

# 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