

# Us and Them

Auteur : Pink Floyd — (sans accords)

Us, and them  
And after all we're only ordinary men.

Me, and you.  
God only knows it's not what we would choose to do.

Forward he cried from the rear  
and the front rank died.  
The general sat and the lines on the map  
moved from side to side.

Black and blue  
And who knows which is which and who is who.

Up and down.  
And in the end it's only round and round and round.

"Haven't you heard? It's a battle of words"  
the poster bearer cried.  
"Listen son", said the man with the gun  
"There's room for you inside."

Down and out  
It can't be helped but there's a lot of it about.

With, without.  
And who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about?

Out of the way, it's a busy day  
I've got things on my mind.  
For the want of the price of tea and a slice  
The old man died.