

Roger Waters, Wait for Her

With a glass inlaid with gemstones
On a pool around the evening
Among the perfumed roses
Wait for her

With the patience of a packhorse
Loaded for the mountains
Like a stoic, noble price
Wait for her

With 7 pillows laid on the stair
The scent of woman's incense fills the air
Be calm,
And Wait for her

And do not flush the sparrows
That are nesting in her braids
All along the the barricades
Wait for her

And if she comes soon
Wait for her
And if she comes late
Wait

Let her be still as a summer afternoon
A garden in full bloom

Let her breaths in the air
That is foreign to her heart
Let her lips part
Wait for her

Take her to the balcony
See the moon soaked in milk
Hear the rustle of her silk
Wait for her

Don't let your eyes alight upon the twin doves on her breast
Lest they take flight
Wait for her

And if she comes soon
Wait for her
And if she comes late
Wait

Serve her water before wine
Do not touch her hand
Let your fingertips rest as her command
Speak softly as a flute would to a fearful violin
And as the echo fades from that final fusillade
Remember the promises you made