

# The Final Cut

## Pink Floyd

Through the fish eyed lens of tear stained eyes  
I can barely define the shape of this moment in time  
And far from flying high in clear blue skies  
I'm spiralling down to the hole in the ground where I hide  
If you negotiate the minefield in drive  
And beat the dogs and cheat cold electronic eyes  
And if you make it past the shotguns in the hall  
Dial the combination, open the priesthole  
And if I'm in I'll tell  
There's a kid who had a big hallucination  
Making love to girls in magazines  
He wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith  
Could anybody love him?  
Or is it just a crazy dream?  
And if I show you my dark side  
Will you still hold me tonight?  
And if I open my heart to you  
  
And show you my weak side  
What would you do?  
Would you sell your story to Rolling Stone?  
Would you take the children away  
And leave me alone  
And smile in reassurance  
As you whisper down the phone  
Would you send me packing?  
Or would you take me home?  
Thought I oughta bare my naked feelings  
Thought I oughta tear the curtain down  
I held the blade in trembling hands  
Prepared to make it but just then the phone rang  
I never had the nerve to make the final cut  
{ You there,  
Alright listen,  
I think I've got it }

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