

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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