

Pink Floyd - The Hero's Return

tom:
 Jesus, Jesus, what's it all about?
 Trying to clout these little ingrates into shape
 When I was their age all the lights went out
 There was no time to whine or mope about
 And even now part of me flies
 Over Dresden at angel's one five
 Though they'll never fathom it behind my
 Sarcasm desperate memories lie
 Sweetheart, sweetheart are you fast asleep? Good
 'Cause 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
 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
 But burning in my heart
 My memory smoulders on
 Of the gunner's dying words on the intercom

Acordes

