

# Pink Floyd, Gunners Dream

floating down through the clouds  
memories come rushing up to meet me now  
in the space between the heavens  
and in the corner of some foreign field  
i had a dream  
i had a dream  
goodbye max  
goodbye ma  
after the service when you're walking slowly to the car  
and the silver in her hair shines in the cold november air  
you hear the tolling bell  
and touch the silk in your lapel  
and as the tear drops rise to meet the comfort of the band  
you take her frail hand  
and hold on to the dream  
a place to stay  
enough to eat  
somewhere old heroes shuffle safely down the street  
where you can speak out loud  
about your doubts and fears  
and what's more no-one ever disappears  
you never hear their standard issue kicking in your door  
you can relax on both sides of the tracks  
and maniacs don't blow holes in bandsmen by remote control  
and everyone has recourse to the law  
and no-one kills the children anymore  
and no-one kills the children anymore  
night after night  
going round and round my brain  
his dream is driving me insane  
in the corner of some foreign field  
the gunner sleeps tonight  
what's done is done  
we cannot just write off his final scene  
take heed of the dream  
take heed