

Speak to Me

Roger Waters

The memories of a man in his old age
Are the deeds of a man in his prime
You shuffle in gloom of the sickroom
And talk to yourself as you die

For life is a short, warm moment
And death is a long cold rest
You get your chance to try in the twinkling of an eye:
Eighty years, with luck, or even less

So all aboard for the American tour
And maybe you'll make it to the top
But mind how you go, and I can tell you, 'cause I know
You may find it hard to get off