

# Roger Waters, What God Wants, Part III

Don't be afraid, it's only business  
The alien prophet sighed  
The vulture and the magpie took  
The cash box from its hook  
The monkey in the corner wrote  
The figures in his book  
Crazed the checkout lady's fingers  
Flash across the till  
And the captain posts  
The menu of the day  
And in banks across the world  
Christians Moslems Hindus Jews  
And people of every  
Race creed colour tint or hue  
Get down on their knees and pray  
The racoon and the groundhog  
Neatly make up bags of change  
But the monkey in the corner  
Well he's slowly drifting out of range  
Christ is freezing inside  
The veterans cries  
The hyenas break cover  
And stream through the meadow  
And the fog rolls in  
Through his bottle of gin  
So he picks up a stone  
That looks like a bone  
And the bullets fly  
And the rivers run dry  
And the fat girls sigh  
And the network anchor persons lie  
And the soldier's alone  
In the video zone  
But the monkey's not watching  
He's slipped out to the kitchen  
To pile the dishes  
And answer the phone