Piano, Vocal, Guitar

PINK FLOYD

THE WALL

In the Flesh ?

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly
No Chord

f

A D A D A Bm C♯m E A D A

So ya Thought ya Might like to go to the show —— To feel —— the warm —— thrill of con - fu - sion That

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D A

space ca-det glow. —— Tell me is some-thing e-lud-ing you sun-shine?

Bm E7 C♯m

Is this not what you ex-pect-ed to see? If you want to find out what's be-hind these cold eyes, You'll

E A

just have to claw your way through this dis-guise. ——

D A D A

D A E A

rall. - - -

The Thin Ice

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

C Am F G

Ma-ma loves her ba-by —— And dad-dy loves you too

mp

C Am F G C G F C/G

And the sea may look warm to you, babe, And the sky may look blue —— Ooh, ——————

Am C Am C Am G

babe, Ooh, —— ba-by blue. Ooh, —————— ooh, — babe

C Am F G

If you should go skat-ing —— On the thin ice of mo-dern life

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C Am Fmaj7 G

Drag-ging on be-hind you the sil-ent re-proach— Of a mil-li-on —— tear stained eyes. ——

C Am F G

Don't be sur-prised— when a crack in the ice —— Ap - pears un-der your feet. —— You slip

C Em Am F G

out of your depth and out of your mind—— With your fear flow - ing out be-hind you As you claw the thin ice.

Am

No Chord No Chord

ff

Am D G C

No chord

3 3 3 3 3

Another Brick in the Wall. part 1.

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Fairly Bright
No chord

Dm

mp

Dm

mf

Dad - dy's flown-

mf

— a - cross the o —— cean

Leav - ing just —— a mem - o - ry.—

—

The snap - shot

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in the fam - 'ly al —— bum.

Dad-dy, —— what else —— did you leave —— for me?—

G

Gm Dm

ff Dad-dy, what d'ya leave be-hind— for me?

ff *mf*

F C

All in all —— it was just a brick in the

Dm

wall.

F

All in all—

C

— it was all just bricks in the wall.

Dm

C Dm

B♭ C

F

Dm

Am

Dm

fade -

The Happiest Days of our Lives

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

Dm

mf

Gm

Am

G Am G

When we grew up and went to school There were cer-tain teach-ers who would

Am C Am

Hurt the child - ren an- y - way — they could By

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F Am

pour- ing their de - ri-sion——Up-on an-y-thing— we did —— Ex - pos - ing ev - 'ry weak-ness How-

Em Am

ev - er care— ful-ly hid-den by the kids.

D

But in— the town it was well known When they got

Bb Gm C7

home at night Their fat and psy - cho - path-ic wives would thrash them-With-in inch-es of their lives.

F Bb F

Another Brick in the Wall, part 2

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

Dm

f

Dm

We don't need— no ed - u - ca— tion,
We don't need— no ed - u - ca— tion,

We don't need— no
We don't need— no

thought con-trol,—
thought con-trol,—

No
No

dark sar-cas— m in the class— room.
dark sar-cas— m in the class— room.

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Tea - cher, leave— them kids a - lone:—
Tea - chers, leave— the kids a - lone:—

