

# David Gilmour, In Any Tongue

Home and done it's just begun  
His heart weighs more, more than it ever did before  
What has he done?  
God help my son  
Hey, stay a while, I'll stay up  
No sugar is enough to bring sweetness to his cup  
I know sorrow tastes the same on any tongue

How was I to feel it  
When a gun was in my hands  
And I'd waited for so long  
How was I to see straight  
In the dust and blinding sun  
Just a pair of boots on the ground

On the screen the young men die  
The children cry in the rubble of their lives  
What has he done?  
God help my son  
Hey, stay a while, I'll stay up  
The volume pumped right up but not enough to drown it out  
I hear "Mama" sounds the same in any tongue

How am I to see you  
When my faith stands in the way  
And the wailing is long done  
How am I to know you  
With a joystick in my hand  
When the call to arms has come