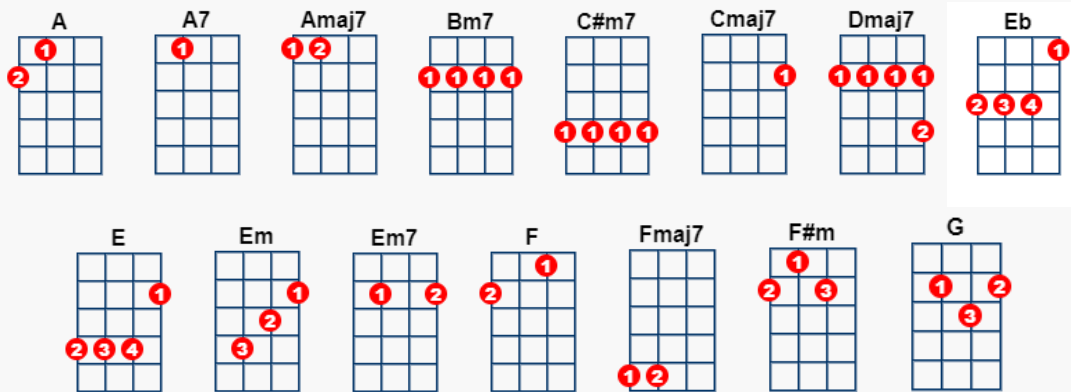


Time – Pink Floyd



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

[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.

(Refrain as verse & chorus) [F#m] [A], [E] [F#m], [F#m] [A], [E] [F#m],
 [Dmaj7] [Amaj7], [Dmaj7] [Amaj7], [Dmaj7] [C#m7], [Bm7] [E],

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

[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 despera[C#m7]tion is the English way.
 The [Bm7] time is gone. The song is over.
 [Bm7] Thought I'd something [F] more to [Eb] say.

(Refrain) [Em7] [A7], [Em7] [A7],

[Em] Home, home [A7] again!
 [Em] I like to be here when I [A7] can.
 [Em] When I come home cold and [A7] tired,
 It's [Em] good to warm my bones beside the [A7] fire.

[Cmaj7] Far away across the field,
 [Bm7] The tolling of the iron bell,
 [Fmaj7] Calls the faithful to their knees,
 [G] To hear the softly [F] spoken, [Eb] magic [Em] spell.