

Pink Floyd, Free Four

The memories of a man in his old age
Are the deeds of a man in his prime.
You suffle in gloom in the sickroom
And talk to yourself till you die.
Life is a short, warm moment
And death is a long cold rest.
You get your chance to try
In the twinkling of an eye:
Eighty years, with luck, or even less.
So all aboard for the American tour,
And maybe you'll make it to the top.
And mind how you go.
I can tell you, because I know.
You may find it hard to get off.
You are the angel of death
And I am the dead man's son.
And he died like a mole in a fox hole.
And everyone is still in the run.
And who is the master of fox hounds?
And who says the hunt has begun?
And who calls the tune in the courtroom?
And who beats the funeral drum?
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Are the deeds of a man in his prime.
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