

# Southampton Dock

## Pink Floyd

They disembarked in '45  
And no one spoke and no one smiled  
There were too many spaces in the line  
Gathered at the cenotaph  
All agreed with hand on heart  
To sheath the sacrificial knives  
(Thats right)  
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  
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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