

# Roger Waters, 4.58 AM (Dunroamin, Duncarin, D

Hey kid, you looking for a lift?...Get on up here  
How's it going good buddy?  
I nailed ducks to the wall  
Kept my heart in dark ruins  
I built bungalows all over the hills  
Dunroamin, duncarin, dunlavin  
Took my girl to the country  
To sleep out under the moon  
Next thing she's going crazy  
Women are like that kid  
What the hell can you do?  
She waits for the real Mr. Right to come  
Gently removing her heart  
With his promises of real communication  
I saw a program about that on TV.....  
Who's always picking up the tab  
Who built a bungalow for his mum and dad  
Me.....  
Who took you out to all the shows  
Who worked his fingers to the bone  
Me....  
While you were asleep  
It was me...I did  
I kept you in buttons and bows  
Christ all those clothes  
So you could encourage this creep  
With his neat feet  
And his clean fingernails  
With his wise but twinkling eyes  
He's a rock standing out in an ocean of doubt  
Get movin', get off the road ya Goddam faggot

And compromise  
I'd like to go on with this bit of a song  
Describing this schmuck  
I'd like to go on, but I'm going to throw up  
Not in my righ you don't boy...get the hell out of here