

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

© 1986 Music from the Film 'When The Wind Blows' by Raymond Briggs

When the Wind Blows (David Bowie)

So long Child
I'm on my way
And after all is done
After all is done

Don't be down
It's all in the past
Though you may be afraid

So long child
It's awful dark
And I've never felt the sun
I dread to think of when
When the wind blows
When the wind blows
When the wind blows
When the wind blows

Life burns a savage moon
Angry and raw
Trusting the twisted word
You'll run run away
You'll take it all home
You'll spin a tall tale
But they won't believe you
No matter what you say

So long child
It's awful dark
And I've never felt the sun
I dread to think of when the wind blows
When the wind blows
When the wind blows
When the wind blows

Facts and Figures (Hugh Cornwell)

If all the food

The warsmen ate was sent around the world
Noone would have to work
A single day

If all the money
In the banks was left to boy and girl
Noone could then complain
About their pay

Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Filling up the pages every day
Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Spilling out of papers every day

Upon the roads
The accidents
They rob us of the few
Wars
They take away so many more

As long as we don't know them
They remain upon the page
It's the history book picture
That you saw

Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Filling up the pages every day
Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Spilling out of papers every day

Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Right or wrong is difficult to say
'Cause everybody knows
The way that the wind blows
Facts and figures can be friends or foes

Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Facts and figures
Facts and figures

Right or wrong is difficult to say
'Cause everybody knows
The way that the wind blows
Facts and figures can be friends or foes

So try to keep your fingers crossed
When listening for the bell
So facts and figures don't catch you as well
So facts and figures don't catch us as well
So facts and figures don't catch us as well
So facts and figures don't catch us as well
So facts and figures don't catch us as well

The Brazilian (Genesis)

(Instrumental)

What Have They Done (Squeeze)

The wind blows the ash to the furnace
The steel men are sitting at home
And the video game
Can't replace the flame
That once burned all day on the coal

The wind blows along in the gutter
In a rush to get out of the town
Where the row of shops is sold up in lots
Developers bought the whole town
And in the place is a pile of bricks
Where children play with sticks and stones
What have they done
What have they done
What have they done
What have they done

The sunshine is bright on the ranada
Where I once saw the film ??if??
Now they all stand in line
For it's bingo tonight
No more films with Malcom Bo??d???

The cranes on the dock are redundant
Standing so tall in the sky

Shuffling trolleys and docks
In around in the mud
The dockman has a tear in his eye
And in his hand is a pint of beer
No more dock sheds are here to run
What have they done
What have they done
What have they done
What have they done

What have they done
What have they done
What have they done
What have they done
What have they done
What have they
What have they done
What have they done
What have they
What have they done

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The Shuffle (Paul Hardcastle)

(Instrumental)

*** A partir deste ponto, todas as músicas constituem uma trilha única no CD.
Desta forma, é difícil precisar onde uma música acaba e a outra inicia. ***

The Russian Missile (Waters)

Note: This song appears to be about 3 seconds long
(Russian's speaking over radio)
(Instrumental)

Towers of Faith (Waters)

Ooooh, the lonely boys
In their towers of faith
Ooooh, the lonely boys
Locked in their towers of faith

The prophet reclined

On the Golan Heights

Ohhh, the lonely boys

He said, this land is my land
To the Shiites

Ooooh, the lonely boys

And Jehova looked up from the sea of Galilee beneath
He said, I see you, you thief
This land is my land
And this sand is my sand
And this band is my band
Oh the lonely boys
Lookin' over their shoulder
Checkin out every boulder in the park
Where the gates are closed from hate
After dark

And the Pope rolled up in his armored van
He fell on his knees and kissed the land
He said something that I did not understand
It was in polish
Then up stepped an aide
He said, I will translate
Here is what His Holiness said:
'I am the Chief Jesuit.'
'This land is Jesus' land.'
'And that is all'
'All that there is to it.'
Hail Mary
Mother of God

And in New York City
The business man in his mohair suit
In the world trade center
Puffs on his cheroot
And he said,
Well I don't care who owns the desert sands
My brief
Is with the hydrocarbons underneath
And the sea of battle rages
Around the ancient tombs
And mother nature licks her wounds
And the lonely boys locked in their towers of faith
Who are nervous in the park

When the gates are closed after dark
Ooooh, the lonely boys
In their towers of faith
Ooooh, the lonely boys
Locked in their towers of faith

Hilda's Dream (Waters)

[Radio:] "Radio Four, with the news at 1 o'clock this Thursday lunchtime. The Prime Minister, speaking a few minutes ago in the House of Commons, has warned that the international situation is deteriorating rapidly and that war could break out at any time in the next two or three days."