G

Hey,
Hey,

Dm Am G

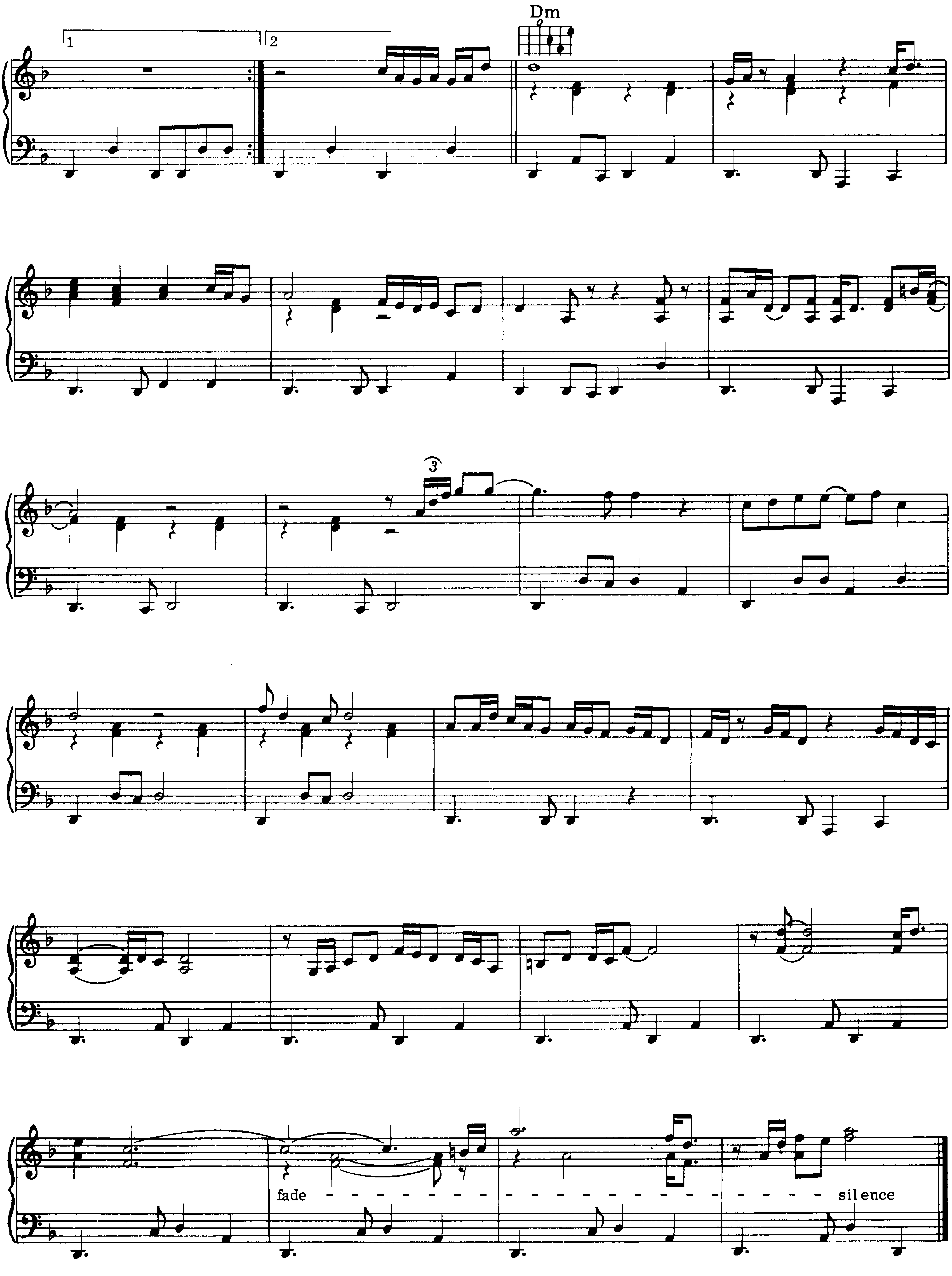
tea-cher! Leave them kids a-lone!—
tea-cher! Leave us kids a-lone!—

F C Dm

All in all it's just an - oth-er brick in the wall.
All in all you're just an - oth-er brick in the wall.

F C Dm

All in all you're just an - oth- er brick in the wall.
All in all you're just an - oth- er brick in the wall.


1
2
Dm
3
fade
silence

Mother

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Medium beat

Moth - er, do you think they'll drop— the bomb?

Moth - er, do you think they'll like — the song?

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C G

Moth - er, do you think they'll try— to break— my balls?

D C

Ooh Ah, Moth-er, should I build the wall?—

G

Moth-er, should I run for pres— i -

C D G

dent?

C

Moth-er, should I trust the gov— ern - ment?

D G C

Moth - er, will they put me in — the fir—— ing line?

