

# Lost Boys Calling

Roger Waters

Come, hold me now, I am not gone  
I would not leave you here alone  
In this dead calm beneath the waves  
I can still hear those lost boys calling

You could not speak, you were afraid  
To take the risk of being left again  
And so you tipped your hat and waved and then  
You turned back up the gangway of that steel tomb again

And in Mott street in July  
When I hear those seabirds cry  
I hold the child, the child in the man  
The child that we leave behind

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The spotlight fades, the boys disband  
The final notes lie mute upon the sand  
And in the silence of the grave  
I can still hear those lost boys calling

We left them there when they were young  
The men were gone until the west was won  
And now there's nothing left but time to kill  
You never took us fishin' dad and now you never will

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The child that we leave behind