

# Pink Floyd, Nobody Home

I've got a little black book with my poems in  
I've 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 T.V. to choose from  
I've got electric light  
And I've got second sight  
I've 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've got the obligatory Hendrix perm  
And I've got the inevitable pinhole burns  
All down the front of my favourite satin shirt  
I've got nicotine stains on my fingers  
I've got a silver spoon on a chain  
I've got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains  
I've got wild staring eyes  
I've got a strong urge to fly  
But I've got nowhere to fly to  
Ooooh Babe when I pick up the phone  
There's still nobody home  
I've got a pair of Gohills boots  
And I've got fading roots.