

Broken Bones

Roger Waters

Sometimes I stare at the night sky
See them stars a billion light years away
And it makes me feel small like a bug on a wall
Who gives a shit anyway?
Who gives a shit anyway?

When World War II was over
Though the slate was never wiped clean
We could have picked over them broken bones
We could have been free

But we chose to adhere to abundance
We chose the American Dream
And ooo, Mistress Liberty -
How we abandoned thee

How
We abandoned thee
And oh, Mistress Liberty
How we abandoned thee

Could've been born in Shreveport
Or he could've born in Tehran
It don't much matter wherever you're born
Little babies mean us no harm
They have to be taught to despise us
To bulldoze our homes to the ground
To belief their fight is for liberty
To believe their god will keep them safe and sound

Safe and sound
Safe and sound

We cannot turn back the clock
Cannot go back in time
But we can say:
Fuck you, we will not listen to
Your bullshit and lies
Your bullshit and lies