

# Roger Waters, Towers Of Faith

Ooooh, the lonely boys  
In their towers of faith  
Ooooh, the lonely boys  
Locked in their towers of faith

The prophet reclined  
In the Golan Heights

Ohhh, the lonely boys

He said "This land is my land"  
To the Shiites

Ooooh, the lonely boys

And Jehova looked up from the sea of Galilee beneath  
He said "I see you, you thief!  
This land is my land  
And this sand is my sand  
And this band is my band";

Oh the lonely boys  
Lookin' over their shoulder  
Checkin out every boulder in the park  
Where the gates are closed from hate  
After dark

And the Pope rolled up in his armored van  
He fell on his knees and kissed the land  
He said something that I did not understand  
It was in polish  
Then up stepped an aide, he said "I will translate  
Here is what His Holiness said:  
'I am the Chief Jesuit.  
This land is Jesus' land.  
And that is all  
All that there is to it.'";

And in New York City  
The business man in his mohair suit  
In the world trade center  
Puffs on his cheroot  
And he said  
"Well I don't care who owns the desert sands,  
My brief  
Is with the hydrocarbons underneath";

And the sea of battle rages around the ancient tombs  
And mother nature licks her wounds  
And the lonely boys locked in their towers of faith  
Who are nervous in the park when the gates are closed after dark

Ooooh, the lonely boys  
In their towers of faith  
Ooooh, the lonely boys  
Locked in their towers of faith