[Man:] "Cripes! This is it! This is really it!"

[Woman:] "I shouldn't worry too much, it'll probably all blow over."
(Instrumental)

The American Bomber (Waters)

Nota: Esta canção aparenta ter duração de 3 segundos
"Zero, Zero, Take Cover."
(Instrumental)

The Anderson Shelter (Waters)

[Woman:] "It's funny to think there's no shelters this time. We had an old Anderson in the garden. I can see it now. We had stertians growing all over it, and we painted the front green. Painted it looked quite pretty. Next door grew cabbages on theirs."

[Man:] "Yes, we had a Morrison. Mmmm. I used to sleep in it. I stuck pin-up girls all over the inside. Betty Grabel, Ann Shelton, Tricia Rock. The roof got all smoky, 'cause I used to read in bed with a candle."

[Woman:] "Yes, it was nice at the war, really. The shelters, the blackouts, the cups of tea..."

[Man:] "The A.R.P., the evacuees, London kids seeing cows for the first time...."

[Woman:] "Old Churchill on the wires..."

[Man:] "Those were the days."

(Instrumental)

The British Submarine (Waters)

"Three four five" "Three four five, Sir" "Steady as she goes"
"Steady as she goes, Sir" "???" "(Instrumental)

The Attack (Waters)

[Radio:] "An enemy missile attack has been launched against this country. It is estimated that the missiles will arrive in approximately three minutes."

[Man:] "God, almighty, there's only three minutes to go!"

[Woman:] "Okay, I'll just get the washing in."

[Man:] "Shut up! I'm trying to listen!"

[Radio:] "Stay indoors."

[Woman:] "Oh, dear, I've left the oven on."

[Man:] "Get in! Get in! Get in!"

[Woman:] "The cake will be burned!"

[Woman:] "The cake will be burned!"

[Woman:] "The cake will be burned!"
(Instrumental)

The Fallout (Waters)

[Man:] "Blimey! I...I suppose...that was it."

[Woman:] "Wasn't it light?"

[Man:] "Yea, terrific. You--you get terrific light with those bombs. Listen! A dog!"

[Woman:] "What does the fallout look like, dear?"

[Man:] "I don't know. The government director neglected to mention what it would look like. I expect it would look a bit like snow does, only gray. Very quiet. I expect they're all are having a good lie-in after the bombing."

[Woman:] "Terrible smell of burning."

[Man:] "Yes. Well there's bound to be. That's logical..."

[Woman:] "It's like...roast meat."

[Man:] "Yes, it does. I expect everybody will be having their Sunday dinner a bit early this week, due to the unexpected circumstances..."

[Man:] "A cloud coming up. Looks like rain. We'll be alright for water now for a while, my dear."

[Woman:] "Do you think rainwater is alright to drink?"

[Man:] "Oh yes, of course it is. There's nothing purer than

rainwater, is there? Everybody knows that."
[Woman:] "Oh, look! My hair's coming out."

[Man:] "Hair's coming out."

[Woman:] "My hair's coming out."
(Instrumental)

Hilda's Hair (Waters)

[Man:] "I shall fear no evil...and thou shalt accompany me all the days--all the days of my life...uh...lay me down in--in--in green pastures..I...I don't know anymore..."

[Woman:] "That was nice, really. Lay me down in green pastures--"

[Man:] "Oooh yes, yes...enter the valley of the shadow of death."

[Woman:] "no more, now...there, no more..."

[Man:] "??Road?? the six hundred"
(Instrumental)

Folded Flags (Waters)

Rock a bye baby
On the tree top
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock
Oh babe, hate to see you fall that way
Better speak to the powers that be today
Hey Joe, where you goin'
With that gun in your hand?
You can take your revenge
But you'll still feel bad
There must be more to life than lucky strikes
And some unlucky ones
And folded flags and pipes
And drums

I stood in the wings with you
Our lives in the hands of a second-rate actor
Holding the high ground
Of some old stage
Oh babe, how do these jaded stars get so far away
Will they catch what the moral had to say

Hey Joe, where you goin'
With that dogma in your head?
You can prove your point
But your kids will still be dead
Bring down the curtain
This soap opera must surely close
Before the cold wind blows

Hey Joe, where you going
With that gun in your hand
You can take your revenge
But you'll still feel bad
Bring down the curtain
This show must close
Before the cold wind blows

So rock a bye baby
On the tree top
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock
There must be more to life than lucky strikes
And some unlucky ones
And folded flags and pipes
And drums

Um Tributo a Roger Waters

www.magicwebdesign.com.br/waters