

Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Desert / Southampton Dock (Medley)  
Pink Floyd

**G**

Brezhnev took Afghanistan.

**C**

Begin took Beirut.

**D**

**G**

Galtieri took the Union Jack.

**G**

And Maggie, over lunch one day,

**C**

Took a cruiser with all hands.

**D**

**G**

Apparently, to make him give it back

**C**

**G** ~~

Uuuuh! Maggie what have you done?

(**G**)

**G**

They disembarked in 45

**C**

**C**

And no-one spoke and no-one smiled

**D**

**G**

There were too many spaces in the line.

**G**

**C**

Gathered at the cenotaph

**C**

All agreed with the hand on heart

**D**

**G**

To sheath the sacrificial Knives.

**G** ~~ **G**

But now

**G**

**G**

She stands upon Southampton dock

**C**

With her handkerchief

**D**

And her summer frock clings

**G**

To her wet body in the rain.

**G**

**C**

In quiet desperation knuckles

**C**

White upon the slippery reins

**D**

**G**

She bravely waves the boys goodbye again.

**C**

**G** ~~

