

Southampton Dock

Pink Floyd

1. They disembarked in 45
and no one spoke and no one smiled
There were too many spaces in the line
Gathered at the cenotaph
All agreed with the hand on heart
To sheath the sacrificial knives

*: But now...
2. She stands upon Southampton dock
with her handkerchief and her summer frock
Clings to her wet body in the rain
In quiet desperation knuckles
white upon the slippery reins
She bravely waves the boys goodbye again
3. And still the dark stain spreads
between her shoulder blades
A mute reminder of the
poppy fields and graves
And when the fight was over
we spent what they had made
But... in the bottom of our hearts
we felt the final cut.