

Roger Waters, Folded Flags

Rock a bye baby
On the tree top
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock
And babe, hate to see you fall that way
Better speak to the palace than to 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
On some old stage
And babe, how do these cheated stores get so far away
Will they catch you at the bottom

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
The soap opera must surely close
Before the cold wind blows

Hey Joe, where you goin'
with that gun in your hand
You can take your revenge
But you'll still feel bad
Bring down the curtain
The 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