

Roger Waters

"4:58 Am"

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Trucker: "Hey kid, you looking for a lift? Get on up here
How's it going good buddy?"

I nailed ducks to the wall
Kept my heart in dark ruins
I built bungalows all over the hills
Dunroamin, Duncarin, Dunlavin
Took my girl to the country
To sleep out under the moon
Next thing she's going crazy

Trucker: "Women are like that kid
What the hell can you do?"

She waits for the real Mr. Right to come
Gently removing her heart
With his promises of real communication

Trucker: "I saw a program about that on TV..."

Who's always picking up the tab?
Who built a bungalow for his mum and dad?
Me.....
Who took you out to all the shows?
Who worked his fingers to the bone?
Me....
While you were asleep

Jade: "It was me...I did"

I kept you in buttons and bows

Jade: "Christ all those clothes"

So you could encourage this creep

Hick: "With that program
I bet some son of a bitch made a million dollars"

With his neat feet

And his clean fingernails
With his wise but twinkling eyes
He's a rock standing out in an ocean of doubt

Trucker: "Get movin', get off the road ya Goddamn
faggot"

And compromise
I'd like to go on with this bit of a song
Describing this schmuck
I'd like to go on, but I'm going to throw up

Trucker: "Not in my rig you don't boy...get the hell out
of here"

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