Pink Floyd, Cirrus Minor

In a churchyard by a river,
Lazing in the haze of midday,
Laughing in the grasses and the graze.
Yellow bird, you are alone in singing and in flying on,
In and in leaving. Willow weeping in the water,
Waving to the river daughters,
Swaying in the ripples and the reeds.
On a trip to Cirrus Minor, saw a crater in the sun
A thousand miles of moonlight later.