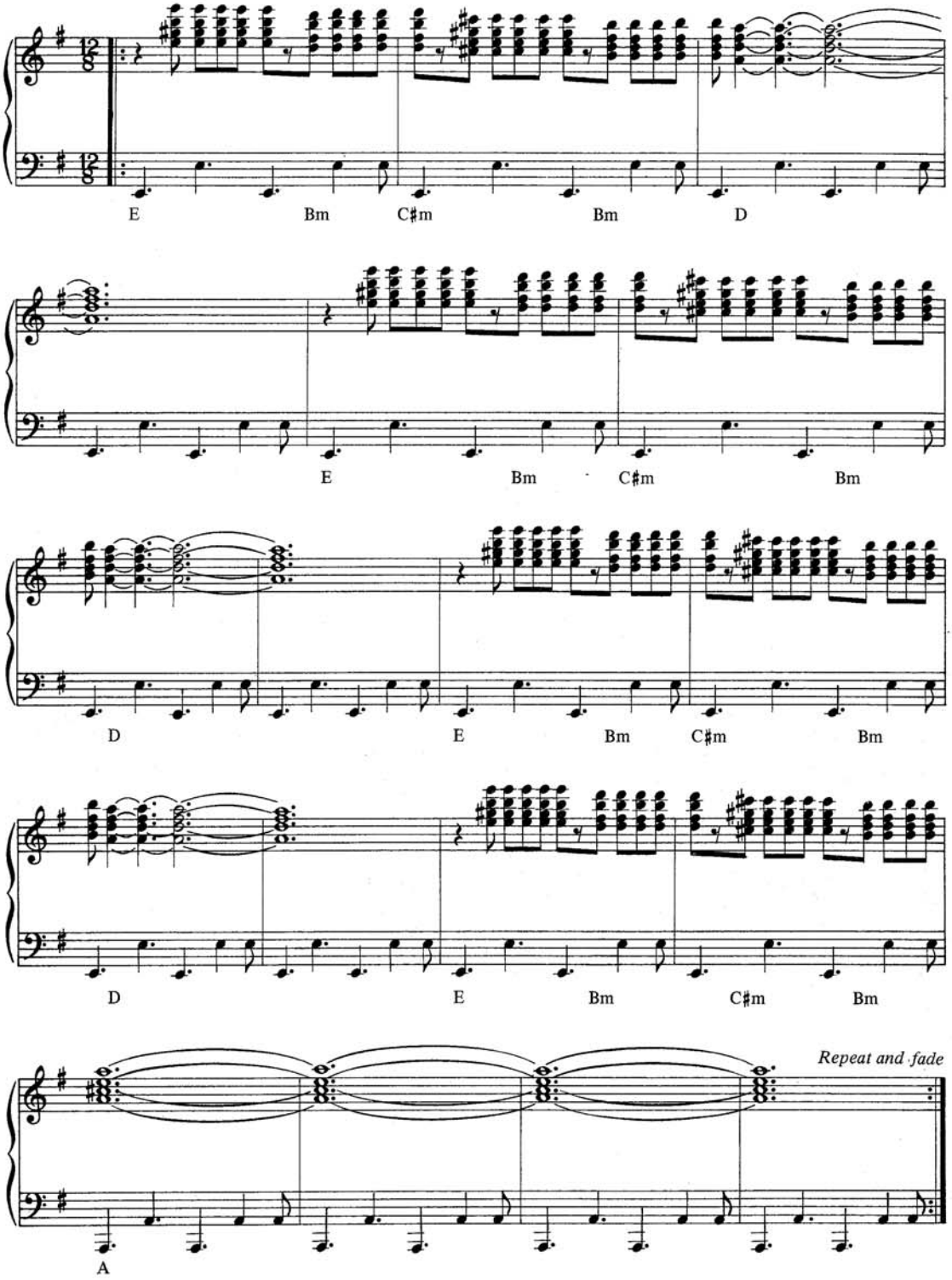

(Spoken:) The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want He makes me down to lie
Through pastures green He leadeth me the silent waters by
With bright knives He releaseth my soul


He maketh me to hang on hooks in high places, He converteth
me to lamb cutlets, for lo he hath great power and great hunger.
Am
When cometh the day we lowly ones, through quiet reflection,
C
Bm
and great dedication, master the art of karate, lo we shall rise up,
C
Am
And then we'll make the buggers eyes water.