G D C

Ooh, Ah, is it just a waste of time?——

G G

— Hush now, ba—by, ba—— by, don't you

C F C

cry. Ma - ma's gon-na make all of your night-mares come true
Ma - ma's gon-na check out all your girl-friends for you,

F C F C

Ma-ma's gon-na put all of her fears in - to you, Ma-ma's gon-na keep you right here un-der her wing. She
Ma-ma won't—let an - y- one dir - ty get through, Ma-ma's— gon-na wait up un- til you get in.

F C F C

won't let you fly but she might let you sing, Ma-ma's gon-na keep ba - by cos - y and
Ma - ma will al - ways find out where you've been, Ma-ma's gon-na keep ba - by health- y and

G D C D C

TO CODA

warm.)
clean.)

Ooh babe,— ooh babe,—

D C G C

Ooh babe, of course Ma-ma's gon-na help build the wall.

G C G

G C G

C D C

G C G

Moth - er, do you think she's good—— e -

C C G

nough for me?

Moth - er, do you think she's dan—— ger -

C G

ous to me? ——

C

Moth-er, will she tear your lit— tle boy— a -

G

part?

D

Ooh,

C

G

D.S. al

Ah, moth-er, will she break my heart? ———

D

C

G

CODA

Ooh babe, you'll al- ways be a ba - by to me.

C

Moth-er, did it need to be— so high?

rall. . . . . .

Goodbye Blue Sky

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

No Chord

mf

D

Bm

Ooh

Bm

D

Ooh

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D Bm

Ooh

Am B/A

Did, did, did, did you see the fright-ened ones?

Am B/A To Coda Am

Did, did, did, did you hear the fall-ing bombs? Did, did, did, did you ev-er

B/A Am A7 D A D

won-der Why we had to run for shel-ter When the prom-ise of a brave new world Un-furled be-neath a

Bm D D. %al

clear blue sky?—

CODA

Am

B

The flames are all long gone —— But the pain —— lin - gers on. ——

D

A7/D

G

D

—————— Good - bye, — Blue Sky, —

A7/D

G

D

Am/D

D

Am/D

Good - bye, — Blue Sky, — Good-bye, Good-bye.

No Chord

fade - - - - - - - - - - - -

Empty Spaces / What shall we do now ?

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

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3 3

What shall we use — to fill — the emp-ty —

spa - ces — Where — we used to talk? —

How shall I fill the fi-nal — pla - ces?

How should I — com - plete the wall? —

Young Lust

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS
& DAVID GILMOUR

Slowly

Em Em7 A Em

I am just a new boy, A stran-ger in this town.

f

Em7

Where are all the good times?

Em A7 Em7 G

Who's gon-na show this stran - ger a - round.

Em

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Am G

Ooh, I need a dir-ty wom-an;

Am Em

Ooh I need a dir-ty girl.

Will some wo-man in this des-ert land

make me feel like a real man? Take this rock 'n' roll re- fu - gee,

A Em G

Ooh babe, set me free.—

Em Am

Ooh,

G Am

I need a dir- ty wo-man; Ooh,

Em

I need a dir-ty girl.

F F♯ Em G

3

Am7 G

Am7 Em

Am

Ooh — I need a dir - ty

G Am

wo-man; Ooh, — I need a dir-ty

Em Em

girl. — Repeat and fade

One of my turns

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

C° Em F

pp

Day af - ter day, love turns grey Like the skin of——— a

C° F C° Em

dy-ing man. And night af - ter night we pre - tend it's all

Dm

right, But I have grown old - er and you have grown cold - er And

F G7 C°

noth-ing——— is ve - ry much fun an-y - more, And I

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Em F C°

can feel— one of my turns com-ing on.

F C Em Dm

I feel— cold as a

F G

raz - or blade, Tight as a tour - ni - quet, Dry as a fun - er - al drum.

