

Dark Globe

David Gilmour

Oh, where are you now
Pussy willow that smiled on this leaf?
When I was alone
You promised the stone from your heart

My head kissed the ground
I was half the way down, treading the sand
Please, please, lift a hand
I'm only a person whose armbands beats
On his hands, hang tall

Won't you miss me?
Wouldn't you miss me at all?

The poppy birds way
Swing twigs coffee brands around
Tarnish her wand with a feathery tongue

My head hit the ground
I was half the way down, treading the sand
Please, please, please lift a hand
I'm only a person with Eskimo chains
I tattooed my brain all the way

Won't you miss me?
Wouldn't you miss me at all? Ohh