

# 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