comfortably numb

Words and Music by DAVID GILMOUR
and ROGER WATERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I, — — — I,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have be-come Com-fort-'bly numb.——