

Tom: G

Pink Floyd - The gunners dream

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Somewhere old heroes shuffle safely down the street.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Where you can speak out loud about your doubts and fears,
          G G Em C G D Em
PIANO DA INTRODUÇÃO
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         And what's more no-one ever disappears,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         You never hear their standard issue kicking in your door.
Floating down through the clouds
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         You can relax on both sides of the tracks,
Memories come rushing up to meet me now.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         And maniacs don't blow holes in bandsmen by remote control,
In the space between the heavens
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         And everyone has recourse to the law,
And in the corner of some foreign field,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         And no-one kills the children anymore.
I had a dream,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         No-one kills the children anymore.
I had a dream.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Night after night, going round and round my brain,
Goodbye Max, goodbye Ma.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         His dream is driving me insane
After the service when you're walking slowly to the car
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         In the corner of some foreign field,
And the silver in her hair shines in the cold November air,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         The gunner sleeps tonight.
You hear the tolling bell, and touch the silk in your lapel,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         What's done is done.
And as the tear drops rise to meet the comfort of the band,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         We cannot just write off his final scene.
You take her frail hand and hold on to the dream.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Take heed of his dream,
 \hbox{G} \hbox{ } \hbox{G} \hbox{ } \hbox{Em} \hbox{ } \hbox{C} \hbox{ } \hbox{D} \hbox{ } \hbox{G} \hbox{ } \hbox{D} \hbox{ } \hbox{Em} \hbox{ } \hbox{D} \hbox{ } \hbox{C} \hbox{ } \hbox{D} \hbox{ } \hbox{G} \hbox{ } \hbox{D} \hbox{ } \hbox{C} \hbox{ } \hbox{Em} \hbox{Em} \hbox{ } \hbox{Em} \hbox{Em} \hbox{ } \hbox{Em} \hbox{ } \hbox{Em} \hbox
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Em
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Take heed.
A place to stay, enough to eat,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         PIANO DO FIM
Acordes
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