

# Sorrow

## Pink Floyd

The sweet smell of a great sorrow lies over the land  
Plumes of smoke rise and merge into the leaden sky:  
A man lies and dreams of green fields and rivers,  
But awakes to a morning with no reason for waking  
He's haunted by the memory of a lost paradise  
In his youth or a dream, he can't be precise  
He's chained forever to a world that's departed  
It's not enough, it's not enough  
His blood has frozen & curdled with fright  
His knees have trembled & given way in the night  
His hand has weakened at the moment of truth  
His step has faltered

One world, one soul  
Time pass, the river rolls  
It's not enough it's not enough  
His hand has faltered

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And he talks to the river of lost love and dedication  
And silent replies that swirl invitation  
Flow dark and troubled to an oily sea  
A grim intimation of what is to be  
There's an unceasing wind that blows through this night  
And there's dust in my eyes, that blinds my sight  
And silence that speaks so much louder than words,  
Of promises broken

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