

The Last Refugee

Roger Waters

Lie with me now
Under lemon tree skies
Show me the shy slow smile you keep hidden by warm brown eyes

Catch the sweet hover of lips just barely apart
And wonder at love's sweet ache
And the wild beat of my heart
Oh, rhapsody tearing me apart

And I dreamed I was saying goodbye to my child
She was taking a last look at the sea
Wading through dreams, up to our knees in warm ocean swells
While bathing belles soft beneath hard bitten shells
Punch their iPhones, erasing the numbers of redundant lovers
And search the horizon

And you'll find my child, down by the shore
Digging around for a chain or a bone
Searching the sand for a relic washed up by the sea

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