Wait for Her

Roger Waters

Will a glass inlaid with gemstones on a pool around the evening
Among the perfumed roses, wait for her
With the patience of a pack horse loaded for the mountains
Like a stoic noble prince, wait for her
With seven pillows laid out on the stair
The scent of [?] incense fills the air
Be calm and wait for her
And do not flush the sparrows that are nesting in her braids
All along the barricades, wait for her
And if she comes soon, wait for her
And if she comes late, wait
Let her be still as a summer afternoon
A garden in full bloom
Let her breathe in the air that is foreign to her heart
Let her lips part, wait for her
Take her to the balcony, see the moon soaked in milk
Hear the rustle of her silk, wait for her
Don't let your eyes alight upon the twin doves of her breast
Lest they take flight
Wait for herAnd if she comes soon, wait for her
And if she comes late, wait, wait
Serve her water before wine
Do not touch her hand
Let your fingertips rest at her command
Speak softly as a flute would to a fearful violin
Breathe out, breathe in
And as the echo fades from her final fusilladeRemember the promises you made
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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