

Pink

"The Fletcher Memorial Home"

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Take all your overgrown infants away somewhere
And build them a home
A little place of their own
The fletcher memorial
Home for incurable tyrants and kings
And they can appear to themselves every day
On closed circuit TV
To make sure they're still real
It's the only connection they feel

Ladies and gentlemen
Please welcome
Reagan and Haig
Mr. Begin and friend
Mrs. Thatcher and Paisley
[Man:] "Hello Maggie."
Mr. Brezhnev and party
[Man:] (can't tell)
The ghost of McCarthy
And the memories of Nixon
And now adding colour
[Man:] "Who's the bald chap?"
A group of anonymous latin
American meat packing glitterati

Did they expect us to treat them with any respect?

They can polish their medals
And sharpen their smiles
And amuse themselves
Playing games for a while
Boom, boom
Bang, bang
Lie down you're dead

Safe in the permanent gaze of a cold glass eye
Their favourite toy
They'll be good girls and boys
In the fletcher memorial home for colonial
Wasters of life and limb
Is everyone in?

Are you having a nice time?
[Man:] "??good day??"
Now the final solution can be applied

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