

Roger Waters, Flickering Flame

When my neurons conspire to direct my thoughts
Away from divorce and competitive sports
Back to the place where all rivers run to the sea
Then I shall be free
Yes I shall be free
On a see-saw in a strange land
The jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's hand
And the fiddlers played
And the planners plan what would be
On a back seat in a court room
Sat Molly Malone and Leopold Bloom
Until the police came down with a new broom
And swept them clean
Like Geronimo
Like Quinn the Eskimo
Like the Blackfoot
And like the Arapaho
Like Crazy Horse
I'll be the last one to lay down my gun
On the open road in a bar room
A pick up band plays a new tune
When the coloured girls sing
I feel my heart boom
When a new song hits the right note
When a clearing sky saves an old boat
When an insight strikes the mote
From mine own eye
Like Geronimo
Like Quinn the Eskimo
Like the Blackfoot
And like the Arapaho
Like Crazy Horse
I'll be the last one to lay down my gun
Just out of sight
Beyond the next range
I'll feel the heat of a flickering flame
On an African Plain by a thorn tree
My old friend Philippe is waiting for me
Que cera, cera
What ever will be will be
When a friend dies and the tears rise
From that deep well that never runs dry
And the women break their bracelets
And the men take their whisky outside
In a pied-a-terre on the rue St Denis
The red velvet curtain pulls back to reveal
The place where the dark side meets the angel in me
The angel in me
When my synapses pause in my quest for applause
When my ego lets go of my end of the bone
To focus instead on the love that is precious to me
Then I shall be free
I shall be free