Picture That

Roger Waters

Picture yourself as you lean on the port rail
Tossing away your last cigarette
Picture your finger pushing the doorbell
Picture the skull and crossbones on the doormat
Picture yourself on the streets of Laredo
Picture the casbah, picture Japan
Picture your kid with his hand on the trigger
Picture prosthetics in AfghanistanPicture a courthouse with no fucking laws
Picture a cathouse with no fucking whores
Picture a shithouse with no fucking drains
Picture a leader with no fucking brains
No fucking brains, no fucking brains
No fucking brains, no fucking brains
No fucking brains, no fucking brains
No fucking brains, no fucking brains
Follow me filming myself at the show
On a phone from a seat in the very front row
Follow Miss Universe catching some rays
Wish you were here in Guantanamo Bay
Picture a seat on a private plane
Picture your feet nailed to the floor
Picture a crew who are clearly insane
Picture no windows, picture no doorsGlued to a screen in the state of Nevada
To follow the dream gets harder and harder
Picture her wrapping a gift for the wedding
Picture her boiling the water for tea
Picture the kids climbing into the backseat
Picture my hand turning the key
Oh, picture that
Picture the dog in the pickup ahead
Picture the tree at the side of the road
Picture my hands growing steadily colder
Colder, colder
Colder, colder
Colder, colder
Colder, colderFollow me down to a place by the river
Sold for my kidneys, sold for my liver
Why so weedy, so fucking needy
There's no such thing as being too greedy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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