Smell the Roses

Roger Waters

There's a mad dog pulling at his chain
A hint of danger in his eye
Alarm bells raging round his brain
And the chimney's broken in the skyWake up
Wake up and smell the roses
Close your eyes and pray this wind don't change
There's nothing but screams in the field of dreams
Nothing but hope at the end of the road
Nothing but gold in the chimney smoke
Come on honey it's real moneyThis is the room where they make the explosives
Where they put your name on the bomb
Here's where they bury the buts and the ifs
And scratch out words like right and wrong
Wake up
Wake up and smell the phosphorus
This is the room we keep a human heir
Don't ask don't tell it couldn't be lost for us
Little less cash in the stash in the cupboard
At the bottom of the stair
Money honey
Wake up
Wake up and smell the bacon
Run your greasy fingers through her hair
This is the life that you have takenJust a line in the captain's log
Just a whine from a resident dog
Another kid didn't make the grade
Come on honey it's a fair trade
Wake up
Wake up and smell the roses
Throw a photo on the funeral pyre
Now we can forget the threat she poses
Girl you know you couldn't get much higher
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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