

Roger Waters

"4.41 Am (sexual Revolution)"

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Hey...girl
Take out the dagger
And let's have a stab at the sexual revolution
Hey girl
Let freedom for all be our rallying call
Tomorrow lets make...our new revolution
Yeah, but tonight lie still
While I plunder your sweet grave
And remember
Only the poor can be saved

Hey girl
As I've always said I prefer your lips red
Not what the good Lord made
But what he intended
Hey girl
Don't point the finger at me
I am only a rat in a maze like you
And only the dead go free
So...please hold my hand
As we blunder through the maze
And remember
Nothing can grow without rain

Don't point
Don't point your finger at me
I awoke in a fever
The bedclothes were all soaked in sweat
She said "You've been having a nightmare
And it's not over yet"
Then she picked up the doggy in the window
The one with the waggly tail
And she put him to bed between two bits of bread

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