```
Smell The Roses
Roger Waters
[Intro] F#m F#m7 F#m
       F#m F#m7 F#m
       F#m F#m7 F#m
       F#m C#5 C5 C5 B5
         F#m
                        F#m7 F#m
There s a mad dog pulling at his chain
               F#m7 F#m
A hint of danger in his eye
F#m
               F#m7
                         F#m
Alarm bells raging round his brain
       F#m
And the chimney s broken in the sky
В
Wake up
                    в7 в
Wake up and smell the roses
B C#5 D
    Close your eyes and pray this wind don t change
                                     F#m7 F#m
        F#m
There s nothing but screams in the field of dreams
                       F#m7 F#m
Nothing but hope at the end of the road
                      F#m7
                             F#m
Nothing but gold in the chimney smoke
                   C#5 C5 C5 B5
Come on honey it s re-al mo--ney
( F#m F#m7 F#m )
( F#m F#m7 F#m )
( F#m F#m7 F#m )
( F#m C#5 C5 C5 B5 )
F#m
This is the room where they make the explosives
                                   F#m7
Where they put your name on the bomb
F#m
 Here s where they bury the buts and the ifs
And scratch out words like right and wrong
Wake up
                     в7
Wake up and smell the phosphorus
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B C#5 D
   This is the room we keep the human hair
    Don t ask don t tell it couldn t be lost for us
F#m7
      F#m
Yeah, a little less cash in the stash in the cupboard
At the bottom of the stair
C#5 C5
         C5 B5
Mo-ney hon-ey
( F#m F#m/C F#m/Bb F#m/B )
( F#m F#m7
            F#m )
( F#m F#m7 F#m )
( F#m F#m7 F#m )
( F#m C#5 C5 C5
                  B5 )
( F#m C#5 C5 C5
                  B5 )
В
Wake up
                      B7 B
Wake up and smell the bacon
B C#5 D
    Run your greasy fingers through her hair
                   C#5 C5 C5 B5
     This is the life that you have taken
( D D5 C#5 C#5 C5 )
F#m
                  F#m7
Just a line in the captain s log
                        F#m7
 Just a whine from a resident dog
                     F#m7
Another kid didn t make the grade
F#m
             C#5
                   C5
                        C5 B5
Come on honey it s a fair trade
В
Wake up
                    в7 в
Wake up and smell the roses
B C#5 D
     Throw her photo on the funeral pyre
E5 F#m
  Yeah, now we can forget the threat she poses
F#m7 F#m
     Girl you know you couldn t get much higher
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[Final] C#5 C5 C5 B5 C#5 C5

C5 B5 F#m