

# Roger Waters, Late Home Tonight, Part I

Standing at the window  
A farmer's wife in Oxfordshire  
Glances at the clock it's nearly time for tea  
She doesn't see  
The phantom in the hedgerow dip its wings  
Doesn't hear the engine sing  
But in the cockpit's techno glow  
Behind the Ray Ban(R) shine  
The kid from Cleveland  
In the comfort of routine  
Scans his dials and smiles  
Secure in the beauty of military life  
There is no right or wrong  
Only tin cans and cordite and white cliffs  
And blue skies and flight flight flight  
The beauty of military life  
No questions only orders and flight only flight  
What a beautiful sight in his wild blue dream  
The eternal child leafs through his  
War magazine  
And his kind Uncle Sam feeds ten trillion in  
Change into the total entertainment  
Combat video game  
And up here in the stands  
The fans are goin' wild  
The cheerleaders flip  
When you wiggle your hip  
And we all like the bit when you take  
The jeans from the refrigerator and  
Then the bad guy gets hit  
And were you struck by the satisfying  
Way the swimsuit sticks to her skin  
Like BB gun days  
When knives pierce autumn leaves  
But that's okay see the children bleed  
It'll look great on the TV  
And in Tripoli another ordinary wife  
Stares at the dripping her old man hadn't  
Time to fix  
Too busy mixing politics and rhythm  
In the street below