

# David Gilmour, Wish You Were Here

(Gilmour / Waters)

So, so you think you can tell Heaven from Hell,  
Blue skies from pain.  
Can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail?  
A smile from a veil?  
Do you think you can tell?

And did they get you to trade your heroes for ghosts?  
Hot ashes for trees?  
Hot air for a cool breeze?  
Cold comfort for change?  
And did you exchange a walk on part in the war for a lead role in a cage?

How I wish, how I wish you were here.  
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year,  
Running over the same old ground.  
What have you found? The same old fears.  
Wish you were here.