

## Nobody Home by Pink Floyd

Intro **Am / C+ / C / D7 / F / Fm /**

**C**

I've got a little black book with my poems in.

**E**

Got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb in.

**F**

When I'm a good dog, they sometimes throw me a

**C**

bone in.

**F**

**C**

I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on.

**E7**

Got those swollen hand blues.

**F**

**C**

Got thirteen channels of shit on the T.V. to choose from.

**C**

I've got electric light.

**C7**

And I've got second sight.

**F**

**Fm**

**C**

**E7/B Am D7/F#**

Got amazing powers of observation.

**G**

**E7**

And that is how I know

**Am**

When I try to get through

C/G

On the telephone to you

D Fm6 C F C

There'll be nobody home.

F C

I've got the obligatory Hendrix perm.

E7

And the inevitable pinhole burns

F C

All down the front of my favourite satin shirt.

F C

I've got nicotine stains on my fingers.

E

I've got a silver spoon on a chain.

F

C

I've got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains.

C

I've got wild staring eyes.

C7

And I've got a strong urge to fly.

F Fm C E7/B Am D7/F# G E7/G#

But I got nowhere to fly to.

Am C/G D Fm6

Ooooh, Babe when I pick up the phone

D Fm6 C F C

There's still nobody home.

F C

I've got a pair of Gohills boots

E7 (let ring)

**and I got fading roots.**