

Roger Waters "Southampton Dock"

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They disembarked in 45
And no one spoke
And no one smiled
There were too many spaces in the line
And gathered at the cenotaph
They all agreed with hand on heart
To sheath the sacrificial knives
But now
She stands upon Southampton dock
With her handkerchief
And her summer frock
Clings To her wet body in the rain
In quiet desperation
Knuckles white upon the slippery reins

She bravely waves the boys goodbye again
Ooo, Maggie what have you done?

And still the dark stain spreads between
Their shoulder blades
A mute reminder
Of the poppy fields and graves.
When the fight was over
We spent what they had made
But
In the bottom of our hearts
We felt the final cut.

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