

# Roger Waters, To Kill The Child

The child lay  
In the starlit night  
Safe in the glow of his Donald Duck light  
How strange to choose to take a life  
How strange to choose to kill a child  
Hoover, Blaupunkt, Nissan Jeep  
Nike, Addidas, Lacoste and cheaper brands  
Cadillac, Amtrak, gasoline, diesel  
Our standard of living, could this be a reason  
That we would choose to kill the child  
That we would choose to kill the child

Allah, Jehovah, Buddah, Christ  
Confucius and Kali and reds, beans and rice  
Goujons of sole, ris de veau, ham hocks  
Lox bagels and bones and commandments in stone  
The Bible, Koran, Shinto, Islam  
Prosciutto, risotto, falafel and ham  
Is it dogma, doughnuts, ridicule faith  
Fear of the dark, or shame or disgrace  
That we would choose to kill the child  
That we would choose to kill the child

It's cold in the desert  
And the space is too big  
The rope is too short  
And the walls are too thick  
I will show you no weakness  
I will mock you in song  
Berate and deride you  
Belittle and chide you  
Beat you with sticks  
And bulldoze your home  
You can watch my triumphant procession to Rome  
Best seat in the house  
Up there on the cross  
Is it anger or envy, profit or loss  
That we would choose to kill the child  
That we would choose to kill the child

Take this child and hold him closely  
Keep him safe from the holy reign of terror  
Take this child hold him closely  
Take this child to the moral high ground  
Where he can look down on the bigots and bully boys  
Slugging it out in the yard