

The Piper's Call

David Gilmour

Take these binds everlasting
Can't undo the voodoo that you do
And the knots that we fasten
Will not work themselves loose

Whatever it takes
Steer clear of the snakes

The road to hell is paved with gold, they'll tell you
All the things that you don't need, they'll sell you

Your conscience uncontrolled
And beauty to behold
The promise of eternal youth
The spoils of fame, a carpe diem attitude

The flames are high, the piper's call, contagious
A fixer who will numb your pain, and strangeness

The wheels are hot, the hangover outrageous
This dealer—he will trade your soul for favours

But you'll reap what you sow
As I found long ago
The promise of eternal youth
The spoils of fame, a carpe diem attitude