

Roger Waters - Radio K.A.O.S.

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“ Home” (Waters)

(Jim): "Oh, God!"

(Californian Weirdo): "Sole has no eyes".

Could be Jerusalem, or it could be Cairo,
Could be Berlin, or it could be Prague.
Could be Moscow, could be New York,
Could be Llanelli, and it could be Warrington,
Could be Warsaw, and it could be Moose Jaw,
Could be Rome.
Everybody got somewhere they call home.

When they overrun the defences,
A minor invasion put down to expenses,
Will you go down, to the airport lounge?

Will you accept your second class status?
A nation of waitresses and waiters,
Will you mix their martinis?
Will you stand still for it?
Or will you take to the hills?

It could be clay and it could be sand,
Could be desert.
Could be a tract of arable land.
Could be a house, could be a corner shop,
Could be a cabin by a bend in the river,
Could be something your old man handed down,
Could be something you built on your own,
Everybody got something he calls home.

When the cowboys and Arabs draw down,
On each other at noon,
In the cool dusty air of the city boardroom,
Will you stand by a passive spectator,
Of the market dictators?

Will you discreetly withdraw,
With your ear pressed to the boardroom door?
Will you hear when the lion within you roars?
Will you take to the hills?

Oohhhh! oohhh!
Will you stand, will you stand for it
Will you hear, ohhhh! ohhh!
When the lion within you roars.

Could be your father and it could be your mother,
Could be your sister, could be your brother.
Could be a fireman, could be a Turk.
Could be a some man out looking for work.
Could be a King, could be the Aga Khan,
Could be a Vietnam vet with no arms and no legs.
Could be a Saint, could be a sinner,
Could be a loser or it could be a winner.
Could be a banker, could be a baker,
Could be a Laker, could be Kareem Abdul Jabar,
Could be a male voice choir,
Could be a lover, could be a fighter,
Could be a super heavyweight, or it could be something lighter.
Could be a cripple, could be a freak,
Could be a wop, gook, geek,
Could be a cop, could be a thief.
Could be a family of ten living in one room on relief,
Could be our leaders in their concrete tombs,
With their tinned food and their silver spoons.
Could be the pilot with God on his side,
Could be the kid in the middle of the bomb site.
Could be a fanatic, could be a terrorist,
Could be a dentist, could be a psychiatrist.
Could be humble, could be proud,
Could be a face in the crowd.
Could be the soldier in the white cravat,
Who turns the key in spite of the fact,
That this is the end of the cat and mouse,
Who dwelt in the house,
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt.
The house that Jack built.
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt.
The house that Jack built.
Bang, bang, shoot, shoot,
White gloved thumb, Lord thy will be done.
He was always a good boy his mother said,
He'll do his duty when he's grown, yeah,
Everybody's got someone they call home.