3
3
Bleat - ing and babb - ling we fell on his neck with a
Em
scream,
Am
Em

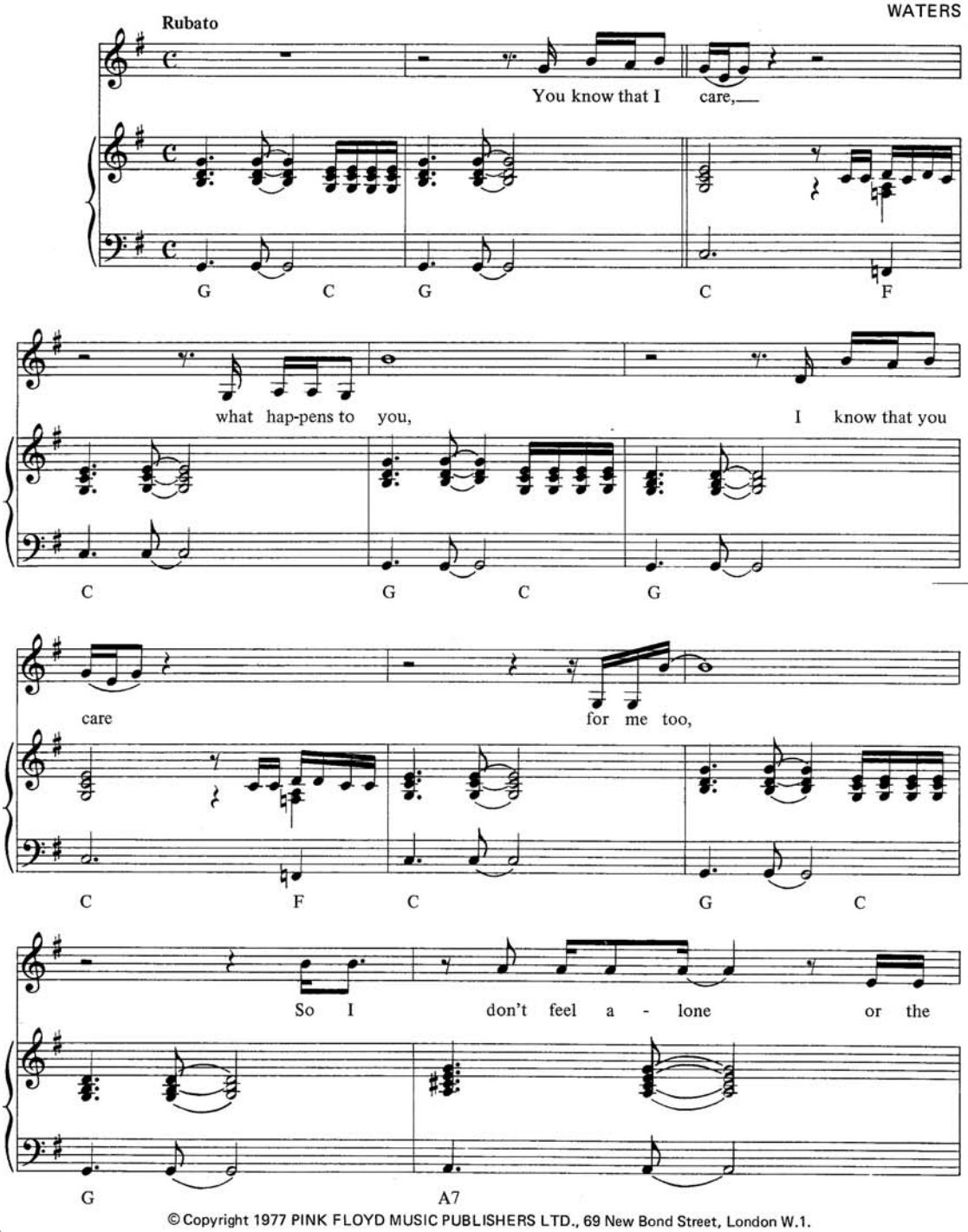

3
Wave up - on wave__ of de - men - ted a - ven - gers march
cheer - ful - ly out of obs - cur - i - ty in - to the
dream.
Am
Em


