**Lost for words.**

**Pink Floyd.**

I was [F]spending my time in the [C]doldrums

I was [F]caught in a cauldron of [C]hate

I felt [F]persecuted and [C]para[Am]lysed

I [G]thought that everything else would just [F]wait

While you are wasting your time on your enemies

Engulfed in a fever of spite

Beyond your tunnel vision reality fades

Like shadows into the night

To martyr yourself to caution

Is not going to help at all

Because there'll be no safety in numbers

When the Right One walks out of the door

{C:break}

Can you [C]see your days blighted by [G]darkness?

Is it [C]true you beat your fists on the [G]floor?

[C]Stuck in a world of [G]iso[Em]lation

While the [D]ivy grows over the [C]door

So I open my doors to my enemies

And I ask could we wipe the slate clean

But the tell me please go fuck myself

You know you just can't win