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 sedanSleepin' 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 home-bound,
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 tycoonSooner 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
And if you're alone
I'll come homeAnd I pause for a while
By a country style
And listen to the things they say
Diggin' for gold
With a hoe in my hand
Open a book
Take a look at the way things standAnd 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/