

Pink Floyd

"Granchester Meadows"

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"Icy wind of night be gone this is not your domain"

In the sky a bird was heard to cry
Misty morning whisperings and gentle stirring sounds
Belie the deathly silence that lay all around

Hear the lark harken to the barking of the dark fox
Gone to ground
See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the
water
And a river of green is sliding unseen beneath the
trees
Laughing as it passes through the endless summer
Making for the sea

In the lazy water meadow I lay me down
All around me golden sun flakes settle on the ground
Basking in the sunshine of a bygone afternoon
Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city room

Hear the lark harken to the barking of the dark fox
Gone to ground
See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the
water
And a river of green is sliding unseen beneath the
trees

In the lazy water meadow I lay me down
All around me golden sun flakes covering the ground
Basking in the sunshine of a bygone afternoon
Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city room

Hear the lark harken to the barking of the dark fox
Gone to ground
See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the
water
And a river of green is sliding unseen beneath the
trees

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