

# The Bravery of Being Out of Range

Roger Waters

You have a natural tendency  
To squeeze off a shot  
You're good fun at parties  
You wear the right masks  
You're old but you still  
Like a laugh in the locker room  
You can't abide change  
And you're home on the range  
You opened the suitcase  
Behind the old workings  
To show off the magnum  
You deafened the canyon  
A comfort a friend  
Only upstaged in the end  
By the Uzi machine gun  
Does the recoil remind you  
Remind you of sex  
Old man what the hell you gonna kill next  
Old timer, who you gonna kill next

I looked over Jordan and what did I see  
Saw a U.S. Marine in a pile of debris  
I swam in your pools  
And lay under your palm trees  
I looked in the eyes of the Indian  
Who lay on the Federal Building steps  
And through the range finder over the hill  
I saw the front line boys popping their pills  
Sick of the mess they find on their desert stage  
And the bravery of being out of range  
Yeah the question is vexed  
Old man what the hell you gonna kill next  
Old timer who you gonna kill next

Hey bartender, over here  
Two more shots  
And two more beers  
Sir, turn up the TV sound  
The war has started on the ground  
Just love those laser guided bombs  
They're really great for righting wrongs  
You hit the target, win the game  
From bars 3,000 miles away  
3,000 miles away  
We play the game  
With the bravery of being out of range  
We zap and maim  
With the bravery of being out of range  
We strafe the train  
With the bravery of being out of range  
We gain terrain  
With the bravery of being out of range  
We play the game  
With the bravery of being out of range