

Roger Waters - Flickering Flame

Flickering Flame 13th May 2002

"The Tide Is Turning" (Waters)

I used to think the world was flat,
Rarely threw my hat into the crowd,
I felt I had used up my quota of yearning.

Used to look in on the children at night,
In the glow of their Donald Duck light,
And frighten myself with the thought of my little ones burning.
But, oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
The tide is turning.

Satellite buzzing through the endless night,
Exclusive to moon shots and world title fights,
Jesus Christ, imagine what it must be earning.

Who is the strongest?
Who is the best?
Who holds the aces?
The East, or the West?
This is the crap our children are learning.
But oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
The tide is turning
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.

Now the satellite's confused,
'Cause on Saturday night,
The airwaves were full of compassion and light.
And his silicon heart,
Warmed to the sight of a billion candles burning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.

The tide is turning Billy.

I'm not saying that the battle is won,
But on Saturday night all those kids in the sun.
Wrested technology's sword from the hand of the war lords.

Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
The tide is turning Sylvester.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.

Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.
Oh, oh, oh, the tide is turning.

