

## Perfect Sense, Part I

Roger Waters

The monkey sat on a pile of stones  
And stared at the broken bone in his hand  
And the strains of a Viennese quartet  
Rang out across the land  
The monkey looked up at the stars  
And thought to himself  
Memory is a stranger  
History is for fools  
And he cleaned his hands  
In a pool of holy writing  
Turned his back on the garden  
And set out for the nearest town

Hold on hold on soldier  
When you admit all up  
The tears and the marrowbone  
There's an ounce of gold  
And an ounce of pride in each ledger  
And the Germans killed the Jews  
And the Jews killed the Arabs  
And the Arabs killed the hostages  
And that is the news  
And is it any wonder  
That the monkey's confused

He said Mama Mama  
The President's a fool  
Why do I have to keep reading  
These technical manuals  
And the joint chiefs of staff  
And the brokers on Wall Street said  
Don't make us laugh  
You're a smart kid  
Time is linear  
Memory is a stranger  
History is for fools  
Man is a tool in the hands  
Of the great God Almighty  
And they gave him command  
Of a nuclear submarine  
And sent him back in search of  
The Garden of Eden