

Dunroamin, Duncarin, Dunlivin

Roger Waters

[Trucker:] "Hey kid, you looking for a lift?"

Get on up here

How's it going good buddy?"

I nailed ducks to the wall

Kept my heart in dark ruins

I built bungalows over the hills

Dunroamin, duncarin, dunlivin

Took my girl to the country

To sleep out under the moon

Next thing she's going crazy

[Trucker:] "Women are like that kid

What the hell can you do?"

She waits for the real Mr. Right to come

Gently removing her heart

With his promises of real communication

[Trucker:] "I saw a program about that on TV, heh"

Who's always picking up the tab

Who built a bungalow for his momma and dad

Me.....

Who took you out to all the shows

Who worked his fingers to the bone

Me....

While you were asleep

[Jade:] "It was me...I did!"

I kept you in buttons and bows

[Jade:] "Christ! All those clothes!

So you could encourage this creep

[Hick:] "With that program

I bet some son of a bitch made a million dollars."

With his neat feet

And his clean fingernails

With his wise but twinkling eyes

He's a rock standing out in an ocean of doubt

[Trucker:] "Get movin', get off the road ya Goddam faggot."

And compromise

I'd like to go on with this bit of a song

Describing this schmuck

I'd like to go on, but I'm going to throw up

[Trucker:] "Not in my rig you don't boy

Get the hell out of here.

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

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