

Sonnet 18

David Gilmour

Intro: D

<p>Shall I compare thee Thou art more lovely Rough winds do shake And summer's lease Sometime too hot And often is And every fair By chance or nature's</p>	<p>to a summer's day? and more temperate the darling buds of May, hath all too short a date the eye of heaven shines, his gold complexion dimm'd; from fair sometime declines, changing course untrimm'd; shall not fade of that fair thou owest; thou wanderst in his shade, to time thou growest: So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this and this gives life to thee</p>
<p>G A Em G G Em A E G A Em G A E G Em G A G A Em G</p>	<p>G D A D D G D Bm A G D A D Bm A D D D Bm D</p>