

Roger Waters, Home

Jim: Oh, God!

Californian Weirdo: Sole has no eyes.
Could be Jerusalem, or it could be Cairo
Could be Berlin, or it could be Prague
Could be Moscow, could be New York
Could be Llanelli, and it could be Warrington
Could be Warsaw, and it could be Moose Jaw
Could be Rome
Everybody got somewhere they call home
When they overrun the defences
A minor invasion put down to expenses
Will you go down to the airport lounge
Will you accept your second class status
A nation of waitresses and waiters
Will you mix their martinis
Will you stand still for it
Or will you take to the hills
It could be clay and it could be sand
Could be desert
Could be a tract of arable land
Could be a house, could be a corner shop
Could be a cabin by a bend in the river
Could be something your old man handed down
Could be something you built on your own
Everybody got something he calls home
When the cowboys and Arabs draw down
On each other at noon
In the cool dusty air of the city boardroom
Will you stand by a passive spectator
Of the market dictators
Will you discreetly withdraw
With your ear pressed to the boardroom door
Will you hear when the lion within you roars
Will you take to the hills
Will you stand, will you stand for it
Will you hear, ohhhh! ohhh! when the lion within
you roars
Could be your father and it could be your mother
Could be your sister, could be your brother
Could be a foreigner, could be a Turk
Could be a cyclist out looking for work. Norman
Could be a king, could be the Aga Khan
Could be a Vietnam vet with no arms and no legs
Could be a saint, could be a sinner
Could be a loser or it could be a winner
Could be a banker, could be a baker
Could be a Laker, could be Kareem Abdul Jabar
Could be a male voice choir
Could be a lover, could be a fighter
Could be a super heavyweight, or it could be
something lighter
Could be a cripple, could be a freak
Could be a wop, gook, geek
Could be a cop, could be a thief
Could be a family of ten living in one room on relief
Could be our leaders in their concrete tombs
With their tinned food and their silver spoons
Could be the pilot with God on his side
Could be the kid in the middle of the bomb sight
Could be a fanatic, could be a terrorist
Could be a dentist, could be a psychiatrist
Could be humble, could be proud
Could be a face in the crowd
Could be the soldier in the white cravat

Who turns the key in spite of the fact
That this is the end of the cat and mouse
Who dwelt in the house
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt
The house that Jack built
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt
The house that Jack built
Bang, bang, shoot, shoot
White gloved thumb, Lord thy will be done
He was always a good boy his mother said
He'll do his duty when he's grown, yeah
Everybody's got someone they call home