

Roger Waters - Incarceration Of A Flower Child

Incarceration Of A Flower Child

“ Incarceration Of A Flower Child” (Waters)

A Roger Waters song written in 1968, and never recorded by Pink Floyd. The song was eventually recorded by Marianne Faithfull on her 1999 album Vagabond Ways.

Do you remember me?
How it used to be?
Helpless, and happy and blind.
Sunk without hope,
In a haze of good dope,
And cheap wine.

Laying on the living room floor,
On those Indian tapestry cushions you made.
Thinking of calling, our first born Jasmine or Jade.
Don't do it!
Don't do it!
Don't do it!
Don't do it to me.

Don't think about it!
Don't think about it!
Don't think about it!
Don't think about what it might be.

Don't get up to open the door,
Just stay with me here on the floor.
It's gonna get cold by the 1970s.

You wouldn't listen,
You thought you knew better,
You'll just have to speak to that man.
Please believe me,
I'll visit whenever I can.

Laying in your little white room,
With no windows,
And three square sedations a day.
You plead with the doctor,
Who's running the show,
Please Don't take Jasmine away,
And leave me alone.

Don't do it!
Don't do it!
Don't do it!
Don't do it to me.

Don't think about it!
Don't think about it!
Don't think about it!
Don't think about what it might be.

Don't get up to open the door,
Just stay with me here on the floor,
It's gonna get cold in the 1970s.

Do you remember me?
How we used to be?
Helpless, and happy and blind.
Sunk without hope,
In a haze of good dope,
And cheap wine.

And there in your little white room,
With no windows,
And three square sedations a day,
You plead with the doctor,
Who's running the show,
Please Don't take Jasmine away,
And leave me alone.

