

# 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