

Southampton Dock  
Pink Floyd

**F**  
They disembarked in 45,  
**Bb**  
And no-one spoke and no-one smiled  
**C** **F**  
There were to many spaces in the line  
  
Gathered at the cenotaph  
**Bb**  
All agreed with the hand on heart,  
**C** **F**  
To sheath the sacrificial knives  
**F**  
But now she stands upon Southampton dock  
**Bb**  
With her handkerchief  
**C**  
And her summer frock clings  
**F**  
To her wet body in the rain  
  
In quiet desperation knuckles  
**Bb**  
White upon the slippery reins  
**C** **F**  
She bravely waves the boys goodbye again  
**Bb** **Bbm** **F**  
Mm\_\_\_\_\_.  
  
**Bb**  
And still the dark stain spreads between  
**F**  
His shoulder blades  
**Bb** **F** **F7** **Gm7**  
A mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves  
**F7** **Bb** **C** **Dm7** **C7/E**  
And when the fight was over  
**F** **Am7** **Dm**  
We spent what they had made  
**Gm7**  
But in the bottom of our hearts  
**F**  
We felt the final cut