

Roger Waters

"Dunroamin, Duncarin, Dunlivin"

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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 over the hills
Dunroamin, duncarin, dunlivin
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, heh"
Who's always picking up the tab
Who built a bungalow for his momma 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 Goddam
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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