

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.