

# Pink Floyd, San Tropez

As I reach for a peach  
Slide a rind down behind  
the sofa in San Tropez  
Breaking a stick with a brick on the sand  
Riding a wave in the wake of an old Sedan  
Sleeping alone in the drone of the darkness  
Scratched by the sand that fell from our love  
Deep in my dreams and I still hear her calling  
If you're alone I'll come home  
Backwards and home bound  
The pidgeon the dove  
Gone with the wind and the rain on an airplane  
Owning a home with no silver spoon  
I'm drinking champagne like a big tycoon  
Sooner than wait for a break in the weather  
I'll gather my far flung thoughts together  
Speeding away on a wind to a new day  
If your alone I'll come home  
And I pause for a while  
By a country style  
And listen to things they say  
Digging for gold in the hoe in my hand  
Hoping they'll take a look at the way things stand  
And you're leading me down to the place by the sea  
I hear your soft voice calling to me  
Making a date for later by phone  
if you're alone I'll come home