

# echoes



Words and Music by ROGER WATERS, RICK WRIGHT,  
NICHOLAS MASON and DAVID GILMOUR

row 4

*f*

**Bm**

**F#m**

**Em**

O - ver-head the al - ba-tross hangs mo - tion-less up - on the air — and deep be-neath the roll - ing waves in  
 Stran-gers pass-ing in the street, by chance two sep-'rate glan-ces meet — and I am you and what I see is  
 Now this is the day, you fall up - on my wak-ing eyes, in - vit-ing and in - cit-ing me to

*p*

**F#**

**Bm**

**F#m**

lab - y-rinths of cor-al caves, The ech - o of a dis-tant tide comes wil - low-ing a - cross the sand... And  
 me... And do I take you by the hand and lead you through the land... And  
 rise, And through the win-dow in the wall comes stream-ing in on sun - light wings... A

**Em**

**F#**

**B**

ev - 'ry-thing is green and sub - ma - rine. — And no one showed us to the land and  
 help me un - der-stand the best I can. — And no one calls us to the land and  
 mil - lion bright am - bass - a - dors of morn - ing. And no one sings me lui - la - bies and

F#



Em



F#



G



no one knows the wheres or why and some-thing stares and some-thing tries and starts to climb to-wards the light. \_\_\_\_\_  
 no one cross-es there a-live and no one speaks and no one tries and no one flies a-round the sun. \_\_\_\_\_  
 no one makes me close my eyes, so I throw the win-dows wide and call to you a-cross the skies. \_\_\_\_\_

Bm



G



Bm



G



Bm



G



1,2

D



A



Bb



3

D



A



Bb



D.S. and Fade

(a)

(a)