

Pink Floyd - The Hero's Return

tom:

A

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

D

And there is something that I've locked away

D

A memory that is too painful

To withstand the light of day

C

When we came back from the war

C

The Banners and flags hung on everyone's door

C

We danced and we sang in the street and

D

The church bells rang

G

But burning in my heart

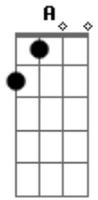
G

My memory smoulders on

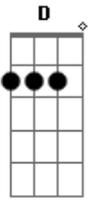
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Of the gunner's dying words on the intercom

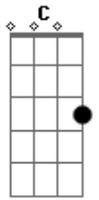
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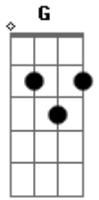
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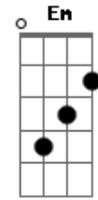
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