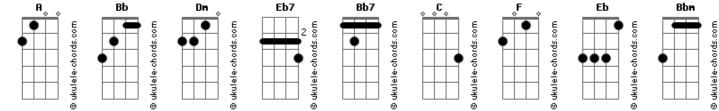
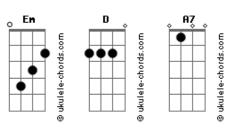
## Pink Floyd - Dogs

Tom: Bb Intro: Dm Eb7 A Bb7 Dm You got to be crazy, you gotta have a real need Eb7 Gotta sleep on your toes and when you're on the street You got to be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed Then moving in silently downwind and out of sight Bb7 You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking And after a while you can work on points of style Eb7 Like the club tie and the firm handshake A certain look in the eye and an easy smile You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to Bb7 So that when they turn their backs on you You'll get the chance to put the knife in Solo 1: Dm Eb7 A Bb7 Solo 1: Dm You've gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder Fb7 You know it's gonna get harder, harder and harder as you get older Bb7 And in the end you'll pack up and fly down south, hide your head in the sand Just another sad old man, all alone and dying of cancer (Eb7 A Bb7 Dm) (C Dm C Dm C Bb F Eb F Eb (Dm Dm 8X) (Bb Bbm BIS) A A A F Em ) Solo: ( D Dm 8X) ( Bb Bbm 4X) ( Dm Dm 4X) ( Bb Bbm BIS) A A F Em Dm And when you lose control you'll reap the harvest you have sown Dm Dm Dm Dm Dm Bb A A7 F Em And as the fear grows the bad blood slows and Acordes

turns to stone Dm Dm Dm Dm Dm Dm Dm Dm And it's too late to lose the weight you used to need to throw around Bb Bbm Bb Bbm So have a good drown as you go down all alone F Em Dm Dragged down by the stone ( Keyboard goes on through the INTRO chords ) Dm Gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused Eb7 Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used Α Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise Bb7 If I don't stand my own ground how can I find my way out of this maze Dm Deaf, dumb and blind you just keep on pretending Eb7 That everyone's expendable and no one has a real friend And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner Bb7 And everything's done under the sun And you believe at heart everyone's a killer (Eb7 A Bb7 Dm) Solo: C Dm C Dm C Bb F Eb F Eb Dm F С Dm C Who was born in a house full of pain F C Dm C Who was trained not to spit in the fan ſ Dm C Who was told what to do by the man F С Dm C Who was broken by trained personnel Dm C F C Who was fitted with collar and chain F С Dm Who was given a pat on the back F С Dm C Who was breaking away from the pack C Dm Who was only a stranger at home F Dm Who was ground down in the end Dm C C F Who was found dead on the phone F Bb С Who was dragged down by the stone F Dm Dm Fm Who was dragged down by the stone





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