

Roger Waters, The Last Refugee

Lay with me now
Under lemon tree skies
Show me the shy
Slow smile you keep hidden be warm brown eyes

Catch the sweet hover of lips just barely apart
And wonder at loves sweet ache
And the wild beat oof my heart

Oh, rhapsody tearing my apart

And I dreamed I was saying goodbye to my child
She was taking a last look at the sea
Wading through dreams
Up to our knees in warm ocean swells
While bathing beels
So beneath
Hard bitten shells punch their iPhones
Erasing the number of redundant lovers

And search the horizon
And you'll find my child
Down by the shoe
Digging around for a chain or a bone
Searching the sand for a relic washed up by the sea

The last refugee