

Nobody Home

Roger Waters

Got a little black book with my poems in,
Got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb in.
When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in.
I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on,

Got those swollen hand blues,
Got thirteen channels of shit on the TV to choose from.
I got electric light, and I got second sight.
Got amazing powers of observation.

And that is how I know
When I try to get through on the telephone to you,
There'll be nobody home.
I got the obligatory Hendrix perm

And the inevitable pinhole burns
All down the front of my favorite satin shirt.
I got nicotine stains on my fingers,
I got a silver spoon on a chain.

Got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains.
I got wild staring eyes,
And I got a strong urge to fly,
But I got nowhere to fly to

(fly to, fly to, fly to, fly to, fly to, fly to, fly to).
Ooooooh, babe, when I pick up the phone,
There's still nobody home.
I got a pair of Gohill's boots,
And I got fading roots