

# Free Four

## Pink Floyd

The memories of a man in his old age  
Are the deeds of a man in his prime  
You shuffle in the gloom of a sickroom  
And talk to yourself as you dieLife is a short warm moment  
And death is a long cold rest  
You get your chance to try in the twinkling of an eye  
Eighty years with luck or even lessSo all aboard for the American tour  
And maybe you'll make it to the top  
And mind how you go and I can tell you, 'cause I know  
You may find it hard to get offYou are the angel of death  
And I am the dead man's son  
He was buried like a mole in a fox hole  
And everyone is still on the runAnd who is the master of fox hounds?  
And who says the hunt has begun?  
And who calls the tune in the courtroom?  
And who beats the funeral drum?The memories of a man in his old age  
Are the deeds of a man in his prime  
You shuffle in the gloom of a sickroom  
And talk to yourself as you die

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