

Time – Pink Floyd

F#m

A

Tick-ing a-way the moments that make up a dull--day;

E

F#m

fritter and waste the hours **in an off** hand way;

A

Kicking a-round on a piece of ground in your hometown;

E

F#m

waiting for some-one or some-thing 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 be-hind you.

Bm7

E

F#m

No one told you when to run....You missed the starting gun.

Intro: Lead Guitar solo

||: **F#m** | **A** | **E** | **F#m** :||

| **Dmaj7** | **Amaj7** | **Dmaj7** | **Amaj7** |

| **Dmaj7** | **C#m7** | **Bm7** | **E** |

F#m **A**
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.

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**
Ev'ry year is geting 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
The time is gone, the song is over
Bm7 **F/B** **Em** | **A** | **Em** | **A** |
Thought I'd something more to say.

Em **A** **Em** **A7**
Home, home again, I like to be here when I can

Em **A**
When I come home cold and tired

Em **A**
It's good to warm my bones beside of fire

Cmaj7 **Bm**
Far away across the field The tolling of the iron bell (3e)

Fmaj7 **G** **Dm** **Cm7** **Bm**
Call the faithfull to their knees To hear the softly spoken magic spells