

## Roger Waters "Nobody Home"

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[Man1:] "Alright, I'll take care of them part of the time,  
But the somebody else that needs  
Taking care of in Washington."

[Man2:] "Who's that?"

[Man1:] "Rose Pilchitt"

[Man2:] "Rose Pilchitt, who's that?"

(child screams in background --- "Shut Up!")

[Man1:] "36-24-36. Does that answer your question?"

[Man Screaming:] "Oi! I've got a little black book with  
my poems in!"

[Man2:] "Who's she?"

[Man1:] "She was 'Miss Armoured Division' in 1961...."

Got a little black book with my poems in  
Got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb  
When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone  
I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on  
Got those swollen hands blues  
Got thirteen channels of shit on the TV to choose from  
I got electric light  
And I got second sight  
Got amazing powers of observation  
And that is how I know  
When I try to get through  
On the telephone to you  
There'll be nobody home

I got the obligatory Hendrix perm  
And the inevitable pinhole burns  
All down the front of my favorite satin shirt  
I got nicotine stains on my fingers  
Got a silver spoon on a chain  
Got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains  
I got wild, staring eyes  
And I got a strong urge to fly  
But I got nowhere to fly to  
Ooooo Babe  
When I pick up the phone  
[Gomer Pyle:] "Surprise, surprise, surprise...."  
There's still nobody home

I got a pair of Gohill's boots

And I got fading roots

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