

# David Gilmour, A Great Day For Freedom

(Gilmour / Samson)

On the day the wall came down  
They threw the locks onto the ground  
And with glasses high we raised a cry for freedom had arrived  
On the day the wall came down  
The Ship of Fools had finally ran aground  
Promises lit up the night light doves in flight

I dreamed you had left my side  
No warmth, not even pride remained  
And even though you needed me  
It was clear that I could not do a thing for you

Not life devalues day by day  
As friends and neighbors turn away  
And there's a change that, even with regret, cannot be undone  
Now frontiers shift like desert sands  
While nations wash their bloodied hands  
Of loyalty, of history, in shades of grey

I woke to the sound of drums  
The music played, the morning sun streamed in  
I turned and I looked at you  
And all but the bitter residues slipped away...slipped away