

Pink Floyd, The Final Cut

through the fish eyed lens of tear stained eyes
i can barely define the shape of this moment in time
and far from flying high in clear blue skies
i'm spiralling down to the hole in the ground where i hide
if you negotiate the minefield in the drive
and beat the dogs and cheat the cold electronic eyes
and if you make it past the shotgun in the hall
dial the combination. open the priesthole
and if i'm in i'll tell you what's behind the wall
there's a kid who had a big hallucination
making love to girls in magazines
he wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith
could anybody love him
or is it just a crazy dream
and if i show you my dark side
will you still hold me tonight
and if i open my heart to you
and show you my weak side
what would you do
would you sell your story to rolling stone
would you take the children away
and leave me alone
and smile in reassurance
as you whisper down the phone
would you send me packing
or would you take me home
thought i oughta bare my naked feelings
thought i oughta tear the curtain down
i held the blade in trembling hands
prepared to make it but just then the phone rang
i never had the nerve to make the final cut