

Roger Waters, Smell the Roses

There's a mad dog pulling at his chain
A hint of danger in his eye
Alarm bells raging round in his brain
And the chimney's broken th the sky

Wake up
Wake up and smell the roses
Close your eyes And pray
This wind don't change
There's nothing but screams in the field of dreams
Nothing but hope at the end of the road
Nothing but gold in the chimney smoke
Come on honey it's your money

This is the room where they make the explosive
Where the put name on the bomb
Here's where they bury the butts and the ifs
And scratch out words like right and wrong

Wake up
Wake up and smell the phosphorus
This is the room we keep a human heir
Don't ask don't tell it couldn't be lost for us
Yes, little less cash in the stash in the cupboard
At the bottom of the stair
Money, honey

Wake up
Wake up and smell the bacon
Run your greasy fingers through her hair
This is he life that you have taken

Just a line in the captain's log
Just a whine from a resident dog
Another kid didn't make the grade
Come honey it's a fair trade

Wake up
Wake up and smell the roses
Throw a photo on the funeral pyre
Now we can forget the threat she poses
Girl, you know
You couldn't get much higher