

David Gilmour "Murder"

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Some of them standing, some are waiting in line
As if there was something that they thought they might
find
Taking some strength from the feelings that always
were shared
And in the background, the eyes that just stared
What was it brought you out here in the dark?
Was it your only way of making your mark?
Did you get rid of all the voices in your head?
Do you now miss them and the things that they said?

On your own admission, you raised up the knife
And you brought it down, ending another mans life
When it was done, you just threw down the blade
While the red blood spread wider, like the anger you
made
I don't want this anger burning in me
It's something from which it's so hard to be free
But none of tears that we cry, in sorrow or rage
Can make any difference, or turn back the page

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