

Gunners Dream

Pink Floyd

Floating down through the clouds
Memories come rushing up to meet me now.
In the space between the heavens
and in the corner of some foreign field
 I had a dream
 I had a dream
 Good-bye Max
 Good-bye Ma
After the serng slowly to the car
And the silver in her hair shines in the cold November air
 You hear the tolling bell
 And touch the silk in your lapel
And as the tear drops rise to meet the comfort of the band
 You take her frail hand
 And hold on to the dream.
A place to stay
 Oi! A real one
 Enough to eat
Somewhere old heroes shuffle safely down the street
 Where you can speak out loud
 About your doubts and fears
 And what's more no-one ever disappears
You never hear their standard issue kicking in your door
 You can relax on both sides of the tracks
And maniacs don't blow holes in bandsmen by remote control
 And everyone has recourse to the law
 And no-one kills the children anymore
And no one kills the children anymoreNight after night
 Going round and round my brain
 His dream is driving me insane
 In the corner of some foreign field
 The gunner sleeps tonight
 What's done is done
We cannot just write off his final scene
 Take heed of his dream
 Take heed

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