Time

Auteur: Pink Floyd

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Capo 2
{c: Intro}
                 [E
                       | ]
                                 [F#m
                                        | ]
                                                   [F#m |]
ſΕ
                 [F#m
                                  [ A
                                                   [ A
       []
ſΕ
                 [E
                                 [F#m
                                                   [F#m
{c: Verse 1}
[F#m]Ticking away the moments that make up a du[A]ll day
[E]Fritter and waste the hours in an off hand w[F\#m]ay
[F#m]Kicking around on a piece of ground in your [A]hometown
[E]Waiting for someone or something to show you the w[F\#m]ay
{c: Chorus}
[Dmaj7]Tired of lying in the sunshine, [Amaj7]staying home to watch the rain
[Dmaj7]You are young and life is long, and [Amaj7]there is time to kill today
[Dmaj7] And then one day you find,[C#m7] ten years have got behind you
[Bm7]No one told you when to run ..[E]. You missed the starting gun
{c: Guitar Solo}
[F#m]
            [A]
                    [E]
[Dmaj7]
              [Amaj7]
                                          [Amaj7]
                                                         [Dmaj7]
                            [Dmaj7]
                                                                       [C#m7]
                                                                                   [Bm7]
                                                                                              [E]
{c: Verse 2}
And you r[F#m]un and you run to catch up with the Sun, but it's s[A]inking;
[E]Racing around to come up behind you ag[F#m]ain.
The [F#m]Sun is the same in a relative way, but you're o[A]lder,
[E]shorter of breath, and one day closer to d[F\#m]eath.
{c: Chorus}
[Dmaj7]Every year is getting shorter, [Amaj7]never seem to find the time.
[Dmaj7]Plans that either come to naught, or [Amaj7]half a page of scribbled lines.
[Dmaj7]Hanging on in quiet desper[C#m7]ation is the English way.
The [Bm]time is gone, the song is over. [Bm7]Thought I'd something [F]more to [Em7]say.
[Emadd9]
                          [Emadd9]
                  [A]
                                            [A]
{c: Bridge}
[Em7] Home, home ag[A7]ain
[Em7]I like to be here when I [A7]can
[Em7] When I come home, cold and [A7]tired
It's [Em7]good to warm my bones beside the f[A7]ire
[Cmaj7]Far away, across the field
[Bm7]Tolling on the iron bell
[Fmaj7]Calls the faithful to their knees
[G]To hear the softly spoken magic [Bm]spell
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