

## **Roger Waters**

# **"Flickering Flame"**

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When my neurons conspire to direct my thoughts  
Away from divorce and competitive sports  
Back to the place where all rivers run to the sea  
Then I shall be free  
Yes I shall be free

On a see-saw in a strange land  
The jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's hand  
And the fiddlers played  
And the planners plan what would be  
On a back seat in a court room  
Sat Molly Malone and Leopold Bloom  
Until the police came down with a new broom  
And swept them clean

Like Geronimo  
Like Quinn the Eskimo  
Like the Blackfoot  
And like the Arapaho  
Like Crazy Horse  
I'll be the last one to lay down my gun

On the open road in a bar room  
A pick up band plays a new tune  
When the coloured girls sing  
I feel my heart boom  
When a new song hits the right note  
When a clearing sky saves an old boat  
When an insight strikes the mote  
From mine own eye

Like Geronimo  
Like Quinn the Eskimo  
Like the Blackfoot

And like the Arapaho  
Like Crazy Horse  
I'll be the last one to lay down my gun

Just out of sight  
Beyond the next range  
I'll feel the heat of a flickering flame

On an African Plain by a thorn tree  
My old friend Philippe is waiting for me  
Que cera, cera  
What ever will be will be  
When a friend dies and the tears rise  
From that deep well that never runs dry  
And the women break their bracelets  
And the men take their whisky outside

In a pied-a-terre on the rue St Denis  
The red velvet curtain pulls back to reveal  
The place where the dark side meets the angel in me  
The angel in me

When my synapses pause in my quest for applause  
When my ego lets go of my end of the bone  
To focus instead on the love that is precious to me  
Then I shall be free  
I shall be free

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