

Slavers, Landlords, Bigots At Your Door

Roger Waters

Slaves, Landlords, Bigots at your door
Aristocrats, Democrats, survivors of the North American war
Some with heart, some without hate
Some with faith in the human race
And so the loan sharks
Selling dreams in honeyed tones like skylarks
And rats who speak like cats of sacred rights
The sacred rights of the family

And all those brave souls both brave enough and crazy enough
To spill their blood for truth alone
That one or two ideas survive, always survive
Writ in blood on paving stones

Writ in blood

On paving stones

And the noble class who rule
Having been to all the best schools
Have thought it through and are good enough
To explain what is best for us
It came to them in a dream
In a blinding flash of light
Equality, fraternity and not just in the afterlife
And they promise us reading
And they promise us reading

If we kneel before the King
If we kneel before the King

So this is the State of France

And on the street corners
The broadsheets all carry the usual story
A people dying to believe in some benign authority
To lead them down a road that's paved with glory
To lead them down a road that's paved with glory