

Pink Floyd, The Hero's Return

Jesus, Jesus, what's it all about?
Tryin' to clout these little ingrates into shape
When I was their age all the light went out
There was no time to whine or 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"
That's the only time that I can really speak to you
And there's 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 everyone's door
We danced and we sang in the streets
And the church bells ring

But burning in my heart
My memory smolders on
Of the gunner's dying words
On the intercom
</lyrics>

==Part II==

</lyrics>
Jesus Christ, I might as well be dead
If I can't see how dangerous it must feel to be
Training human cogs for the machine
Without some shell-shocked lunatic like me

Bombarding their still soft shores
With sticks and stones that were lying around
In the pile of unspeakable feelings I'd found

When I turned back the stone
Turned over the stone
Of my own disappointment
back home.