

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 blues
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