Roger Waters "Late Home Tonight, Part 1"

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Standing at the window

A farmer's wife in Oxfordshire

Glances all the clock it's nearly time for tea

She doesn't see

The phantom in the hedgerow dip its wings

Doesn't hear the engine sing

But the cockpit's techno glow

Behind the Ray Ban (R) shine

The kid from Cleveland

In the comfort of routine

Scans his dials and smiles

Secure in the beauty of military life

There is no right or wrong

Only tin cans and cordite and white cliffs

And blue skies and flight flight flight

The beauty of military life

No questions only orders and flight only flight

What a beautiful sight in his wild blue dream

The eternal child leafs through his

War magazine

And his kind Uncle Sam feeds ten trillion in

Change into the total entertainment

Combat video game

And up here in the stands

The fans are goin' wild

The cheerleaders flip

When you wiggle your hip

And we all like the bit when you take

The jeans from the refrigerator and

The the bad guy gets hit

And were you struck by the satisfying

Way the swimsuit sticks to her skin

Like BB gun days

When knives pierce autumn leaves

But that's okay see the children bleed

It'll look great on the TV

And in Tripoli another ordinary wife

Stares at the dripping tap her old man hadn't

Time to fix

Too busy mixing politics and rhythm

In the street below

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