

Running Shoes

Roger Waters

Am

So I stood by the roadside

F

The soles of my running shoes gripping the tarmac

Am

F

Like gunmetal magnets

Am

Fixed on the front of her Fassbinder face

F

Was the kind of a smile

Am

That only a rather dull child could have drawn

F

While attempting a graveyard in the moonlight

Am

But she was impressed

F

You could see that she thought I looked fine

Am

And when she turned sweeter

F

The reason (between you and me) was

Am

F

She'd just seen my green Lamborghini

C

Am

So we went for a spin in the country

C

Am

To feel the wind in our hair

C

Am

To feel the power of my engine

C

Am

C

Am

C...

To feel the thrill of desire

F

C

And then in the trees I heard a twig snap

F

C

Warning lights flashed on my map

F

C

F

I opened my eyes and to my surprise