

# Home

## Roger Waters

[Jim:] "Oh, God!"  
[Californian Weirdo:] "Sole has no eyes."  
    Could be Jerusalem  
    Or it could be Cairo  
    Could be Berlin  
    Or it could be Prague  
    Could be Moscow  
    Could be New York  
    Could be Llanelli  
    And it could be Warrington  
    Could be Warsaw  
    And it could be Moose Jaw  
    Could be Rome  
Everybody got somewhere they call home  
    When they overrun the defences  
A minor invasion put down to expenses  
Will you go down to the airport lounge  
Will you accept your second class status  
    A nation of waitresses and waiters  
    Will you mix their martinis  
    Will you stand still for it  
    Or will you take to the hills  
    It could be clay  
    And it could be sand  
    Could be desert  
    Could be a tract of arable land  
    Could be a house  
    Could be a corner shop  
    Could be a cabin by a bend in the river  
Could be something your old man handed down  
    Could be something you built on your own  
    Everybody got something he calls home  
    When the cowboys and Arabs draw down  
    On each other at noon  
In the cool dusty air of the city boardroom  
    Will you stand by a passive spectator  
    Of the market dictators  
    Will you discreetly withdraw  
With your ear pressed to the boardroom door

Will you hear when the lion within you roars  
Will you take to the hills  
Will you stand  
Will you stand for it  
Will you hear when the lion within you roars  
Could be your father  
And it could be your mother  
Could be your sister  
Could be your brother  
Could be a foreigner  
Could be a Turk  
Could be someone out looking for work  
Could be a king  
Could be the Aga khan  
Could be a Vietnam vet with no arms and no legs  
Could be a saint  
Could be a sinner  
Could be a loser  
Or it could be a winner  
Could be a banker  
Could be a baker  
Could be a Laker  
Could be Kareem Abdul Jabar  
Could be a male voice choir  
Could be a lover  
Could be a fighter  
Could be a super heavyweight  
Or it could be something lighter  
Could be a cripple  
Could be a freak  
Could be a wop, gook, geek  
Could be a cop  
Could be a thief  
Could be a family of ten living in one room on relief  
Could be our leaders in their concrete tombs  
With their tinned food and their silver spoons  
Could be the pilot with God on his side  
Could be the kid in the middle of the bomb sight  
Could be a fanatic  
Could be a terrorist  
Could be a dentist  
Could be a psychiatrist  
Could be humble  
Could be proud  
Could be a face in the crowd

Could be the soldier in the white cravat  
Who turns the key in spite of the fact  
That this is the end of the cat and mouse  
Who dwelt in the house  
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt  
The house that Jack built  
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt  
The house that Jack built  
Bang, bang, shoot, shoot  
White gloved thumb  
Lord thy will be done  
He was always a good boy his mother said  
He'll do his duty when he's grown  
Yeah  
Everybody's got someone they call home

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