What God Wants, Part III

Roger Waters

Don't be afraid it's only business The alien prophet sighed The vulture and the magpie took The cash box from its hook The monkey in the corner wrote The figures in his book Crazed the checkout lady's fingers Flash across the till The captain posts The menu for the day And in banks across the world Christians Moslems Hindus Jews And people of every Race creed colour tint or hue Get down on their knees and pray The raccoon and the groundhog Neatly make up bags of change But the monkey in the corner Well he's slowly drifting out of range Christ it's freezing inside The veteran cries The hyenas break cover And stream through the meadow And the fog rolls in To his bottle of gin So he picks up a stone That looks like a bone And the bullets fly And the rivers run dry And the fat girls sigh And the network anchor persons lie And the soldier's alone In the video zone But the monkey's not watching He's slipped out to the kitchen To pile the dishes And answer the phone

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