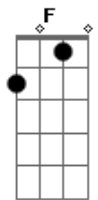


# Pink Floyd - Southampton dock

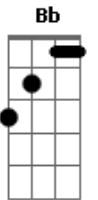
Tom: **F**  
**F**  
 They disembarked in 45,  
**Bb**  
 And no-one spoke and no-one smiled  
**C** **F**  
 There were to many spaces in the line  
 Gathered at the cenotaph  
**Bb**  
 All agreed with the hand on heart,  
**C** **F**  
 To sheath the sacrificial knives  
**F**  
 But now she stands upon Southampton dock  
**Bb**  
 With her handkerchief  
**C**  
 And her summer frock clings  
**F**  
 To her wet body in the rain

In quiet desperation knuckles  
**Bb**  
 White upon the slippery reins  
**C** **F**  
 She bravely waves the boys goodbye again  
**Bb** **Bbm** **F**  
 Mm\_\_\_\_\_.  
**Bb**  
 And still the dark stain spreads between  
**F**  
 His shoulder blades  
**Bb** **F** **F7** **Gm**  
 A mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves  
**F7** **Bb** **C** **Dm** **C7**  
 And when the fight was over  
**F** **Am** **Dm**  
 We spent what they had made  
**Gm**  
 But in the bottom of our hearts  
**F**  
 We felt the final cut

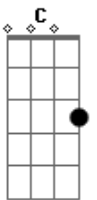
## Acordes



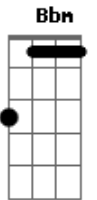
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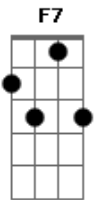
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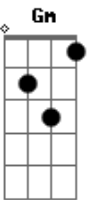
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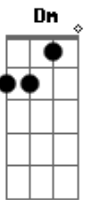
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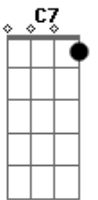
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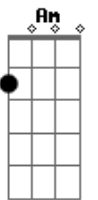
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