

Roger Waters - Amused To Death

Amused To Death 7th September 1992

"Perfect Sense Part 1" (Waters)

The monkey sat on a pile of stone,
And he stared at the broken bone in his hand,
Strains of a Viennese quartet rang out across the land.

The monkey looked up at the stars,
And he thought to himself,
Memory is a stranger,
History is for fools,
And he cleaned his hands in a pool of holy writing,
Turned his back on the garden and set out for the nearest town.

Hold on hold on soldier.
When you add it all up,
The tears and the marrowbone.
There's an ounce of gold,
And an ounce of pride in each ledger.
And the Germans kill the Jews,
And the Jews kill the Arabs,
And the Arabs kill the hostages,
And that is the news.
And is it any wonder that the monkey's confused?

He said Mama Mama, the President's a fool.
Why do I have to keep reading these technical manuals?
And the joint chiefs of staff,
And the brokers on Wall Street said,
Don't make us laugh, you're a smart kid,
Time is linear.
Memory's a stranger,
History's for fools,
Man is a tool in the hands,
Of the great God Almighty.

And they gave him command of a nuclear submarine
Sent him back in search of the Garden of Eden.

