

In Any Tongue

David Gilmour

Home and done it's just begun
His heart weighs more, more than it ever did before
What has he done? God help my son
Hey, stay a while, I'll stay up
No sugar is enough to bring sweetness to his cup
I know sorrow tastes the same on any tongue
How was I to feel it
When a gun was in my hands
And I'd waited for so long
How was I to see straight
In the dust and blinding sun
Just a pair of boots on the ground
On the screen the young men die
The children cry in the rubble of their lives
What has he done? God help my son
Hey, stay a while, I'll stay up
The volume pumped right up but not enough to drown it out
I hear "Mama" sounds the same in any tongue
How am I to see you
When my faith stands in the way
And the wailing is long done
How am I to know you
With a joystick in my hand
When the call to arms has come

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