

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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