

Roger Waters, Run Like Hell

"Hammer, Hammer, Hammer...."

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run

You better make your face up

In your favorite disguise

With your button-down lips

And your roller blind eyes

With your empty smile

And your hungry heart

Feel the bile rising

From your guilty past

With your nerves in tatters

As the cockleshell shatters

And the hammers batter

Down your door

You better run

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run

You better run all day

And run all night

And keep your dirty feelings deep inside

And if you're taking your girlfriend out tonight

You better park the car well out of sight

'Cause if they catch you in the back seat

Trying to pick her locks

Gonna send you back to Mother

In a cardboard box

You better run