

Pink Floyd - Nobody Home

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Tom: C
Intro: dução - Am C C D7 F Fm

Tom - C

I've got a little black book with my poems in E
I've got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb in F C
When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in F C
I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on E E7
Got these swollen hand blues. F C
Got thirteen channels of shit on the T.V. to choose from C
I've got electric light
C7
And I've got second sight F Fm C E7 D7 G
I've got amazing powers of observation G E7
And that is how I know Am C C
When I try to get through C D
On the telephone to you
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They'll be nobody home
I've got the obligatory Hendrix perm
And the inevitable pinhole burns
All down in the front of my favourite satin shirt
I've got nicotine stains on my fingers
I've got a silver spoon on a chain
I've got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains
I've got wild staring eyes
I've got a strong urge to fly
                                           D7
But I've got nowhere to fly to
Ooooh Babe when I pick up the phone
There's still nobody home
I've got a pair of Gohills boots
           F
And I've got fading roots
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Acordes



