

Pink

"The Hero's Return"

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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
That's the only time that I can really speak 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 everyone's door
We danced and we sang in the street
And the church bells rang
But the burning in my heart
My memory smoulders on
Of the gunner's dying words
On the intercom
(gunner's words on intercom...)

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