

The Hero's Return

Pink Floyd

Jesus, Jesus, what's it all about?
Trying to clout these little ingrates into shape.
When I was their age all the lights went out.
There was no time to whine or mope about.
And even now part of me flies over
Dresden at angels one five.
Though they'll never fathom it behind my
Sarcasm desperate memories lie.

Sweetheart sweetheart are you fast asleep? Good.
'Cause that's the only time that I can really speak to you.
And there is something that I've locked away
A memory that is too painful
To withstand the light of day.

When we came back from the war the banners and
Flags hung on everyone's door.
We danced and we sang in the street and
The church bells rang.
But burning in my heart
My memory smolders on
Of the gunners dying words on the intercom.