A Tempo Eb Bb Eb Bb C7

f Run to the bed— room, in the suit-case on the left— You'll find my

rall. *f* Dm Eb

fav - our - ite axe.— Don't look so fright-

E♭ B♭ Dm

— ened, This is just a pass-ing phase, — One of my bad days. —

B♭ E♭ B♭

— Would you like to watch— T. V.? —— Or

E♭ B♭ Dm

get be-tween— the sheets?— Or con - tem - plate the si - lent free - way? Would you

like some - thing to eat? —— Would you like to learn— to fly? ——

E♭

Dm

Would you?— Would you like to see— me try?

D G C G Eb Bb Eb Bb

Dm Eb Bb Eb Bb

Eb Bb Dm Am7

Dm7 C Eb

Would you like to call— the cops? —— Do you think it's time— I stopped-

Gm

— Why are you run - ning a - way? ——

Don't Leave me now

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

G G+ E+

Ooh, babe, —— Don't leave me now,

f

Dbmaj7 Bb11

Don't say it's the end of the road. Re-

G

mem - ber the flow - ers I sent. —— I need you, babe. —— To

G+ E+

put through the shredder— In front of my friends, Oh — babe, —— Don't leave me now.

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Dbmaj7 Bb11

How could you go When you

know how I need you, need you, need you, To beat to a pulp on a Sat-urday night? Oh,

G G+

E+ Dbmaj7

babe, —— Don't leave me now. How can you treat me this

Bbmaj9 G

way? Run-ning a - way. Oh, babe, Why are you running a-way? —

3 times

Dm Am Dm F G Am

Ooh ——

(lh) (lh)

Another Brick in the Wall: part 3.

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

Dm

Dm7

I don't need no arms a-round—me.

mf

Dm

And I don't need no drugs to calm — me

Dm7

Dm

I have seen the writ-ing on the wall.

Don't think I — need

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G

an - y-thing — at all. — Oh, no,

Dm

Don't think I'll need an-y-thing at all. —

F C

All in all— it was all just bricks in the

Dm F

wall. — All in all— you were

C Dm

all just bricks in the wall. —

Repeat and fade

Goodbye Cruel World

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

D

Good-bye, cruel world, I'm

mp

G D A D

leav-ing you to-day. — Good - bye, — Good-bye, — Good - bye.

G

Good-bye, all you peo-ple, — There's noth-ing you can say To make me

D A D

change my mind. — Good - bye.

Hey you

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

Em Dm

mp

Em Dm Em

Hey you!

Bm

Out there in the cold Get-ting lone-ly, get-ting old, Can you feel me? Hey

Em Bm

you! Stand-ing in the aisles With itch-y feet and fad-ing smiles, Can you feel me?

D D7 G D C

Hey, you! Don't help them to bu-ry the light.

Bm Am Em

Don't give in with-out a fight.

Em

Dm Em

Hey you! Out there on your own Sit - ting

f

Bm Em

na - ked by the 'phone, Would you touch me? Hey you! With your

Bm

ear a-gainst the wall, Wait-ing for some-one to call out, Would you touch me?

D D7 G D C

Hey you! — Would you help me to car - ry the stone?

Bm Am Em

O-pen your heart, I'm com-ing home.

Am

Em

Am Em

Am

Em C D G D C

But it was on - ly fan - ta - sy,

G D C

The wall was too high as you can see. No

D G D C

mat - ter how he tried he could not break free And the

D7 Em Dm

worms ate in - to his brain.

Em Dm Em

Dm Em

Dm Em

Hey, you! Out there on the road, Al - ways

Bm G Em

do - ing what you're told, Can you help me? Hey you! Out

Bm

there be-yond the wall, Break-ing bot - tles in the hall, Can you help me?

D D7 G D C

Hey you! Don't tell me there's no hope at all.

Bm Am Em

To - geth-er we stand, Di - vid - ed we fall.

Is there anybody out there?

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

mp

Is there an - y - bod - y out there?

mf

Is there an - y - bod - y out there?

f

Is there an - y - bod - y

G/F

out there?

