





ESQ

1. a) **SPEAK TO ME** (Peebles)
- b) **BREATHE** (Waters, Gilmour, Wright)
2. **ON THE RUN** (Gilmour, Waters)
3. **TIME** (Peebles, Waters, Wright, Gilmour)
4. **THE GREAT BIG IN THE SKY** (Wright)
5. **MONEY** (Waters)
6. **US AND THEM** (Peebles, Wright)
7. **ANY COLOUR YOU LIKE** (Gilmour, Mason, Wright)
8. **BRAIN DAMAGE** (Waters)
9. **ECLIPSE** (Waters)

David Gilmour: Vocals, Guitars, VCS

Nick Mason: Percussion, Tape Effects

Richard Wright: Keyboards, Vocals, VCS

Roger Waters: Bass Guitar, Vocals, VCS, Tape Effects

All lyrics by Roger Waters



2005



BREATHE

Breathe, breathe in the air
Don't be afraid to care
Leave, but don't leave me
Look around and choose your own ground
For long you live and high you fly
And smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be

Run rabbit run
Dig that hole, forget the sun,
And when at last the work is done
Don't sit down it's time to start another one
For long you live and high you fly
But only if you ride the tide
And balanced on the biggest wave
You race towards an early grave.

2005



TIME

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
You fritteer and waste the hours in an off hand way
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way

Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today
And then one day you find ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun.

And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sinking
And racing around to come up behind you again
The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death

Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way
The time is gone the song is over, thought I'd something more to say.



Breathe Reprise

Home, home again
I like to be here when I can
When I come home cold and tired
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire
Far away across the field
The tolling of the iron bell
Calls the faithful to their knees
To hear the softly spoken magic spells.



MONEY

Money, get away
Get a good job with more pay and you're D.K.
Money it's a get,
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash
New car, caviar, four star daydream,
Think I'll buy me a football team

Money get back
I'm alright Jack keep your hands off my stack.
Money it's a hit
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit
I'm in the hi-fidelity first-class travelling set
And I think I need a Lear jet

Money it's a crime
Share it fairly, but don't take a slice of my pie
Money so they say
Is the root of all evil today
But if you ask for a rite it's no surprise that they're
giving none away.

US AND THEM

Us, and them
And after all we're only ordinary men
Me, and you
God only knows it's not what we would choose to do
Forward he cried from the rear
and the front rank died
And the General sat, and the lines on the map
moved from side to side
Black and blue
And who knows which is which and who is who
Up and down
And in the end it's only round and round and round
Haven't you heard it's a battle of words
the poster bearer cried
Listen son, said the man with the gun
There's room for you inside

Down and out
It can't be helped but there's a lot of it about
With, without
And who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about
Out of the way, it's a busy day
I've got things on my mind
For want of the price of a tea and a slice
The old man died.

BRAIN DAMAGE

The lunatic is on the grass
The lunatic is on the grass
Remembering games and daisy chains and laughs
Got to keep the loonies on the path

The lunatic is in the hall
The lunatics are in my hall
The paper holds their folded faces to the floor
And every day the paper boy brings more

And if the dam breaks open many years too soon
And if there is no room upon the hill
And if your head explodes with dark forebodings too
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon

The lunatic is in my head
The lunatic is in my head
You raise the blade, you make the change
you re-arrange me 'til I'm sane

You lock the door
And throw away the key
There's someone in my head but it's not me

And if the cloud bursts, thunder in your ear
You shout and no one seems to hear
And if the band your's in starts playing different tunes
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.

1997



ECLIPSE

All that you touch

All that you see

All that you taste

All you feel

All that you love

All that you hate

All you distrust

All you save

All that you give

All that you deal

All that you buy

beg, borrow or steal

All you create

All you destroy

All that you do

All that you say

All that you eat

everyone you meet

All that you slight

everyone you fight

All that is now

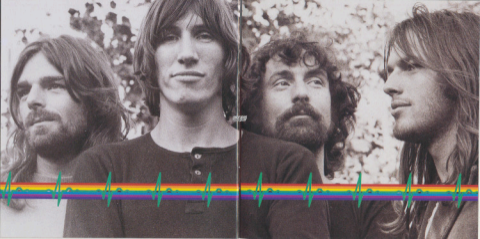
All that is gone

All that's to come

and everything under the sun is in tune

but the sun is eclipsed by the moon.

2005





EPIC



Produced by PINK FLOYD
Recorded at Abbey Road Studios, London
between June 1972 and January 1973
Engineer Alan Parsons
Assistant Peter James
Mixing Supervised by Chris Thomas
Saxophone on 'Us and Them' and 'Money' by Dick Parry
Vocals on 'The Great Gig in the Sky' by Clare Torry
Backing Vocals by Doris Troy, Linda Dunbar,
Liza Foltz, Barry St John
Remastering supervised by James Guthrie
Digitally remastered by Doug Sax at The Mastering Lab, LA
Strobe design by Storm Thorgerson
Front photography by Tony May and Storm Thorgerson
Live photography by Jill Furmentovsky and Haggqvist
Pyramid photographs by Haggqvist
Photograms by Sefronage and Chris Cooke

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