

David Gilmour, Luck and Strange

In the light before the dawn
Shadows snake in my peripheral
Mesmerise me, bring it on
Heart beats with fear here in the theatre of my soul

You see, I hope it will go on and on
And when the curtain call is done
Morning always comes

It was a fine time to be born
Demob Happy Street
And free milk for us all
It was the right place, to be sure
Those dreaming spires and, yeah, oh so pastoral

But let's hope it's not just luck and strange
A one-off peaceful golden age
That's a dark thought in the dark

Seek what you won't find
That is a wasted life
Or so the Ancients dropped by to tell me
They drank me dry
But my oh my so far...

Quite the time to be a boy
Six-string masters of an expanding universe
It was a high time, to be sure
Soaring and free from the bounds of the Earth

But let's hope it's not just luck and strange
A one-off peaceful golden age
That's a dark thought in the dark

Time for this mortal man to love the child that holds my hand
And the woman who smiles when I embrace her
These eyes stay dry but my oh my guitar