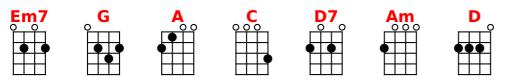
## **Wish you were here** David Gilmour/Roger Waters (1975)



## strum: $\downarrow \_ \_ \downarrow \uparrow \_ \uparrow$

Intro: [Em7]

(with picked melody) [Em7] [G] [Em7] [G] [Em7] [A] [Em7] [A] [G] [G] [Em7] [G] [Em7] [G] [Em7] [A] [Em7] [A] [G]

[C] So, so you think you can [D7] tell
 Heaven from [Am] Hell, blue skies from [G] pain?
 Can you tell a green [D7] field from a cold steel [C] rail?
 A smile from a [Am] veil? Do you think you can [G] tell?

And did they get you to **[C]** trade your heroes for **[D7]** ghosts? Hot ashes for **[Am]** trees? Hot air for a cool **[G]** breeze? Cold comfort for **[D7]** change? And did you ex- **[C]** change A walk-on part in a **[Am]** war for a lead role in a **[G]** cage?

## [Em7] [G] [Em7] [G] [Em7] [A] [Em7] [A] [G]

[C] How I wish, how I wish you were [D] here.
We're just [Am] two lost souls swimming in a fishbowl, [G] year after year,
[D] Running over the same old ground. [C] What have you found?
The same old [Am] fears. Wish you were [G] here.

(with picked melody and light scat singing) [Em7] [G] [Em7] [G] [Em7] [A] [Em7] [A] [G] [G] [Em7] [G] [Em7] [G] [Em7] [A] [Em7] [A] [G]