

Wait for Her

Roger Waters

Will a glass inlaid with gemstones
On a pool around the evening
Among the perfumed roses
Wait for her

With the patience of a packhorse
Loaded for the mountains
Like a stoic, noble prince
Wait for her

With seven pillows laid out on the stair
The scent of womens' incense fills the air
Be calm, and wait for her

And do not flush the sparrows that are nesting in her braids
All along the barricades
Wait for her

And if she comes soon
Wait for her

And if she comes late
Wait

Let her be still
As a summer afternoon
A garden in full bloom

Let her breathe in the air
That is foreign to her heart
Let her lips part
Wait for her

Take her to the balcony
See the moon soaked in milk
Hear the rustle of her silk
Wait for her

Don't let your eyes alight upon
The twin doves of her breast
Lest they take flight
Wait for her

And if she comes soon
Wait for her

And if she comes late
Wait, wait

Serve her water before wine
Do not touch her hand
Let your fingertips
Rest at her command

Speak softly as a flute would
To a fearful violin
Breathe out

Breathe in

And as the echo fades
From that final fusillade
Remember the promises you made