Have you heard the news,
F♯7
The dogs are dead.
A
You bet-ter stay home and do as your told,
F♯7
Get out of the road if you want to grow old.
A


E
Bm
C♯m
Bm
D
E
Bm
C♯m
Bm
D
E
Bm
C♯m
Bm
D
E
Bm
C♯m
Bm
Repeat and fade
A

PIGS ON THE WING (TWO)

WATERS



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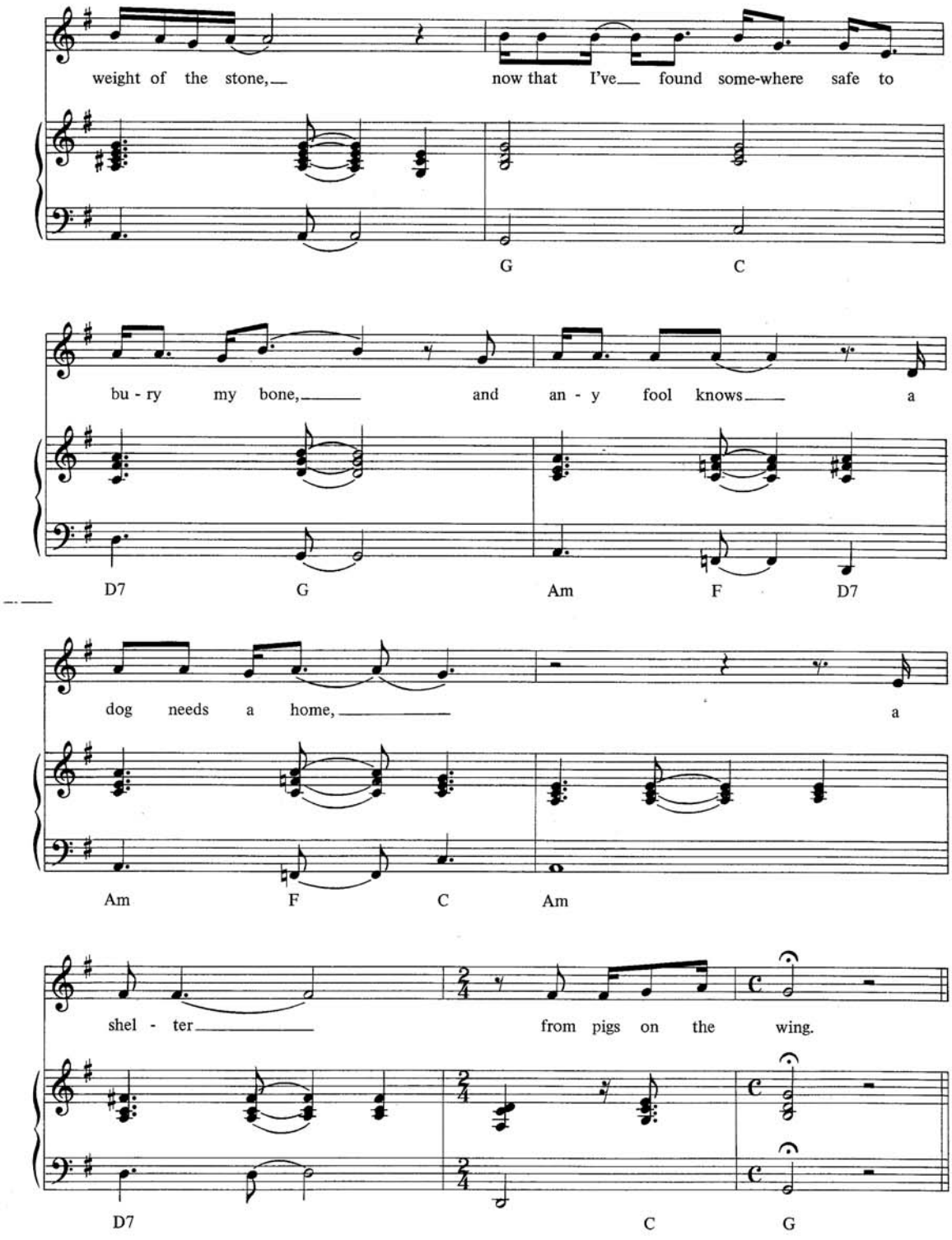
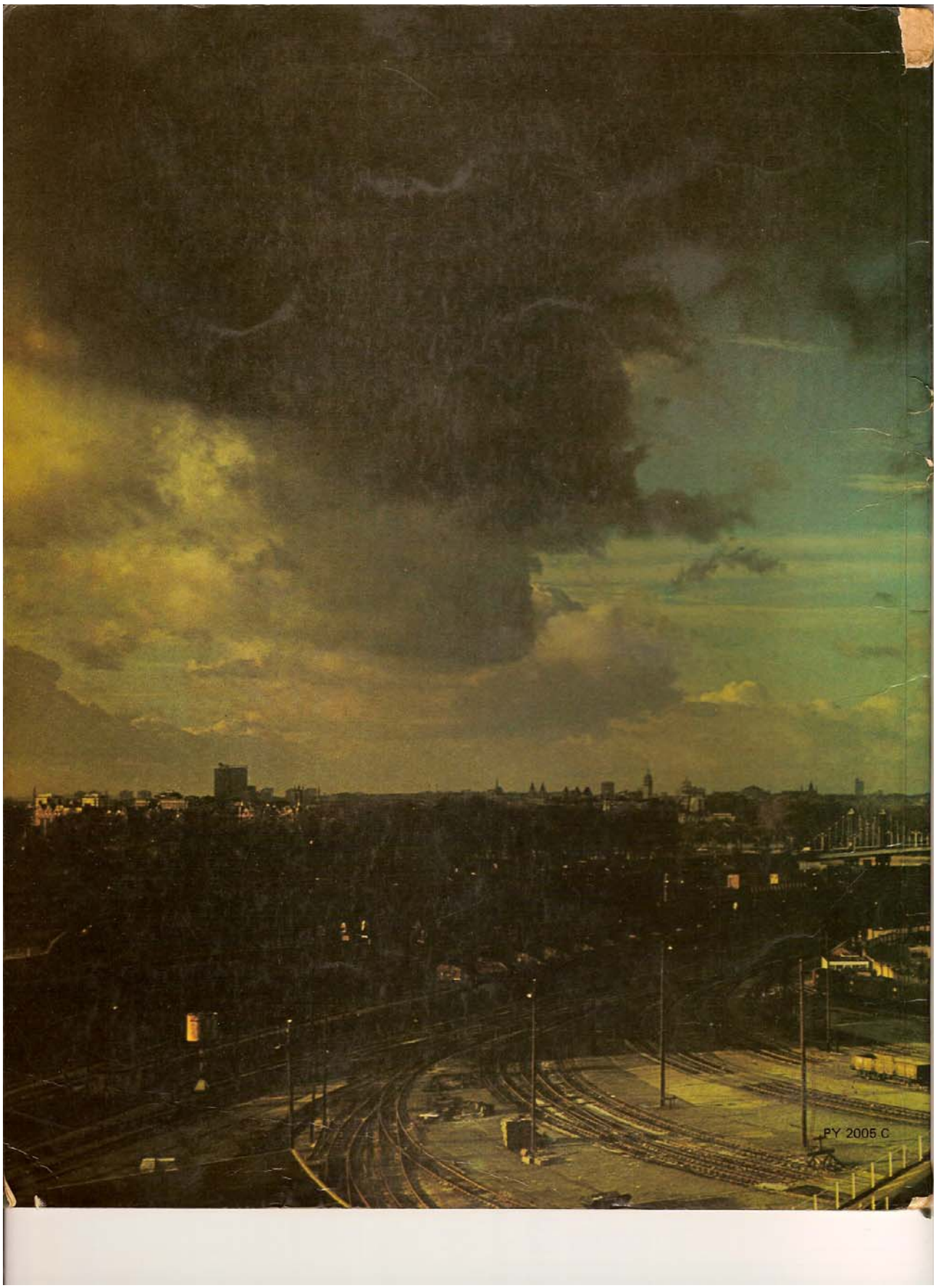

weight of the stone, now that I've found some-where safe to
G C
bu - ry my bone, and an - y fool knows a
D7 G Am F D7
dog needs a home, a
Am F C Am
shel - ter from pigs on the wing.
D7 C G


PY 2005 C