

Pink Floyd, Summer '68

Would you like to something before you leave?
Perhaps you'd care to state exactly how you feel.
We say goodbye before we've said hello.
I hardly even like you.
I shouldn't care at all.
We met just six hours ago.
The music was too loud.
From your bed I came today and lost a bloody year.
And I would like to know, how do you feel?
How do you feel?
Not a single word was said.
They lied still without fears.
Occasionally you showed a smile, but what was the need?
I felt the cold far too soon in a wind of ninetyfive.
My friends are lying in the sun, I wish I was there.
Tomorrow brings another town, another girl like you.
Have you time before you leave to greet another man
Just to let me know, how do you feel?
How do you feel?
Goodbye to you.
Childish bangles too.
I've had enough for one day.