

Pink Floyd, Heroes Return

Jesus Jesus what's it all about
trying to clout these little ingrates into shape
when i was their age all the lights went out
there was no time to whine and mope about
and even now part of me flies over
dresden at angels one five
though they'll never fathom it behind my
sarcasm desperate memories lie
sweetheart sweetheart are you fast asleep, good
'cos that's the only time that i can really talk to you
and there is something that i've locked away
a memory that is too painful
to withstand the light of day
when we came back from the war the banners and
flags hung on everyones door
we danced and we sang in the street and
the church bells rang
but burning in my heart
my memory smoulders on
of the gunners dying words on the intercom