

Roger Waters - Amused To Death

Amused To Death 7th September 1992

“Late Home Tonight Part 1” (Waters)

Standing at the window,
A farmer's wife in Oxford shire,
Glances at the clock; it's nearly time for tea,
She doesn't see,
The phantom in the hedgerow dip its wings,
Doesn't hear the engine sing.

But in the cockpit's techno glow,
Behind the Ray Ban shine.
The kid from Cleveland,
In the comfort of routine,
Scans his dials and smiles.
Secure in the beauty of military life,

There is no right, no wrong,
Only tin cans and cordite and white cliffs,
And blue skies and flight, flight, flight.
The beauty of military life,
No questions, only orders and flight, only flight

What a beautiful sight in his wild blue dream,
The eternal child leafs through his war magazines.
And his kind Uncle Sam feeds ten trillion in change,
Into the total entertainment combat video game.

And up here in the stands,
The fans are going wild,
As the cheerleaders flip,
When you wiggle your hip.
And we all like the bit when you take
The jeans from the refrigerator and
Then the bad guy gets hit.

And were you struck by the satisfying way
The swimsuit sticks to her skin,
Like BB gun days,
When knives pierce autumn leaves,
But that's okay, see the children bleed
It'll look great on the TV.

And in Tripoli, another ordinary wife,
Stares at the dripping tap her old man hadn't time to fix,
Too busy mixing politics and rhythm,
In the street below.

