

Pink Floyd

"San Tropez"

Visit "[San Tropez](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

As I reach for a peach
Slide a rind down behind
The sofa in San Tropez

Breakin' a stick
With a brick on the sand
Ridin' a wave in the wake of an old sedan

Sleepin' alone in the
Drone of the darkness
Scratched by the sand that fell from my love

Deep in my dreams and I
Still hear her callin'
"If you're alone I'll come home"

Backward and homebound
The pigeon, 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 good tycoon
Sooner than wait for
A break in the weather
I'll gather my far-flung thoughts together

Speeding away
On the wind to a new day
If you're alone I'll come home

And I pause for a while
By a country style
And listen to the things they say

Diggin' for gold and a hole in my hand
Open a book
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
And if you're alone I'll come home

Visit [Pink Floyd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.