

The Fugitive King

Roger Waters

And high above,
Homing in the restless sky,
Rooks, melancholy, proclaim a schism between
God, sacred, and the Crown, profane
Between the heavens and the King
The dark horizon cracks a crooked grin,
Admitting one small grain of change
Then two, then four, then bit by bit,
Then tock by tick
All the old presumptions hove in rings

The King is afraid that his kingdom is slipping away

The Queen pines for the good times at Versailles

He works on his locks to the sound of the ticking of clocks

The children play in a garden that's ringed with steel

They wanted to visit St. Cloud to be able to

Breathe in the air

The National Guard forbad them to leave