

Pink Floyd, You Gotta Be Crazy

You gotta be crazy, you gotta be mean
You gotta keep your kids and your car clean
You gotta keep climbing, you gotta keep fit
You gotta keep smiling, you gotta eat shit

You gotta be small to be a big shot
You gotta eat meat to stay at the top
You gotta be trusted, gotta tell lies
You gotta be able to narrow your eyes

You gotta believe they've gotta believe you
You gotta appear easy to see through
Gotta be sure you look good on the TV
Gotta resemble a human being

You gotta keep one eye over your shoulder
Gonna get harder as you get older
Gotta fly south and hide in the sand
Gotta forget that you're gonna get cancer

And when you loose control
You'll reap the harvest you have sown
And as the fear grows
The bad blood slows and turns to stone

And it's too late to loose the weight
You used to need to throw around
So have a good drown
As you go down
Alone
Dragged down by the stone

Gotta be sure, you gotta be quick
Gotta divide the tame from the sick
Gotta keep some of us docile and fit
You gotta keep everyone burying this shit

You gotta get you started early
Processed by the time you're thirty
Work like fuck 'till you're sixty five
And then your time's your own until you die

I gotta admit to a lot of confusion
Pain in the head is the child of collusion
Gotta resist the creeping malaise
You gotta believe in the way you get out of the maze

But you, you just keep on pretending
You can tell a sucker from a friend
But you still raise the knife to
Stranger, lover, friend and foe alike

Who was born in a house full of pain
Who was sent out to play on his own
Who was raised on a diet of shame
Who was trained not to spit in the fan
Who was told what to do by the man
Who was broken by trained personnel
Who was fitted with bridle and bit
Who was given a seat in the stand
Who was forcing his way to the rails
Who was offered a place on the board
Who was only a stranger at home
Who was ground down in the end

Who was found dead on the phone
Who was dragged down by the stone