

Roger Waters - Amused To Death

Amused To Death 7th September 1992

"The Bravery Of Being Out Of Range" (Waters)

You have a natural tendency
To squeeze off a shot,
You're good fun at parties,
You wear the right masks,
You're old but you still,
Like a laugh in the locker room.
You can't abide change,
You're at home on the range.

You opened your suitcase,
Behind the old workings,
To show off the magnum,
You deafened the canyon,
A comfort a friend.
Only upstaged in the end,
By the Uzi machine gun.
Does the recoil remind you,
Remind you of sex.

Old man what the hell you gonna kill next?
Old timer who you gonna kill next?

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Saw a U.S. Marine in a pile of debris.
I swam in your pools,
And lay under your palm trees,
I looked in the eyes of the Indian,
Who lay on the Federal Building steps.
And through the range finder over the hill,
I saw the front line boys popping their pills,
Sick of the mess they find,
On their desert stage,
And the bravery of being out of range.
Yeah the question is vexed.

Old man, what the hell you gonna kill next?
Old timer, who you gonna kill next?

Hey bartender over here,
Two more shots,
And two more beers.
Sir, turn up the TV sound,
The war has started on the ground.
Just love those laser guided bombs,
They're really great,
For righting wrongs.
You hit the target,

And win the game,
From bars 3,000 miles away,
3,000 miles away,
We play the game,
With the bravery of being out of range.
We zap and maim,
With the bravery of being out of range.
We strafe the train,
With the bravery of being out of range.
We gain terrain,
With the bravery of being out of range.

We play the game,
With the bravery of being out of range
We play the game
With the bravery of being out of range.

