

Nobody Home

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

Moderately

Am

C+

C₀

D7

F

Fm

C₀

E

I've got a lit-tle blackbook with my po-ems in. I've got a bag with a toothbrush and a

F

C

comb in. When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in.

F

C₀

E

I got e - las-tic bands keep-ing my shoes — on. — Got those swollen hand

E7

F

C

blues. Got thirt- een chan-nels of shit on the T. V. to choose from.

C7



I've got e - lec - tric light

And I've got — sec - ond

mf

sight. I've got a - maz - ing — pow - ers of — ob - serv - a - tion —

f

And that is how I know

When I try to get

mf

through

On the tel - ephone — to you

mf

There'll be — no - bo - dy home.

mp

mf

Am

D7

G

E7

Am

C+

C6

C

D

Fm6

C^o

F

C^o

F C E

I've got the ob-lig-a-to-ry— Hendrix perm— And the in-ev-i-ta-ble— pin-hole

burns All down the front of my fav-our-ite sa-tin shirt.

E7+ F C E

I've got nic-o-tine stains on my fin-gers, — I've got a sil-ver spoon on a

chain. — I've got a grand pi-an-o to prop up my mor-tal re-mains. —

C7

I've got wild star-ing eyes And I've got a strong urge to

F Fm C^o E

fly But I've got no-where to fly to, (fly to,

Am D7 G E7 Am

fly to, fly to.) Ooh Babe,

C^o D7 Fm6

when I pick up the phone There's still no- bo- dy

C^o F C^o F

home. I've got a

C E E7

pair of Go-hill's boots But I got fad-ing roots.