

Roger Waters - When The Wind Blows

When The Wind Blows 30th October 1986
Folded Flags" (Waters)

Rock a bye baby,
On the tree top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock.

Oh babe, hate to see you fall that way,
Better speak to the powers that be today.

Hey Joe, where you goin',
With that gun in your hand?
You can take your revenge,
But you'll still feel bad.
There must be more to life than lucky strikes,
And some unlucky ones.
And folded flags and pipes,
And drums.

I stood in the wings with you,
Our lives in the hands of a second-rate actor,
Holding the high ground,
Of some old stage,
Oh babe, how do these jaded stars get so far away?
Will they catch what the moral had to say
Hey Joe, where you goin',
With that dogma in your head?
You can prove your point,
But your kids will still be dead.
Bring down the curtain,
This soap opera must surely close,
Before the cold wind blows.

Hey Joe, where you going,
With that gun in your hand?
You can take your revenge,
But you'll still feel bad.
Bring down the curtain,
This show must close,
Before the cold wind blows.

So rock a bye baby,
On the tree top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock.

There must be more to life than lucky strikes,
And some unlucky ones,
And folded flags and pipes,
And drums.

