

Lost For Words

Pink Floyd

(David Gilmour/Polly Samson)

I was spending my time in the duldrums
I was caught in a cauldron of hate
I felt persecuted and paralysed
I thought that everything else would just wait
While you are wasting your time on your enemies
Engulfed in a fever of spite
Beyond your tunnel vision reality fades
Like shadows into the night
To martyr yourself to caution

Is not going to help at all
Because there'll be no safety in numbers
When the right one walks out of the door
Can you see your days blighted by darkness?
Is it true you beat your fists on the floor?
Stuck in a world of isolation
While the ivy grows over the door
So I open my door to my enemies
And I ask could we wipe the slate clean
but they tell me to please go fuck myself
You know you just can't win

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