

# Pink Floyd - Dogs

tom:  
C (forma dos acordes no tom de D )

Afinação: D G C F A D

Intro: Em C B Bbadd9

Em  
You got to be crazy

You gotta have a real need

C  
Gotta sleep on your toes and when you're on the street

You got to be able to pick out the easy meat

B  
With your eyes closed

Then moving in silently downwind and out of sight

Bbadd9  
You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking

Em  
And after a while

You can work on points for style

C  
Like the club tie

And the firm handshake  
A certain look in the eye and an easy smile

B  
You have to be trusted

By the people that you lie to

Bbadd9  
So that when they turn their backs on you

You'll get the chance to put the knife in

[Solo] Em C B Bbadd9

Em  
You've gotta keep one eye

Looking over your shoulder

C  
You know it's gonna get harder, harder and harder

As you get older

B  
And in the end you'll pack up

And fly down south

Hide your head in the sand

Bbadd9  
Just another sad old man

All alone and dying of cancer

( Em C B Bbadd9 )  
( Em D Em D Em )  
( D C C C C G F G F )  
( Em Gb4 ) (8x)  
( C C C C B B )  
( B G Gbm )

[Solo] ( Em Gb4 ) (8x)

( C C ) (4x)

( Em Gb4 ) (4x)

( C C ) (2x)

( B B G Gbm )

Em Gb4 Em Gb4 Em  
And when you lose control

Gb4 Em Gb4 Em Gb4  
You'll reap the harvest you have sown

Em Gb4 Em Gb4 Em  
And as the fear grows

Gb4 C Dbadd9 C Dbadd9 B B  
The bad blood slows and turns to stone

Em Gb4 Em Gb4  
And it's too late to lose the weight you used

Em Gb4 Em Gb4  
To need to throw around

C C C C B B  
So have a good drown as you go down all alone

B G Gbm Em  
Dragged down by the stone

( Em C B Bbadd9 )

Em  
Gotta admit  
That I'm a little bit confused

C  
Sometimes it seems to me  
As if I'm just being used

B  
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off  
This creeping malaise

Bbadd9  
If I don't stand my own ground  
How can I find my way out of this maze

Em  
Deaf, dumb and blind  
You just keep on pretending

C  
That everyone's expendable  
And no one has a real friend

B  
And it seems to you the thing to do  
Would be to isolate the winner

Bbadd9  
And everything's done under the sun  
And you believe at heart everyone's a killer

( Em C B Bbadd9 )

( Em D Em D Em )

( D C C C C G F G F Em )

G D Em D  
Who was born in a house full of pain

G D Em D  
Who was trained not to spit in the fan

G D Em D  
Who was told what to do by the man

G D Em D  
Who was broken by trained personnel

Who was fitted with collar and chain

Who was given a pat on the back

Who was breaking away from the pack

Who was only a stranger at home

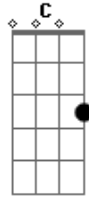
Who was ground down in the end

Who was found dead on the phone

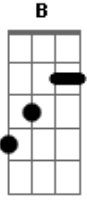
Who was dragged down by the stone

Who was dragged down by the stone

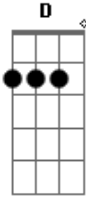
## Acordes



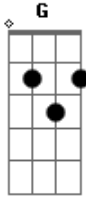
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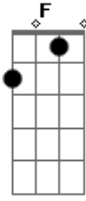
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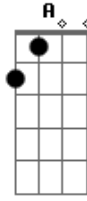
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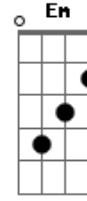
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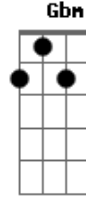
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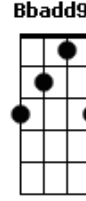
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