

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