

# Roger Waters - Flickering Flame

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Flickering Flame 13th May 2002

Towers Of Faith" (Waters)

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Ooooh, the lonely boys,  
In their towers of faith,  
Ooooh, the lonely boys,  
Locked in their towers of faith.

The prophet reclined  
On the Golan Heights.

Ohhh, the lonely boys.

He said, this land is my land  
To the Shiites.

Ooooh, the lonely boys.

And Jehovah looked up from the sea of Galilee beneath,  
He said, I see you, you thief.

This land is my land,  
And this sand is my sand,  
And this band is my band.  
Oh the lonely boys,  
Lookin' over their shoulder,  
Checkin out every boulder, in the park,  
Where the gates are closed from hate  
After dark.

And the Pope rolled up in his armoured van.  
He fell on his knees and kissed the land.  
He said something that I did not understand,  
It was in Polish.

Then up stepped an aide,  
He said, I will translate  
Here is what His Holiness said:  
'I am the Chief Jesuit.'  
'This land is Jesus' land.'  
'And that is all'  
'All that there is to it.'

And in New York City,  
The business man in his mohair suit,  
In the world trade centre,  
Puffs on his cheroot.  
And he said,  
Well I don't care who owns the desert sands  
My brief,  
Is with the hydrocarbons underneath.  
And the sea of battle rages

Around the ancient tombs  
And mother nature licks her wounds,  
And the lonely boys locked in their towers of faith  
Who are nervous in the park,  
When the gates are closed after dark.

Ooooh, the lonely boys,  
In their towers of faith.

Ooooh, the lonely boys,  
Locked in their towers of faith.

