

# Roger Waters - Flickering Flame

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Flickering Flame 13th May 2002

“Lost Boys Calling” (Waters)

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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.

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.

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.

