

# Pink Floyd, Yet Another Movie

One sound, one single sound  
One kiss, one single kiss  
A face outside the window pane  
However did it come to this?  
A man who ran, a child who cried  
A girl who heard, a voice that lied  
The sun that burned a fiery red  
The vision of an empty bed  
The use of force, he was so tough  
She'll soon submit, she's had enough  
The march of fate, the broken will  
Someone is lying very still  
He has laughed and he has cried  
He has fought and he has died  
He's just the same as all the rest  
He's not the worst, he's not the best  
And still this ceaseless murmuring  
The babbling that I brook  
The seas of faces, eyes upraised  
The empty screen, the vacant look  
A man in black on a snow white horse,  
A pointless life has run its course,  
The red rimmed eyes, the tears still run  
As he fades into the setting sun