

(I) [ : G Emi7 G Emi7 A Emi7 A G : ]

(1) So, so you think you can tell  
Heaven from hell, blue sky from pain  
Can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail  
A smile from a veil  
Do you think you can tell?

(2) And did they get you to trade your heroes for ghosts  
Hot ashes for trees, hot air for a cool breeze  
Cold comfort for change  
and did you exchange  
A walk on part in the war  
For a lead role in a cage?

(3) How I wish, how I wish you were here  
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year  
Running over the same old ground, what have we found?  
The same old fears  
Wish you were here!

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