

# 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 sky  
Wake 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 money  
This is the room where they make the explosives  
Where they put your name on the bomb  
Here's where they bury the butts 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 taken  
Just 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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