

Pink Floyd, Waiting For The Worms

Ooooh you cannot reach me now
Ooooh no matter how you try
Goodbye cruel world it's over
Walk on by
Sitting in a bunker here behind my wall
Waiting for the worms to come
In perfect isolation here behind my wall
Waiting for the worms to come
Waiting to cut out the deadwood
Waiting to clean up the city
Waiting to follow the worms
Waiting to put on a black shirt
Waiting to weed out the weaklings
Waiting to smash in their windows
And kick in their doors
Waiting for the final solution
To strengthen the strain
Waiting to follow the worms
Waiting to turn on the showers v And fire the ovens
Waiting for the queers and the coons
And the reds and the Jews
Waiting to follow the worms
Would you like to see Britannia
Rule again my friend
All you have to do is follow the worms
Would you like to send our coloured cousins
Home again my friend
All you need to do is follow the worms.