

Pink Floyd, San Tropez

As I reach for a peach
Slide a rind down behind
the sofa in San Tropez
Breaking a stick with a brick on the sand
Riding a wave in the wake of an old Sedan
Sleeping alone in the drone of the darkness
Scratched by the sand that fell from our love
Deep in my dreams and I still hear her calling
If you're alone I'll come home
Backwards and home bound
The pidgeon the dove
Gone with the wind and the rain on an airplane
Owning a home with no silver spoon
I'm drinking champagne like a big tycoon
Sooner than wait for a break in the weather
I'll gather my far flung thoughts together
Speeding away on a wind to a new day
If your alone I'll come home
And I pause for a while
By a country style
And listen to things they say
Digging for gold in the hoe in my hand
Hoping they'll take a look at the way things stand
And you're leading me down to the place by the sea
I hear your soft voice calling to me
Making a date for later by phone
if you're alone I'll come home