

San Tropez

Pink Floyd

As I reach for a peach
Slide a rind down behind
The sofa in San Tropez Breakin' a stick
With a brick on the sand
Ridin' a wave in the wake of an old sedan Sleepin' alone in the
Drone of the darkness
Scratched by the sand that fell from my love Deep in my dreams and I
Still hear her callin'
"If you're alone I'll come home" Backward and homebound
The pigeon, the dove
Gone with the wind and the rain, on an airplane Owning a home
With no silver spoon
I'm drinking champagne like a good tycoon Sooner than wait for
A break in the weather
I'll gather my far-flung thoughts together Speeding away
On the wind to a new day
If you're alone I'll come home And I pause for a while
By a country style
And listen to the things they say Diggin' for gold and a hole in my hand
Open a book
Take a look at the way things stand And you're leading me down
To the place by the sea
I hear your soft voice calling to me Making a date for
Later by phone
And if you're alone I'll come home

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