

Too Much Rope

Roger Waters

When the sleigh is heavy
And the timber wolves are getting bold
You look at your companions
And test the water of their friendship with your toe
And they significantly edge
Closer to the gold
Each man has his price Bob
And yours was pretty low
Now history is short
The sun is just a minor star
The poor man sells his kidneys in some colonial bazaar
Que sera sera
Is that your new Ferrari car
Nice, but I think I'll wait for the F50

You don't have to be a Jew
To disapprove of murder
Tears burn my eyes
Moslem or Christian, Mullah or Pope
Preacher or poet, who was it wrote
Give any one species too much rope
And they'll fuck it up

And last night on TV
A Vietnam vet takes his beard and his pain
And his alienation twenty years
Back to Asia again
Sees the monsters they made
In formaldehyde floating 'round
Meets a gook on a bike
A good little tyke
With the same soldier's eyes

What does it mean
This tearjerking scene
Beamed into my home
That it moves me so much
Why all the fuss
It's only two humans being
It's only two humans being
Tears burn in my eyes
What does it mean
This tender TV
This tearjerking scene beamed into my home
And you don't have to be a Jew
To disapprove of murder
Tears burn my eyes
Moslem or Christian, Mullah or Pope
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Give any one species too much rope
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