

4:33 AM (Running Shoes)

Roger Waters

So I stood by the roadside
The soles of my running shoes gripping the tarmac
Like gunmetal magnets
Fixed on the front of her Fassbinder face
Was the kind of a smile
That only a rather dull child could have drawn
While attempting a graveyard in the moonlight
But she was impressed
You could see that she thought I looked fine
And when she turned sweeter
The reason (between you and me) was
She'd just seen my green Lamborghini

So we went for a spin in the country
To feel the wind in our hair
To feel the power of my engine
To feel the thrill of desire

And then in the trees I heard a twig snap
Warning lights flashed on my map
I opened my eyes and to my surprise
There were Arabs with knives at the front of the bed
Right at the front of the bed

Oh my God, how did they get in here
I thought we were safe home in England
She said,
come on now kid, it was wrong what you did
You've got to admit it was wrong what you did
You've got to admit it was wrong
"Oh god...Jesus..."