

Home

Roger Waters

[Jim:] "Oh, God!"

[Californian Weirdo:] "Sole has no eyes."

Could be Jerusalem

Or it could be Cairo

Could be Berlin

Or it could be Prague

Could be Moscow

Could be New York

Could be Llanelli

And it could be Warrington

Could be Warsaw

And it could be Moose Jaw

Could be Rome

Everybody got somewhere they call home

When they overrun the defences

A minor invasion put down to expenses

Will you go down to the airport lounge

Will you accept your second class status

A nation of waitresses and waiters

Will you mix their martinis

Will you stand still for it

Or will you take to the hills

It could be clay

And it could be sand

Could be desert

Could be a tract of arable land

Could be a house

Could be a corner shop

Could be a cabin by a bend in the river

Could be something your old man handed down

Could be something you built on your own

Everybody got something he calls home

When the cowboys and Arabs draw down

On each other at noon

In the cool dusty air of the city boardroom

Will you stand by a passive spectator

Of the market dictators

Will you discreetly withdraw

With your ear pressed to the boardroom door

Will you hear when the lion within you roars
Will you take to the hills
Will you stand
Will you stand for it
Will you hear when the lion within you roars
Could be your father
And it could be your mother
Could be your sister
Could be your brother
Could be a foreigner

Could be a Turk
Could be someone out looking for work
Could be a king
Could be the Aga khan
Could be a Vietnam vet with no arms and no legs
Could be a saint
Could be a sinner
Could be a loser
Or it could be a winner
Could be a banker
Could be a baker
Could be a Laker
Could be Kareem Abdul Jabar
Could be a male voice choir
Could be a lover
Could be a fighter
Could be a super heavyweight
Or it could be something lighter
Could be a cripple
Could be a freak
Could be a wop, gook, geek
Could be a cop
Could be a thief
Could be a family of ten living in one room on relief
Could be our leaders in their concrete tombs
With their tinned food and their silver spoons
Could be the pilot with God on his side
Could be the kid in the middle of the bomb sight
Could be a fanatic
Could be a terrorist
Could be a dentist
Could be a psychiatrist
Could be humble
Could be proud

Could be a face in the crowd
Could be the soldier in the white cravat
Who turns the key in spite of the fact
That this is the end of the cat and mouse
Who dwelt in the house
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt
The house that Jack built
Where the laughter rang and the tears were spilt
The house that Jack built
Bang, bang, shoot, shoot
White gloved thumb
Lord thy will be done
He was always a good boy his mother said
He'll do his duty when he's grown
Yeah
Everybody's got someone they call home

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