

Pink Floyd - Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Desert/southampton Dock (in The Flesh Tour)

Tom: G

Brezhnev took Afghanistan.

Begin took Beirut.

Galtieri took the Union Jack.

And Maggie, over lunch one day,

Took a cruiser with all hands.

Apparently, to make him give it back

Uuuuh! Maggie what have you done?

(G)

They disembarked in 45

And no-one spoke and no-one smiled

There were to many spaces in the line.

Gathered at the cenotaph

All agreed with the hand on heart

To sheath the sacrificial Knives.

But now

She stands upon Southampton dock

With her handkerchief

And her summer frock clings

To her wet body in the rain.

In quiet desperation knuckles

White upon the slippery reins

She bravely waves the boys goodbye again.

Uuuuh! Maggie what have you done?

And still the dark stain spreads between

His shoulder blades.

A mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves.

And when the fight was over

We spent what they had made.

But

in the bottom of our hearts

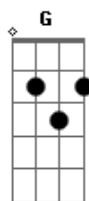
We felt the final cut.

(Riff final Guitarra)

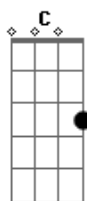
(Riff final violão, fazer ao mesmo tempo da guitarra)

G ~~~~~

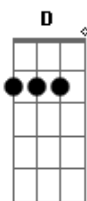
Acordes



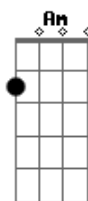
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