

# Roger Waters - Flickering Flame

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Flickering Flame 13th May 2002

5.06am Every Strangers Eyes" (Waters)

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Hello...you wanna cup of coffee?  
I'm sorry, would you like a cup of coffee?  
Ok you take cream and sugar?"

Sure" .

In truck stops, and hamburger joints,  
In Cadillac limousines  
In the company of has-beens,  
And bent-backs and sleeping forms  
On pavement steps.  
In libraries and railway stations,  
In books and banks,  
In the pages of history,  
In suicidal cavalry attacks,  
I recognise...  
Myself in every stranger's eyes.

And in wheelchairs by monuments,  
Under tube trains, and commuter accidents.  
In council care and county courts,  
At Easter fairs and sea-side resorts,  
In drawing rooms and city morgues,  
In award winning photographs,  
Of life rafts in the China seas,  
In transit camps, under arc lamps,  
On unloading ramps,  
In faces blurred by rubber stamps,  
I recognise...  
Myself in every stranger's eyes.

And now, from where I stand,  
Upon this hill, I plundered from the pool,  
I look around, I search the skies,  
I shade my eyes, so nearly blind.  
And I see signs, of half remembered days,  
I hear bells that chime, in strange familiar ways.  
I recognise...  
The hope you kindle in your eyes.

It's oh, so easy now,  
As we lie here, in the dark.

Nothing interferes, it's obvious,  
How to beat the tears,  
That threaten to snuff out,  
The spark of our love.

