

Roger Waters, 4.50 AM (Go Fishing)

As cars go by I cast my mind's eye
Over back packs on roof racks
Beyond the horizon
Where dream makers
Working white plastic processors
Invite the unwary
To reach for the pie in the sky
Go fishing my boy!

We set out in the spring
With a trunk full of books about everything
About solar devices
And how nice natural childbirth is
We cut down some trees
And we trailed our ideals
Through the forest glade
We dammed up the stream

And the kids cooled their heels
In the fishing pool we'd made
We held hands and we exchanged bands
And we practically lived off the land
You adopted a fox cub
Whose mother was somebody's coat
You fed him by hand
And then snuggled him down
In the grandfather bed while I wrote
We grew our own maize
And I only occasionally went into town
To stock up on antibiotics
And shells for the shotgun that I kept around
I told the kids stories
While you worked your loom
And the sun went down sooner each day.

*Chapter six in which Eeyore has a birthday
And gets two presents
Daddy...come on dad
Eeyore the old grey donkey stood by the side
Of the stream and he looked at himself in the water
"Pathetic" he said, "That's what it is"
"Good morning Eeyore" said Pooh
"Oh" said Pooh, He thought for a long time

The leaves all fell down
Our crops all turned brown
It was over
As the first snowflakes fell
I realised all was not well in the camp
The kids caught bronchitis
The space heater ran out of diesel
One weekend a friend from the East
Rot his soul
Stole your heard
I said "Fuck it then

Take the kids back to town
Maybe I'll see you around"

And so...leaving all our hopes and dreams
To the wind and the rain
Taking only our stash
Left our litter and trash
And set out on the road again

On the road again

Bye Bye Daddy, Bye Daddy
You can bring Pearl she's a darn nice girl
But don't bring Liza