

Crystal Clear Brooks

Roger Waters

When the time comes
And the last day dawns
And the air of the piper warms
The high crags of the old country
When the holy writ blows
Like burned paper away
And wise men concede
That there's more than one way

More than one path
More than one book
More than one fisherman
More than one hook

When the cats have all been skinned
And the fish have been hooked
When the masters of war
Are our masters no more

When old friends take their whiskey
Outside on the porch
Raise a glass to our comrades
Who carried their torches
We will have done well
If we're able to say
As the sun settles down
On that final day
That we never gave in
That we did all we could
So the kids could go fishing
In crystal clear brooks

That we never gave in
That we did all we could
So the kids could go fishing
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