

Perfect Sense, Pt. I

Roger Waters

The monkey sat on a pile of stones
and stared at the broken bone in his hand
and the stains of a viennese quartet
rang out across the landthe monkey looked up at the stars
and thought to himself
memory is a stranger
history is for foolsand he cleaned his hands
in a pool of holy writing
turned his back on the garden
and set out for the nearest townhold 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 killed the jews
and the jews killed the arabs
and the arabs killed the hostagesand that is the news
and is it any wonder
that the monkey's confused
he said mama mamathe president's a fool
why do i have to keep reading
these technical manuals
and the joint chiefs of staffand the brokers on wall street said
don't make us laugh
you're a smart kid
time is linear
memory is a stranger
history is for fools
man is a tool in the hands
of the great god almighty
and they gave him command
of a nuclear submarine
and sent him back in search of
the garden of eden

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

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