

Dogs

Pink Floyd

[Intro] **Dm7(9)** **D#7M(9)** **A4(7)** **Bb7/Ab**

Dm7(9)

You got to be crazy, you gotta have a real need

D#7M(9)

Gotta sleep on your toes and when you re on the street

A4(7)

You got to be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed

Then moving in silently downwind and out of sight

Bb7/Ab

You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking

Dm7(9)

And after a while you can work on points of style

D#7M(9)

Like the club tie and the firm handshake

A certain look in the eye and an easy smile

A4(7)

You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to

Bb7/Ab

So that when they turn their backs on you

You ll get the chance to put the knife in

[Solo] **Dm7(9)** **D#7M(9)** **A4(7)** **Bb7/Ab**

E		--12--13-12-12-10/--5-7-8-7-5-----	
B		-----8-6-5-3-3-5-6/5-3-5-3-1---1---1/3-----6-6-8-	
G		-----3---3---3-----	
D		-----	
A		-----	
E		-----	

E		-----13-13-12-10-10-13-12-10-8-5-3-5-3-1-0-1-0-3-5-3-2-3-5-----	
B		--6-6-----11-----	
G		-----12-----2-	
D		-----12-----	
A		-----	
E		-----	

E		-----2-2-3-3-5-0-1-0-1-3-3-5-5-5-7-5-5-7-7-8-6-4-3-1-1-1-13-13-12-11--	
B		-----	
G		-2-2-4-----	
D		-----	
A		-----	
E		-----	

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E|--10--8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-1-3--1~~-----|
B|-----|
G|-----12^--10/9/12--/12--10/9-----|
D|-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|

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Dm7(9)

You ve gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder

D#7M(9)

You know it s gonna get harder, harder and harder as you get older

A4(7)

Bb7/Ab

And in the end you ll pack up and fly down south, hide your head in the sand

Dm7(9)

Just another sad old man, all alone and dying of cancer

(D#7M(9) A4(7) Bb7/Ab Dm)

(C Dm C Dm)

(C Bb F Eb F Eb)

(Dm Dm7(9))

(Bb F5+7/Bb A5+ A A5+

F)

[Solo] D Dm7(9)

Bb F5+7/Bb

Dm Dm7(9)

Bb F5+7/Bb

A5+ A F Em

Dm Dm7(9)

Dm Dm7(9) Dm

Dm7(9)

Dm

Dm7(9) Dm Dm7(9)

And when you lose control

you ll reap the harvest you have sown

Dm Dm7(9) Dm Dm7(9) Dm

Bb A A7 F

Em

And as the fear grows

the bad blood slows and turns to stone

Dm Dm7(9)

Dm

Dm7(9)

Dm Dm7(9)

Dm Dm7(9)

And it s too late to lose the weight you used to need to throw around

Bb F5+7/Bb

Bb F5+7/Bb A5+ A

So have a good drown as you go down all alone

F Em Dm

Dragged down by the stone

Dm7(9)

Gotta admit that I m a little bit confused

D#7M(9)

Sometimes it seems to me as if I m just being used

A4(7)

Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise

Bb7/Ab

If I don t stand my own ground how can I find my way out of this maze

Dm7(9)

Deaf, dumb and blind you just keep on pretending

D#7M(9)

That everyone s expendable and no one has a real friend

A4(7)

And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner

Bb7/Ab

And everything s done under the sun

And you believe at heart everyone s a killer

(D#7M(9) A4(7) Bb7/Ab Dm }

[Solo] C Dm C Dm

C Bb F Eb F Eb Dm

F C/E Dm C

Who was born in a house full of pain

F C/E Dm C

Who was trained not to spit in the fan

F C/E Dm C

Who was told what to do by the man

F C Dm C

Who was broken by trained personnel

F C Dm C

Who was fitted with collar and chain

F C Dm

Who was given a pat on the back

F C Dm C

Who was breaking away from the pack

F C Dm C

Who was only a stranger at home

F C Dm C

Who was ground down in the end

F C Dm C

Who was found dead on the phone

F C Bb A

Who was dragged down by the stone

F Em Dm Dm7(9)

Who was dragged down by the stone