

# Roger Waters, Every stranger eyes

[Waitress:] "You wanna cup of coffee?"  
[Customers:] "Heh, Turn that fucking juke box down  
You want to turn down that juke box....loud in here"  
[Waitress:] "I'm sorry, would you like a cup of coffee?  
Ok, you take cream and sugar? Sure."  
In truck stops and hamburger joints  
In Cadillac limousines  
In the company of has-beens  
And bent-backs  
And sleeping forms on pavement steps  
In libraries and railway stations  
In books and banks  
In the pages of history  
In suicidal cavalry attacks  
I recognise...  
Myself in every stranger's eyes  
And in wheelchairs by monuments  
Under tube trains and commuter accidents  
In council care and county courts  
At Easter fairs and sea-side resorts  
In drawing rooms and city morgues  
In award winning photographs  
Of life rafts on the China seas  
In transit camps, under arc lamps  
On unloading ramps  
In faces blurred by rubber stamps  
I recognise...  
Myself in every stranger's eyes  
And now, from where I stand  
Upon this hill  
I plundered from the pool  
I look around  
I search the skies  
I shade my eyes  
So nearly blind  
And I see signs of half remembered days  
I hear bells that chime in strange familiar ways  
I recognise...  
The hope you kindle in your eyes  
It's oh so easy now  
As we lie here in the dark  
Nothing interferes, it's obvious  
How to beat the tears  
That threaten to snuff out  
The spark of our love