

# Southampton Dock

Roger Waters

They disembarked in '45  
And no one spoke and no one smiled  
There were too many spaces in the line And gathered at the cenotaph  
They all agreed with hand on heart  
To sheath the sacrificial knives But now, she stands upon Southampton dock  
With her handkerchief and her summer frock  
Clings to her wet body in the rain In quiet desperation, knuckles white upon the slippery reins  
She bravely waves the boys goodbye again  
Oh, Maggie what have you done? And still the dark stain spreads between  
Their shoulder blades  
A mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves When the fight was over  
We spent what they had made, but  
In the bottom of our hearts we felt the final cut

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