

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
Oh, 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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