

Pink Floyd, Raving And Drooling

Raving and drooling I fell on his neck with a scream
He had a whole lotta terminal shock in his eyes
That's what you get for pretending the rest are not real

Babbling and snapping at far away flies
He will zig zag his way back through memories of boredom and pain

How does it feel to be empty and angry and spaced
Split up the middle between the illusion of safety in numbers
and the fist in your face