

Roger Waters, Home (2007)

[Jim:] "Oh, God!"

[Californian Weirdo:] "Sole has no eyes."

Could be Jerusalem
Or it could be Cairo
Could be Berlin
Or it could be Prague
Could be Moscow
Could be New York
Could be Llanelli
And it could be Warrington

Could be Warsaw
And it could be Moose Jaw
Could be Rome
Everybody got somewhere they call home

When they overrun the defences
A minor invasion put down to expenses
Will you go down to the airport lounge

Will you accept your second class status
A nation of waitresses and waiters
Will you mix their martinis
Will you stand still for it
Or will you take to the hills

It could be clay and it could be sand
Could be desert
Could be a tract of arable land
Could be a house
Could be a corner shop

Could be a cabin by a bend in the river
Could be something your old man handed down
Could be something you built on your own
Everybody got something he calls home

When the cowboys and Arabs draw down
On each other at noon
In the cool dusty air of the city boardroom
Will you stand by a passive spectator
Of the market dictators

Will you discreetly withdraw
With your ear pressed to the boardroom door
Will you hear when the lion within you roars
Will you take to the hills

"(Oh, will you stand
Will you stand for it
Oh, will you hear when the lion within you roars)"

Could be your father
And it could be your mother
Could be your sister
Could be your brother

Could be a foreigner
Could be a Turk
Could be someone out looking for work

Could be a king
Could be the Aga Khan

Could be a Vietnam vet with no arms and no legs
Could be a saint
Could be a sinner
Could be a loser
Or it could be a winner

Could be a banker
Could be a baker
Could be a Laker
Could be Kareem Abdul Jabbar

Could be a male voice choir
Could be a lover
Could be a fighter

Could be a super heavyweight "(ooh)"
Or it could be something lighter
Could be a cripple
Could be a freak
Could be a wop, gook, geek
Could be a cop
Could be a thief

Could be a family of ten living in one room on relief
Could be our leaders in their concrete tombs
With their tinned food and their silver spoons
Could be the pilot with God on his side

Could be the kid in the middle of the bomb sight
Could be a fanatic
Could be a terrorist
Could be a dentist
Could be a psychiatrist

Could be humble
Could be proud
Could be a face in the crowd

Could be the soldier in the white cravat
Who turns the key in spite of the fact
That this is the end of the cat and mouse
Who dwelt in the house
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt
The house that Jack built
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt
The house that Jack built

Bang, bang, shoot, shoot
White gloved thumb
Lord thy will be done
He was always a good boy, his mother said
He'll do his duty when he's grown
Yeah, everybody's got someone they call home