

Folded Flags

Roger Waters

Rock a bye baby
On the tree top
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock
Oh babe, hate to see you fall that way
Better speak to the powers that be today
Hey Joe, where you goin'
With that gun in your hand?
You can take your revenge
But you'll still feel bad
There must be more to life than lucky strikes
And some unlucky ones
And folded flags and pipes
And drums

I stood in the wings with you
Our lives in the hands of a second-rate actor
Holding the high ground
Of some old stage
Oh babe, how do these jaded stars get so far away
Will they catch what the moral had to say

Hey Joe, where you goin'
With that dogma in your head?
You can prove your point
But your kids will still be dead
Bring down the curtain
This soap opera must surely close
Before the cold wind blows

Hey Joe, where you going
With that gun in your hand
You can take your revenge
But you'll still feel bad
Bring down the curtain
This show must close
Before the cold wind blows

So rock a bye baby
On the tree top
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock
There must be more to life than lucky strikes
And some unlucky ones
And folded flags and pipes
And drums