

# Roger Waters - Flickering Flame

Flickering Flame 13th May 2002

Perfect Sense Parts 1 & 2 (Live)" (Waters)

(HAL): "Stop Dave,  
Will you stop Dave?  
Stop Dave.  
I'm afraid.  
I'm afraid, Dave.  
Dave, my mind is going,  
I can feel it,  
I can feel it,  
My mind is going.  
There is no question about it.  
I can feel it.  
I can feel it.  
I can feel it.  
I'm afraid".

The monkey sat on a pile of stone,  
And he stared at the broken bone in his hand,  
Strains of a Viennese quartet rang out across the land.

The monkey looked up at the stars,  
And he thought to himself,  
Memory is a stranger,  
History is for fools,  
And he cleaned his hands in a pool of holy writing,  
Turned his back on the garden and set out for the nearest town.

Hold on hold on soldier.  
When you add it all up,  
The tears and the marrowbone.  
There's an ounce of gold,  
And an ounce of pride in each ledger.  
And the Germans kill the Jews,  
And the Jews kill the Arabs,  
And the Arabs kill the hostages,  
And that is the news.  
And is it any wonder that the monkey's confused?

He said Mama Mama, the President's a fool.  
Why do I have to keep reading these technical manuals?  
And the joint chiefs of staff,  
And the brokers on Wall Street said,  
Don't make us laugh, you're a smart kid,  
Time is linear.  
Memory's a stranger,  
History's for fools,  
Man is a tool in the hands,  
Of the great God Almighty.

And they gave him command of a nuclear submarine,  
Sent him back in search of the Garden of Eden.

Can't you see,  
It all makes perfect sense.  
Expressed in dollars and cents,  
Pounds, shillings and pence.

Can't you see,  
It all makes perfect sense.

Little black soul departs in perfect focus,  
Hold on soldier.  
Prime time fodder, for the News at Nine,  
Hold on, hold on soldier.  
Darling is the child, warm in the bed tonight.

"Hi everybody I'm Marv Albert,  
And welcome to our telecast  
Coming to you live from Memorial Stadium.  
It's a beautiful day,  
And today we expect a sensational matchup,  
But first, our global anthem".

Can't you see,  
It all makes perfect sense,  
Expressed in dollars and cents,  
Pounds, shillings and pence.

Can't you see,  
It all makes perfect sense.

"And here come the players.  
As I speak to you now, the captain  
Has his cross hairs zeroed in on the oil rig.  
He's at periscope depth.  
It looks to me like he's going to attack.  
By the way did you know that a submarine  
Captain earns 200,000 dollars a year?"

(Edward:) "That's less tax Marv".

(Marv:) "Yeah, less tax, thank you Edward".

(Edward:) "You're welcome".

(Marv:) "Now back to the game...he fires one...yes  
There goes two; both fish are running,  
The rig is going into a prevent defence,  
Will they make it? I don't think so"

Look out!  
Look at that baby burn!

Can't you see,  
It all makes perfect sense,

Expressed in dollars and cents,  
Pounds, shillings and pence.

Can't you see,  
It all makes perfect sense.

Can't you see,  
It all makes perfect sense.

