

The Bar

Roger Waters

Does everybody in the bar feel pain?
Yeah, sure they do
Does everybody in the bar a little maimed?
Yeah, both me and you
We traded in the family farm for snake-oil
Bought into the carpetbagger's lies
Now we're hanging on this cross
With these feelings of loss
Just watching the liberty boat sail on by

Does everybody in the bar feel shame?
Lord knows, I do
I guess we all feel pretty much the same
Kind of wore out by this crazy fucking zoo
The smell of napalm, with cornflakes
The chafe of killing everything that breathes
Imposing sanctions on the lady down the street
'Til she takes the hint, and packs her bags, and leaves

Come on in here, sister, and sit a spell
You are most welcome in the bar
We may seem few, but we are many
Have you been traveling far?
The girl who brought you in here is Lakota
From Standing Rock, where they made their stand
So from Fort Yates, North Dakota
Here's a message for the man
Would you kindly get the fuck off our land?

You are my sad eyed lady
Come lay across my big brass bed
Maybe it is we who have been chosen, you and me
To point out - This don't make no fuckin' sense
How many cannonballs must fly, Bob?
How long and winding is the road?
How many children pulling on how many mother's sleeves?
Saying, look ma, the man ain't got no fucking clothes

When I was born my brother used to sit
On my daddy's lap when he was home on leave
Daddy'd smoke a cigarette
And sometimes as a jest
He'd blow smoke-rings up my big brother's sleeve
More fire daddy, my big brother would shout
At least that's how the story has survived
I was mercifully spared
The memories that they shared
Cause I was only five months old when daddy died

Gonna call up a friend in Australia
And order in some bush tucker snacks
And dance here with you to the didgeridoo
And listen while you sing me all the maps
Is that a foghorn in the distance
Are we heading for the rocks
Come sit here by the fireside and hold me in your arms
And tell me, how was life before the cops