Is there an - y - bod - y

Am

out there?

Am

Am6

mf

Am

Am6

Am

C Am

C Am

Am6

mf

Am

rall.

Nobody Home

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

Am C+ C D7 F

mf

Fm C E

I've got a lit-tle black book with my po-ems in. I've got a bag with a toothbrush and a

mp

F C

comb in. When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in.

F C E

I got e - las- tic bands keep-ing my shoes on. Got those swollen hand

E7 F C

blues. Got thirt- een chan-nels of shit on the T. V. to choose from.

C7

I've got e - lec-tric light

mf

And I've got sec-ond

F Fm C E7

sight. I've got a - maz-ing pow-ers of ob - serv - a-tion

f

Am D7 G E7 Am

And that is how I know When I try to get

3

C+ C6 C D

through On the tel- ephone— to you

mf

Fm6 C F C

There'll be no-bo- dy home.

mp *mf*

F C E

I've got the ob- lig-a-to-ry— Hendrix perm———— And the in- ev- i- ta-ble— pin-hole

E7+ F C

burns All down the front of my fav- our - ite sa - tin shirt.

F C E

—— I've got nic- o- tine stains on my fin-gers,—— I've got a sil-ver spoon on a

F C

chain.—— I've got a grand pi- an - o to prop up my mor-tal re- mains.———

C7

———— I've got wild star-ing eyes And I've got a strong urge to

F Fm C E

fly But I've got no-where to fly to, (fly to,

Am D7 G E7 Am

fly to, fly to.) Oooh — Babe,

C D7 Fm6

when I pick up the phone There's still no- bo- dy

C F C F

home. — I've got a

C E E7

pair of Go-hill's boots — But I got fad-ing roots. —

Vera

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

G D

Does an - y - bod - y here re - mem - ber Ve - ra

mf

Em C D

Lynn? Re-mem-ber how she said that

G D C Em

We would meet a - gain some sun - ny day.

Am Em

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Am D G C

Em G

Ve - ra!——

Ve - ra!——

What has be-come of you?——

D Em

——

Does an - y - bod - y else in here——

C D

G D/F♯ C Em

Feel the way I do?——

Bring the boys back home

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

C D G

Bring—— the boys ——— back home!

ff

C D G

Bring the boys ——————— back home.

C D G D

Don't leave the child-ren ——— on their own, own,

C Csus4 C D7 Em

own. Bring the boys ——— back home.

Comfortably Numb

Words and Music by
DAVID GILMOUR
and ROGER WATERS

Slowly
No chord

Bm

Hel-lo!

Is there an- y- bo-dy

mf

A G Em Bm

in there? Just nod if you can hear me. Is there an- yone— at home?—

A G Em

Come on, come on now. I hear you're feeling— down.— I can ease your pain Get you

Bm A

on your feet a-gain. Re-lax, I'll need some inform- a- tion first.—

G Em Bm D

Just the ba— sic facts——Can you show me where– it hurts?— There is no pain, you are re-ced–

A D A

— ing.— A dis— tant ship smoke on the ho - ri-zon,——

C G C

You are on - ly com— ing through–in waves. Your lips move but I can't hear what you're

G D A

say-ing. When I was a child - I had a fe - ver. My

D A C

hands felt— just like two bal-loons. Now I've got— that feel— ing once a-gain-

G C G

—— I can't explain, you would not un-derstand. This is —— not how I am.

A C G D

I —— have be-come com-fort-a-bly numb. ——

A D

A C G

3

C G A D

I, —— I,

C G D Bm

I have be-come com-fort'bly numb. O. K., O. K., O. K.— Just a lit-tle

A G Em Bm

pin-prick.— There'll be no more aaah!— But you may feel a lit-tle sick.— Can you

A G

stand up?— I do believe it's work-ing. good!— That-'ll keep you go-ing through the show.— Come

Bm D A

on, it's time to go.— There is no pain, you are re - ced - ing.

