

Roger Waters, Too Much Rope

When the sleigh is heavy
And the timber wolves are getting bold
You look at your companions
And test the water of their friendship
With you toe
They significantly edge
Closer to the gold
Each man has his price Bob
And yours was pretty low
History is short the sun just a minor star
The poor man sells his kidneys
In some colonial bazaar
Que sera sera
Is that your new Ferrari car
Nice but I'll think I'll wait for the F50
You don't have to be a Jew
To disapprove of murder
Tears burn my eyes
Moslem or Christians Mullah or Pope
Preacher or poet who was it wrote
Give any one species too much rope
And they'll fuck it up
And last night on TV
A Vietnam vet
Takes his beard and his pain
And his alienation twenty years
Back to Asia again
Sees the monsters they made
In formaldehyde floating 'round
Meets a gook on a bike
A good little tyke
A nice enough guy
With the same soldier's eyes
Tears burn my eyes
What does it mean
This tearjerking scene
Beamed into my home
That it moves me so much
Why all the fuss
It's only two humans being
It's only two humans being
Tears burn my eyes
What does it means
This tender TV
This tearjerking scene
Beamed into my home
You don't have to be a Jew
To disapprove my murder
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