

# Gunners Dream

## Pink Floyd

Floating down, through the clouds  
Memories come rushing up to meet me now  
But in the space between the Heavens  
And the corner of some foreign field  
I had a dream, I had a dream  
Goodbye Max, goodbye Ma  
After the service when you're walking 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 teardrops rise to meet the comfort of the band  
You take her frail hand  
And hold on to the dream{Move it}  
A place to stay  
{A real one}  
Enough to eat  
{Gonna have to make stock}  
Somewhere old heros 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  
No one kills the children anymoreNight after night goin' round and round my brain  
This dream is driving me insaneIn the corner of some foreign field the gunner sleeps tonight  
What's done is done  
We cannot just write off this final scene  
Take heed of the dream, take heed

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