

Roger Waters, 4.33 AM (Running Shoes)

So I stood by the roadside
The soles of my running shoes gripping the tarmac
Like gunmetal magnets
Fixed on the front of her Fassbinder face
Was the kind of a smile
That only a rather dull child could have drawn
While attempting a graveyard in the moonlight
But she was impressed
You could see that she thought I looked fine
And when she turned sweeter
The reason (between you and me) was
She'd just seen my green Lamborghini

So we went for a spin in the country
To feel the wind in our hair
To feel the power of my engine
To feel the thrill of desire

And then in the trees I heard a twig snap
Warning lights flashed on my map
I opened my eyes and to my surprise