

# Roger Waters - Flickering Flame

---

Flickering Flame 13th May 2002

Flickering Flame (Live)" (Waters)

---

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 bloom.

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 draws 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.



