

**She Took a Long Cold Look
Syd Barrett**

B She took a long cold look at me
E
and smiled and gazed all over my arm
B
she loves to see me get down to ground
E
she hasn't time just to be with me
B
her face between all she means to be
E
to be extreme, just to be extreme
B
a broken pier on the wavy sea
E
she wonders why for all she wants to see...
B
But I got up and I stomped around
A
and hid the piece where the trees touch the ground...
F# **F#7**
B **E**
The end of truth that lay out the time
B
spent lazing here on a painting dream
E
a mile or more in a foreign clime
B
to see farther inside of me.
(**E** **B** **E**)
B **E**
And looking high up into the sky
B
I breathe as the water streams over me...
(**E** **B**)