

Nobody Home

by Pink Floyd

<intro: C - E - Am - D - F - Fm>

I got a little black book with my poems in  
Got a bag, got a toothbrush and a comb in  
When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in  
I've got elastic bands keeping my shoes on  
I've got those swollen hand blues  
I've got thirteen channels of shit on the TV to choose from  
I've got electric light, and I've got second sight  
I've got amazing powers of observation  
And that is how I know  
When I try to get through on the telephone to you  
There'll be nobody home

I've got the obligatory Hendrix perm  
And the inevitable pinhole burns  
All down the front of my favorite satin shirt  
I've got nicotine stains on my fingers  
I've got a silver spoon on a chain  
Got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains  
I've got wild staring eyes, and I've got a strong urge to fly  
But I've got nowhere to fly to  
Ooooh babe, when I pick up the phone  
...There's still nobody home

I've got a pair of Gohills boots  
And I've got fading roots...