Roger Waters, Nobody Home

[Man1:] " Alright, I'll take care of them part of the time,

but the somebody else that needs

taking care of in Washington."

[Man2:] "Who's that?"

[Man1:] "Rose Pilchitt"

[Man2:] "Rose Pilchitt, who's that?"

(child screams in background --- "Shut Up!")

[Man1:] "36-24-36. Does that answer your question?"

[Man Screaming:] "Oi! I've got a little black book with my poems in!"

[Man2:] "Who's she?"

[Man1:] "She was 'Miss Armoured Division' in 1961...."

Got a little black book with my poems in

Got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb

When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone

I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on

Got those swollen hands blue's

Got thirteen channels of shit on the TV to choose from

I got electric light

And I got second sight

Got amazing powers of observation

And that is how I know

When I try to get through

On the telephone to you

There'll be nobody home

I got the obligatory Hendrix perm

And the inevitable pinhole burns

All down the front of my favorite satin shirt

I got nicotine stains on my fingers

Got a silver spoon on a chain

Got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains

I got wild, staring eyes

And I got a strong urge to fly

But I got nowhere to fly to

Ooooo Babe

When I pick up the phone

[Gomer Pyle:] " Surprise, surprise, surprise...."

There's still nobody home

I got a pair of Gohill's boots

And I got fading roots