

Free Four

Pink Floyd

The memories of a man in his old age
Are the deeds of a man in his prime
You shuffle in the gloom of a sickroom
And talk to yourself as you die
Life is a short warm moment
And death is a long cold rest
You get your chance to try in the twinkling of an eye
Eighty years with luck or even less
So all aboard for the American tour
And maybe you'll make it to the top
And mind how you go and I can tell you, 'cause I know
You may find it hard to get off
You are the angel of death
And I am the dead man's son
He was buried like a mole in a fox hole
And everyone is still on the run
And who is the master of fox hounds?
And who says the hunt has begun?
And who calls the tune in the courtroom?
And who beats the funeral drum?
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