

# 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