

# A Pocketful Of Stones (Live In Gdansk)

David Gilmour

He's sending stones skimming and flying  
Circles spinning out his time  
Though the earth is dying his head is in the stars  
Chances are this spark's a lifetime Out of touch he'll live in wonder  
Won't lose sleep he'll just pretend  
In his world he won't go under  
Turns without him until the end Rivers run dry but there's no line on his brow  
Says he doesn't care who's saved  
It's just the dice you roll, the here and now  
And he's not guilty or afraid One day he'll slip away  
Cool water flowing all around  
In the river and on the ground  
Leave a pocketful of stones and not believe in other lives

Songwriters

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