

# The Final Cut

Pink Floyd

Through the fish eyed lens of tear stained eyes  
I can barely define the shape of this moment in time  
And far from flying high in clear blue skies  
I'm spiralling down to the hole in the ground where I hide  
If you negotiate the minefield in the drive  
and beat the dogs and cheat the cold electronic eyes  
and if you make it past the shotgun in the hall  
dial the combination. open the priesthole  
and if I'm in I'll tell you what's behind the wall  
there's a kid who had a big hallucination  
making love to girls in magazines  
he wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith  
could anybody love him  
or is it just a crazy dream  
and if I show you my dark side  
will you still hold me tonight  
and if I open my heart to you  
and show you my weak side  
what would you do  
would you sell your story to rolling stone  
would you take the children away  
and leave me alone  
and smile in reassurance  
as you whisper down the phone  
would you send me packing  
or would you take me home  
thought I oughta bare my naked feelings  
thought I oughta tear the curtain down  
I held the blade in trembling hands  
prepared to make it but just then the phone rang  
I never had the nerve to make the final cut