

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 anymore
Night after night goin' round and round my brain
This 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 this final scene
Take heed of the dream, take heed

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