

In Paris There's A Rumble Under The Ground

Roger Waters

In Paris there's a rumble under the ground
It's the sound of the printing press
And like a volcano when it blows
It spews out ideas like confetti, like snow

Read all about it!
Hold the front page!
The street's a theatre
Each café...

A stage!

But under every café awning
There appears this papal warning

His Holiness the Pope, I fear
Believes the Rights of Man to be a bad idea

The pope does not want the rights of Man

The pope does not want the rights of Man

He finds them too profane

He finds them too profane

When a man bites the apple

When a man bites the apple

He gets a taste for liberty

He gets a taste for liberty

He gets... a taste of liberty

He gets... a taste of liberty

The Pope declares that it's a sin

The pope declares that it's a sin

So let us raid the apple tree
Although the Pope does not agree
He blesses us with sleight of hand
He doesn't want the Rights of Man

The Pope declares that it's a sin

The Pope declares that it's a sin

The Pope declares that it's... a sin
People are sharing the apples
The Pope says Bless You but it's still a sin

The Pope says Bless You but it's still a sin

The Pope gives his blessing with sleight of hand

The Pope gives his blessing with sleight of hand

He doesn't want the

Rights... of Man

The Pope declares that it's a sin

The Pope declares that it's a sin

But the Pop can change his mind like that

Like trying on a different hat

Turning on the stars above and politics and God and love

Turning like an apple that shrivels on the sand

And when the core is rotten

No one tastes the Rights of Man

You never taste the Rights of Man...

He does not want the Rights of Man

The Pope does not want the Rights of Man

He's made his stand

He washes his hands

The Pope does not... want the Rights of Man

Nothing but a prayer to hope for

Nothing but a little wine to dream

Nothing for this hunger but a handful of grain

The horizon always the same

Rooted in this earth

Like our parents dead and gone

Like the trees which are our emblem

The horizon just goes on and on

We'll change it with a forest

The olive and the oak tree

Will be our flags