

Roger Waters "Four Minutes"

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Billy: Four minutes and counting.

Jim: O.K.

Billy: They pressed the button, Jim.

Jim: They pressed the button Billy, what button?

Billy: The big red one.

Jim: You mean t_h_e button?

Billy: Goodbye, Jim.

Jim: Goodbye! Oh yes. This ain't au revoir, it's goodbye! Ha! Ha!

Jim: This is KAOS. It's a beautiful, balmy, Southern California

summer day, It's 80 degrees ... I said balmy ... I could say bomby

... Ha! Ha!...O.K. I'm Jim and this is Radio KAOS and with only

four minutes left to us, let's use this as wisely as possible.

Molly: Everybody got someone they call home.

Jim: Out a Dodger Stadium.

It's the bottom of the seventh, the Dodgers are leading three to

nothing over the Giants, and for those of you who are looking to go

surfing tomorrow, too bad.

'Phone rings.

Jim: I'm kinda lost in here to tell you the truth ...

O.K. good. Ladies and gentlemen, if the reports that we are getting

are correct, this could be it. Billy, if you're listening to me,

please call now.

After a near miss on the plane

You swear you'll never fly again

After the first kiss when you make up

You swear you'll never break up again

And when you've just run a red light

Sit shaking under the street light

You swear to yourself you'll never drink and drive again

Sometimes I feel like going home

You swear you'll let things go by again.

Sometimes I miss the rain and the show
And you'll never toe the party line again
And when the east wind blows
Sometimes I feel like going home

Jim: Billy, if you're listening, please call.
Californian Weirdo: Sole has no eyes.
Molly: Goodbye little spy in the sky
The say that cameras don't lie.
Am I happy, am I sad, am I good, am I bad?

Jim: Billy, if you're listening, please call.
Californian Weirdo: Sole has no eyes, sole has no eyes
Billy: Ten, nine, eight, seven
Margaret Thatcher: Our own independent nuclear
deterrent has helped
to keep the peace.
Billy: Six, five, four, three,
Ordinary Person: ...you've got a job...
Billy: Two, one
Margaret Thatcher: For nearly forty years
Jim: Goodbye, Billy.

THE TIDE IS TURNING (After Live Aid)

I used to think the world was flat
Rarely threw my hat into the crowd
I felt I had used up my quota of yearning
Used to look in on the children at night
In the glow of their Donald Duck light
And frighten myself with the thought of my little ones
burning
But oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning
The tide is turning

Satellite buzzing through the endless night
Exclusive to moonshots and world little fights
Jesus Christ imagine what it must be earning
Who is the strongest, who is the best
Who holds the aces, the East or the West
This is the crap our children are learning
But oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning
The tide is turning
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning

Now the satellite's confused
'Cos on Saturday night
The airwaves were full of compassion and light
And his silicon heart warmed
To the sight of a billion candles burning
Oo, oo, oo, the tide is turning

Oo, oo, oo, the tide is turning
the tide is turning Billy

I'm not saying that the battle is won
But on Saturday night all those kids in the sun
Wrested technology's sword from the hand of the War
Lords
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning
The tide is turning Sylvester

The tide is turning.

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