

# Too Much Rope

Roger Waters

When the sleigh is heavy  
And the timber wolves are getting bold  
You look at you companions  
And test the water of their friendship  
With your toe  
They significantly edge  
Closer to the gold  
Each man has his price Bob  
And yours was pretty low  
History is short, the sun is just a minor star  
The poor man sells his kidneys  
In some colonial bazaar  
Ce sera sera  
Is that your new Ferrari car  
Nice, but I think I'll wait for the F50  
You don't have to be a Jew  
To disapprove of murder  
Tears burn my eyes  
Moslem or Christian Mullah or Pope  
Preacher or poet who was it wrote  
Give any one species too much rope  
And they'll fuck it up  
And last night on TV  
A Vietnam vet  
Takes his beard and his pain  
And his alienation twenty years  
Back to Asia again  
Sees the monsters they made  
In formaldehyde floating 'round  
Meets a gook on a bike  
A good little tyke  
With the same soldier's eyes  
Tears burn my eyes  
What does it mean  
This tearjerking scene  
Beamed into my home  
That it moves me so much  
Why all the fuss  
It's only two humans being

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This tearjerking scene  
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Tears burn in our eyes  
Moslem or Christian Mullah or Pope  
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