

Roger Waters

"5:06 Am"

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Waitress: "Hello...you wanna cup of coffee?"

Customers: "Heh, turn that fucking juke box down

You want to turn down that juke box...

loud in here"

Waitress: "I'm sorry, would you like a cup of coffee?"

Ok, you take cream and sugar?"

In truck stops and hamburger joints

In Cadillac limousines

In the company of has-beens

And bent-backs and sleeping forms

On pavement steps

In libraries and railway stations

In books and banks

In the pages of history

In suicidal cavalry attacks

I recognize

Myself in every stranger's eyes

And in wheelchairs by monuments

Under tube trains and computer accidents

In council cars and county courts

At Easter fairs and sea side resorts

In drawing rooms and city morgues

In award winning photographs

Of life rafts in the China seas

In transit camps under arc lamps

On unloading ramps

In faces blurred by rubber stamps

I recognize

Myself in every strangers's eyes

And now from where I stand

Upon this hill I plundered from the pool

I look around, I search the skies

I shade my eyes, so nearly blind

And I see signs of half remembered days

I hear bells that chime in strange familiar ways

I recognize

The hope you kindle in your eyes

It's oh so easy now
As we lie here in the dark
Nothing interferes it's obvious
How to beat the tears
That threaten to snuff out
The spark of our love

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