

Pink Floyd - The Heros Return

G

tom:

D

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

D

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

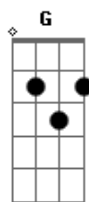
The church bells rang

But burning in my heart

My memory smoulders on

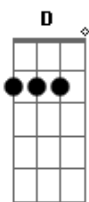
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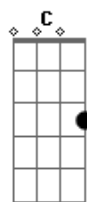
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