

# David Gilmour, Out Of The Blue

(Gilmour)

Out of the blue on the wings of a dove  
A messenger comes, with the beating of drums  
It's not a message of love

Our children are born, and we keep them  
They must have the right, to live in the light  
To be safe from the storm

Out of the blue, with wings on his heels  
A messenger comes, bearing regrets  
For the time that he steals

But steal it he will, my children's and mine  
Against our desires, against all our needs  
Our blood spilled like wine  
Over and over we call . . . no one hears  
And further and further and further we fall  
And though we pray that we soon will awake  
It is clear, that it's no dream at all  
Our lives are at stake  
I cannot believe, nor even pretend  
That the thunder I hear, will just disappear  
And the nightmare will end

So hold back the fire, because this music is true  
When all's said and done, the ending will come  
From out of the blue