

Roger Waters, Lost Boys Calling

Come hold me now
I am not gone
I would not leave you here alone
In this dead calm beneath the waves
I can still hear those lost boys calling
You could not speak
You were afraid
To take the risk of being left again
And so you tipped your hat and waved and then
You turned back up the gangway of that steel tomb again
And in Mott street in July
When I hear those seabirds cry
I hold the child
The child in the man
The child that we leave behind
The spotlight fades
The boys disband
The final notes lie mute upon the sand
And in the silence of the grave
I can still hear those lost boys calling
We left them there
When they were young
The men were gone until the west was won
And now there's nothing left but time to kill
You never took us fishin' dad and now you never will
And in Mott street in July
When I hear the seabirds cry
I hold the child
The child in the man
The child that we leave behind