

David Gilmour, Out Of The Blue

(Gilmour)

Out of the blue on the wings of a dove
A messenger comes, with the beating of drums
It's not a message of love

Our children are born, and we keep them
They must have the right, to live in the light
To be safe from the storm

Out of the blue, with wings on his heels
A messenger comes, bearing regrets
For the time that he steals

But steal it he will, my children's and mine
Against our desires, against all our needs
Our blood spilled like wine
Over and over we call . . . no one hears
And further and further and further we fall
And though we pray that we soon will awake
It is clear, that it's no dream at all
Our lives are at stake
I cannot believe, nor even pretend
That the thunder I hear, will just disappear
And the nightmare will end

So hold back the fire, because this music is true
When all's said and done, the ending will come
From out of the blue