

The Fletcher Memorial Home

Pink Floyd

Take all your overgrown infants away, somewhere
And build them a home, a little place of their own
The Fletcher Memorial Home
For incurable tyrants and kings They can appear to themselves every day
On closed circuit TV
To make sure they're still real
It's the only connection they feel Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, Reagan and Haig
Mr. Began and friend, Mrs. Thatcher, the Paisly
(Hello Maggie!)
Mr. Brezhnev and party, the Ghost of McCarthy
And the memories have mixed and now adding color
(Who's the bald chap?)
A group of anonymous Latin American meat packing glitterati Did they expect us to treat them with any respect?
They can polish their medals and sharpen their smiles
And please themselves by playing games for a while
Boom boom, bang bang, lie down you're dead Safe in the permanent gaze of a cold glass eye
With their favorite toy
There'll be good girls 'n' boys
In the Fletcher Memorial Home for colonial
Wasters of life and limb
Is everyone in? Are you having English time?
(Big guy)
Now final solution can be applied

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