

Out of the Blue

David Gilmour

Out of the blue,
On the wings of a dove,
A messenger comes,
A messenger comes
with the beating of drums,
it's not a message of love

Our children are born,
and we keep them warm,
they must have the right
to live in the light,
to be safe from the storm

And out of the blue,
with wings on his heels,
a messenger comes,
bearing regrets
for the time that he steals

But steal it he will,
my children's and mine,
against our desires,
against all our needs,
our blood spilled like wine

Over and over we call,
No one hears... and further
and further and further we fall...
Though we brave it, we soon will have wait
It is clear that it's no dream at all,
our lives are at stake

I cannot believe...
nor even pretend...
that the thunder I hear,
will just disappear,
and the nightmare will end

So hold back the fire,
because this much is true,
when all's said and done,
then ending will come,
from out of the blue