

The Heros 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 and 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
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
The memory smoulders on
Of the gunners dying words
On the intercom