

Pink Floyd - Free Four

Tom: G

G C D

G

The memories of a man in his old age are the deeds of a man in his prime.

G

You shuffle in gloom in the sickroom and talk to yourself till you die.

C D G

Life is a short, warm moment and death is a long cold rest.

C D G

You get your chance to try in the twinkling of an eye:

D G

Eighty years, with luck, or even less.

C D

G

So all aboard for the American tour, and maybe you'll make it to the top.

C

And mind how you go, and I can tell you, 'cause I know.

D G

You may find it hard to get off.

B B B G A B B B G A G

G C D

You are the angel of death and I am the dead man's son.

C

And he was buried like a mole in a fox hole.

D G

And everyone is still on the run.

C

And who is the master of fox hounds?

D G

And who says the hunt has begun?

C

And who calls the tune in the courtroom?

D G

And who beats the funeral drum?

C D

G

The memories of a man in his old age are the deeds of a man in his prime.

C D

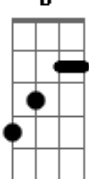
G

You shuffle in gloom in the sickroom and talk to yourself till you die.

B B B G A B B B G A G

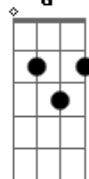
Acordes

B



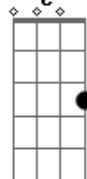
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G



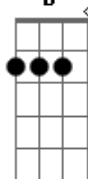
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C



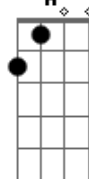
© ukulele-chords.com

D



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A



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