D A C

A dis-tant ship smoke on the ho - ri - zon. You are on— ly com— ing through— in

G C G

waves. Your lips move but I can't hear—what you're say— ing. When

D A D

I ——— was a child— I— caught a fleeting glimpse Out of the cor- ner of my

A C G

eye. I turned— to look— but it— was gone. I cannot put— my fin— ger on—

C G A

—— it now.— The child is grown,— The dream is gone— And ————————

C G D

I have be-come Com-fort-'bly numb.————————

The Show must go on.

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

G C G

f

C G C

D C

Ooh Ma, Ooh Pa, Must the show go

G C G D

on? Ooh

Bm6 D Bm6

Pa, Ooh Ma!

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Cmaj7

There must be some mis-take,— I did- n't mean to let— them Take a- way my

G C G

soul. Am I too old? Is it too late?

D G C G

Ooh Ma,— Ooh Pa! Where has the feel - ing gone?

D G C G

Ooh Ma,— Ooh Pa! Will I re-mem— ber the songs?

D G C Gsus/C G

Ooh— ah! The show must go on!—

In the Flesh

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately Slow
No chord

f

A

D

A

D

A Bm C♯m7

E A

So ya Thought ya

D A

Might like to Go to the show.— To feel the warm

D A

thrill of con-fu-sion, That space ca-det glow. I've got some bad

Bm

news for you, sun-shine. Pink is-n't well.— He stayed back at the ho-tel And they've

C♯m E

sent us a - long as a sur - ro - gate band. — We're going to find out where you

A

fans real - ly stand. — Are there an - y queers in the thea - tre to - night? Get 'em

D A

up a-gainst the wall. Get them! There's one in the spot-light He don't

4 2

D

look right to me. Get him up a-gainst the wall. Get them! And

A Bm

that one looks Jewish — And that one's a coon. Who let all this riff raff —

Bm6 Bm7 C♯m

In - to the room? There's one smok - ing a joint And an -

E

- oth - er with spots. If I had my way I'd have all of them

A No chord

shot.

(♮) (♮)

rall.

Run like Hell.

Words & Music by
DAVID GILMOUR
& ROGER WATERS

Steady beat

D A/D G D A/D G/D

D D A/D

G D A/D G D

F A

Run, run, run, run, run, run,

D

run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,

Em

run, run. You bet-ter make your face up in your fav-our-ite—dis-guise— with your
run all day and run all— night— and

(Instrumental on 𝄋)

F

but-ton down lips and your roll-er blind— eyes,— with your
keep your dir-ty feel-ings deep in— side,— and if you're

Em

emp-ty smile— and your
tak-ing your girl— friend

C

hun-gry heart— Feel the bile ris— ing from your guil-ty past,— with your
out to-night—you'd bet-ter park the car— well out of sight,— 'cause if they

B

nerves in tat-ters as the cock-le-shell— shat—ters and the
catch you in the back seat tryin' to pick her———locks—they're gon-na

E

ham-mers bat-ter
send you back to moth-er in a

TO CODA

D

down your door, — you bet - ter run.
card-board box, — you bet - ter run.

1.

2.

D. ♋ al

CODA

5 times Dm

A / D

D

A / D

3

3

G

D

A / D

G

D

rall. . . . .

Waiting for the Worms.

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

G C G

f

Ooh — You can - not reach me

C G C D

now — Ooh — No mat-ter how you try. Good - bye, cruel world, it's

C G

o - ver. Walk on by. Sit-ting in a bun-ker

C G Am

here be-hind my wall Wait-ing for the

G C G

worms — to come. In per-fect i - sol-a— tion

C G Am

here be-hind my wall. Wait-ing for the

G C

worms — to come.

Am G Am C

Wait - ing to cut out the dead wood, Wait - ing to clean up the ci - ty,

Am G Am G

Wait - ing to fol - low the worms. Wait - ing to put on a black shirt,

Am

Wait - ing to weed out the weak- lings, Wait - ing to smash in their win-dows And

G Am G

kick in their doors, Wait - ing for the fi - nal so - lu-tion To streng-then the strain,

Am G Am

Wait - ing to fol - low the worms, Wait - ing to turn on the show-ers And

G Am G

fire — the ov-ens, Wait - ing for the queens and the coons And the reds and the Jews,

Am G Am

Wait - ing to fol - low — the worms.

