

# The Hero's Return

## Pink Floyd

Jesus, Jesus, what's it all about?  
Trying a clout these little ingrates into shape  
When I was their age all the lights went out  
There was no time to whine and mope about  
And even now part of me flies  
Over dresden at Angels one five  
Though they'll never fathom it behind my sarcasm  
Desperate memories lie  
Sweetheart, sweetheart are you fast asleep? Good  
That's the only time that I can really speak to you  
And there is something that I've locked away  
A memory that is too painful to withstand the light of day  
And when we came back from the war  
The banners and flags hung on everyone's door  
We danced and we sang in the street  
And the church bells rang

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