

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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