

# David Gilmour, Breakthrough

(Wright / Moore)

I can take or leave it, won't be the woebegone  
Don't need a model universe to hang your pictures on.  
You hide somewhere, you die somewhere  
And then this senseless thought,  
By hating more you're feeling more  
And that's how you get caught.

They're never going to make it easy  
Of this you can be sure.  
I greet you from the wilderness,  
I'll stay inside your door.

There's no cage or prison, they have no fence too tall,  
You die more times than anyone, there's still no place to fall.

They're never going to keep it simple  
This comes down from above.  
I have no helm, no secret realm,  
I dream to be at the heart of love, a part of love.

I bet you can conceal it, but that's just a dead-end track,  
I'll cover you like the driven snow and then I'll bring you back.  
You'll see ! you feel like, you feel like a banner,  
Unfurled and gently blown,  
And there before your opening eyes  
The self you've never known.

They're never going to make it easy  
Of this you can be sure.  
You feel untied, beatified  
And loved for evermore