

# Roger Waters - Amused To Death

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Amused To Death 7th September 1992

“Too Much Rope” (Waters)

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When the sleigh is heavy,  
And the timber wolves are getting bold,  
You look at you companions  
And test the water of their friendship,  
With your toe.

They significantly edge,  
Closer to the gold,  
Each man has his price Bob,  
And yours was pretty low.

Now history is short the sun is just a minor star,  
The poor man sells his kidneys  
In some colonial bazaar.  
Ce sera sera  
Is that your new Ferrari car?  
Nice, but I think I'll wait for the F50.

You don't have to be a Jew,  
To disapprove of murder.  
Tears burn our eyes.  
Moslem or Christian, Mullah or Pope,  
Preacher or poet who was it wrote,  
Give any one species too much rope,  
And they'll fuck it up?

And last night on TV,  
A Vietnam vet  
Takes his beard and his pain,  
And his alienation twenty years,  
Back to Asia again.  
Sees the monsters they made,  
In formaldehyde floating 'round.  
Meets a gook on a bike,  
A good little tyke,  
With the same soldier's eyes.

What does it mean,  
This tear jerking scene,  
Beamed into my home?  
That it moves me so much.  
Why all the fuss?  
It's only two humans being?

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Tears burn in my eyes,  
What does it mean,  
This tender TV,  
This tear jerking scene,  
Beamed into my home?  
And you don't have to be a Jew  
To disapprove of murder.  
Tears burn my eyes.  
Moslem or Christian, Mullah or Pope,  
Preacher or poet who was it wrote,  
Give any one species too much rope  
And they'll fuck it up?

