

# The Most Beautiful Girl

Roger Waters

She may well have been  
The most beautiful girl in the world  
Her life snuffed out  
Like a bulldozer crushing a pearl

The secret committee  
Deep in its lair  
Conveniently far  
From the cold desert air  
Puts a tick in a box,  
Turns the key in a lock  
To loosen the bonds in her hair

Sleep if you can  
Wrapped safe in your cloak  
The tumbledown twilight  
Havana smoke  
Caught in your throat  
Mistress Liberty's dance  
Held you in its trance  
Her bosoms were loaded with nectar and lances  
"Well, boys", she said  
"You have broken the trust.  
Hold onto that stick if you must."

Take a fresh grip  
On the crucible rune  
The patchwork of ashes  
Sweeps away love like a broom  
Madness comes down  
Like the crackpot of ages  
The raging of angels  
Cathedral of stars  
Christopher Robin says  
"Alice, go home now.  
They're no longer changing the guard."

"Hold on", she said  
"You're breaking my heart"  
It's weird how the steel rails  
Disappear into the dark  
They clung to the ivory tower on her braids  
They were never afraid of falling  
But the bomb hit the spot where the numbers all stop  
And the last thing they heard was her calling...

Home  
Home, I'm coming home  
I'm the life that you gave  
I'm the children you save  
I'm the promise you made  
I'm the woman you crave

So hold on  
I'm coming home  
(Hold on, I'm coming home)  
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