

Roger Waters, Dogs

You got to be crazy
You gotta have a real need
You gotta sleep on your toes
When you're on the street
Got to be able to pick out the easy meat
With your eyes closed
Then moving in silently
Down wind and out of sight
You've gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking
And after a while
You can work on points for style
Like the club tie
And the firm handshake
A certain look in the eye and the easy smile
You have to be trusted
By the people that you lie to
So that when they turn their backs on you
You'll get the chance to put the knife in
You gotta keep one eye
Looking over your shoulder
You know, it's going to get harder
Harder and harder
As you get older
Yeah, and in the end you'll pack up and fly down south
Hide your head in the sand
Just another sad old man
All alone and dying of 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 lose the weight
You used to need to throw around
So have a good drown
As you go down
All alone
Dragged down by the stone
Gotta admit
That I'm a little bit confused
Sometimes it seems to me
As if I'm just being used
Gotta stay awake
Gotta try and shake off
This creeping malaise
If I don't stand my own ground
How can I find my way out of this maze?
Deaf, dumb, and blind
You just keep on pretending
That everyone's expendable
And no one has a real friend
And it seems to you the thing to do
Would be to isolate the winner
And everything's done under the sun
And you believe at heart everyone's a killer
Who was born in a house full of pain
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 collar and chain
Who was given a pat on the back
Who was breaking away from the pack
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
Who was dragged down by the stone