When We Were Young

Roger Waters

When we were young, we could piss up the boys boat wall
A black expanse of pitch, or tar, or whatever it was
It doesn't matter much anymore
And tussles with the girls before the advent of pubescent awe and confusion
Knickers thick, pasty in the roar of adolescence's dawnHow innocent and cruel
Ran the gauntlet of first stirrings in the changing rooms of MayWhere are you now? Don't answer that
I'm still ugly
You're still fat
I've still got spots
I'm still afraid
Our parents made us what we are
Or was it God?
Who gives a fuck, it's never really over

Songwriters
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