G C G

Would you like to see — Bri - tan-nia rule — a - gain — my

C Am G

friend? All you have to do is fol-low — the worms.

C Bm Am G

Em G

Would you like to send our

G7 C G C

col-oured cou-sins home a - gain, — my friend?

Am G Em D/E

All you need to do is fol-low — the worms.

Repeat and fade

Stop

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS

Slowly

Em

Stop! I wan-na go home, Take off this un - i - form— and

8va throughout

mp

leave the show — And I'm wait - ing in this cell Be-cause I

have to know — Have I — been guil - ty all this

no chord

time?

rall.

rall.

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The Trial

Words & Music by
ROGER WATERS
& BOB EZRIN

No chord

Em F

Good morn-ing, worm, your ho-nour the crown will plain-ly show the pri-son-er who now stands be-fore

Em

was caught red-hand-ed show-ing feel - ings, —— show-ing feel-ings of an al-most hu-man

C B7

na-ture. This will not do. Call the school- mas-ter!

Em F♯

I al-ways said he'd come to no good in the end, your honour. If they'd let me have my way I could have

Em G G♯o

flayed him in- to shape. But my hands were tied. The bleed-ing hearts and ar-tists let him

D Em7-5 Em

get a-way—with mur-der, let me ham-mer him to - day. Cra - zy toys in the at—tic, I am

rall. . . . . a tempo

Bmaj7 B F♯m D

cra - zy, tru-ly gone fish-ing. They must have tak-en my mar—

D♯o Em7-5 Em Bmaj7 B

—bles a - way. Cra - zy, toys in the at—tic, he is cra - zy.

Em

(Call the defendant's wife) You lit - tle shit you're in it now, I hope they throw a - way the

F Em

key, you should have talked to me more of-ten than you did but no, you had to go your own way, have you

C B

brok-en an-y homes up late-ly? Just five min-utes, worm, your hon-our, him and me a - lone.

Em7-5 F♯m F♯ Bm

babe! —— Come to moth-er, Ba-by, let me hold you in my arms—— M'

G G♯o D

lud I never wanted him to get in an-y trouble, why'd he ev-er have to leave me? Worm, your honour, let me take him home.

rall. . . . .

Em7-5 Em Bmaj7 B

Cra - zy, ov -er the rain— bow, I am cra - zy, bars in the win— dow,

a tempo

F♯m D D♯o

There must have been a door there in the wall, When I came

Em7-5 Em Bmaj7 B

in.
Cra - zy, ov-er the rain—bow, he is cra - zy, The

Em Am

ev-i-dence— be-fore the court is in-con-tro-ver-ti-ble, there's no need for the ju - ry to re -

Em

tire. In all my years of judg-ing I have nev-er heard be - fore of

Am Em

some-one more de-ser-ving— the full pen- al - ty of law. The way you made them suf-fer, your ex -

Am

quis-ite wife and moth-er, Fills me with the urge to de - fec - ate.

Em Am

Since, my friend, you have re - vealed your deep-est fear, I sen-tence you to be ex-posed be-

Em Am

fore your peers. Tear down the wall!

Em Am

Repeat and fade

8va basso ---------- *loco*

Outside the Wall

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Slowly

C F C G G7

All a-lone or in twos — The ones who real-ly love you— Walk up and down out-side the

mp

C F C F C

wall. — Some hand in hand, —And some gathered to-geth-er in bands, — The

G C F C

bleed-ing hearts and the art-ists— Make their stand — And,when they've giv-en you their all, Some stag-ger and

Am F C G7 C

fall. Aft-er all it's not ea-sy — Bang-ing your heart a-gainst some mad bugger's Wall. —