David Gilmour, Echoes

Overhead the albatross hangs motionless upon the air And deep beneath the rolling waves In labyrinths of coral caves The echo of a distant time Comes willowing across the sand And everything is green and submarine.

And no-one called us to the land And no-one knows the wheres or whys But something stirs and something tries And starts to climb towards the light

Strangers passing in the street By chance two separate glances meet And I am you and what I see is me And do I take you by the hand And lead you through the land And help me understand the best I can

And no-one calls us to move on And no-one forces down our eyes And no-one speaks and no-one tries And no-one flies around the sun

Cloudless everyday you fall upon my waking eyes inviting and inciting me to rise
And through the window in the wall
Come streaming in on sunlight wings
A million bright ambassadors of morning

And no-one sings me lullables And no-one makes me close my eyes And so I throw the windows wide And call to you across the sky