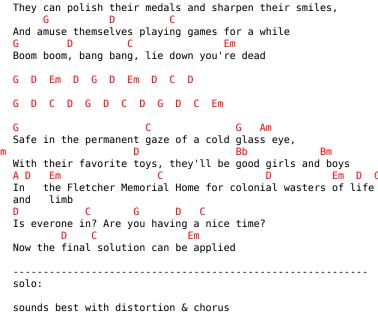


Pink Floyd - The fletcher memorial home

```
Tom: G
Take all your overgrown infants away, somewhere,
                                                                      D
                               Bb
And build them a home, a little place of their own
The Fletcher Memorial Home for incurable tyrants
                                                    and
And they can appear to themselves every day,
                             Bb
On closed circuit T.V. to make sure they're still real
                   D
It's the only connection they feel
                                                              and limb
"Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Reagan and Haig,
Mr. Begin and friend, Mrs. Thatcher and Paisley,
Mr. Brezhnev and party, the ghost of McCarthy,
                                                               solo:
The memories of Nixon. And now adding colour,
                   D
A group of anonymous Latin-American meat packing glitterati"
Did they expect us to treat them with any respect?
                                                                                         pinch.h on this bend
```



Acordes

