

# 82- "Yes, I Have Ghosts"

2020

David Gilmour

CAPO I     *Acoustic Guitar*     *Key: Db*     *BPM: 126*

*Intro : G*

*Verse 1:*

**G**            **x**            **Dm**            **x**  
The heat of the sun stayed on through the night  
**F**            **x**                            **Em**            **x**  
Made specters of strangers playing games with my sight  
**G**            **x**            **Dm**            **x**  
I passed through the station, a face in the crowd  
**F**            **x**                            **Em**            **x**  
The whistle was blowing, the barrier came down

*Pre-Chorus:*

**G**            **x**                            **Dm**            **x**  
There was my baby, in another's embrace  
**F**            **x**                            **C**            **x**  
I called out her name in shame and disgrace

*Chorus:*

**Am**            **G**                            **F**            **x**  
Yes, I have ghosts, not all of them dead  
                 **Am**                            **G**                            **F**                            **Em**  
Making dust of my dreams, spinning round and around  
**!**            **D**  
Around            in my head

*Verse 2:*

**G**            **x**            **Dm**            **x**  
Train on the tracks, teeth of the zip  
**F**            **x**                            **Em**            **x**  
The slider moves down, we were joined at the hip  
**G**            **x**            **Dm**            **x**  
Stealing the groove, the widening gap  
**F**            **x**                            **C**            **x**  
Unfastening rails from a past with no map

*Chorus:*

**Am**            **G**                            **F**            **x**  
Yes, I have ghosts, a fleeting sight  
**Am**            **G**                            **F**                            **Em**            **x**            **D**  
It's always the living that are haunting my nights

*Interlude* : **Am G F x Am G F Em x D**

**G x Dm x**  
Where is the sweet soul that you used to be  
**F x Em x**  
Gone like a thistle that's blown on the breeze  
**G x Dm x**  
I guess when it's over, this haunting will end  
**F x C x**  
The waiting, the baiting, my killer, my friend

**Am G F x**  
Yes, I have ghosts, not all of them dead  
**Am G F Em x**  
And they dance by the moon, millstones white as the sheet  
**D x**  
On my bed

*Outro* : **G x Dm x F x C x Am G F x**  
**Am G F Em x D**  
**G x Dm x F x C x G x**  
*descrescendo* : **Dm x F x C x G x Dm x F !**