

## 4:33 AM (Running Shoes)

Roger Waters

So I stood by the roadside  
The soles of my running shoes gripping the tarmac  
Like gunmetal magnets  
Fixed on the front of her Fassbinder face  
Was the kind of a smile  
That only a rather dull child could have drawn  
While attempting a graveyard in the moonlight  
But she was impressed  
You could see that she thought I looked fine  
And when she turned sweeter  
The reason (between you and me) was  
She'd just seen my green Lamborghini

So we went for a spin in the country  
To feel the wind in our hair  
To feel the power of my engine  
To feel the thrill of desire

And then in the trees I heard a twig snap  
Warning lights flashed on my map  
I opened my eyes and to my surprise  
There were Arabs with knives at the front of the bed  
Right at the front of the bed

Oh my God, how did they get in here  
I thought we were safe home in England  
She said,  
come on now kid, it was wrong what you did  
You've got to admit it was wrong what you did  
You've got to admit it was wrong  
"Oh god...Jesus..."