

Time
Pink Floyd

Em F#m Em F#m Em F#m Em F#m
F#m A Em F#m

F#m A
Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
E F#m
Fritter and waste the hours in an offhand way
F#m A
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your hometown
E F#m
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way

Dmaj7 Amaj7
Tired of lying in the sunshine, staying home to watch the rain
Dmaj7 Amaj7
You are young and life is long, and there is time to kill today
Dmaj7 C#m7
And then one day you find ten years have got behind you
Bm7 E
No one told you when to run You missed the starting gun

F# A Em F#m F#m A Em F#m
F# A Em F#m F#m A Em F#m
Dmaj7 Amaj7

F#m A
And you run and you run to catch up with the sun but it's sinking
E F#m
Racing around to come up behind you again
F#m A
The Sun is the same in a relative way, but you're older
E F#m
Shorter of breath, and one day closer to death

Dmaj7 Amaj7
Every year is getting shorter; never seem to find the time
Dmaj7 Amaj7
Plans that either come to naught, or half a page of scribbled lines
Dmaj7 C#m7
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way.
Bm7 B7#9 B7b9
The time has come, the song is over, thought I'd something more to say

Em add9 A7 Em add9 A7

Em add9 A7 Em add9 A7
Home, home again I like to be here when I can
Em add9 A7
And when I come home cold and tired
Em add9 A7
Its good to warm my bones beside the fire.

CM7/G
Far Away, across the field
Bm
They're tolling on the iron bell
FM7
Calls the faithful to their knees
G7 D7#9 EbDim Bm
To hear the softly spoken magic spell