

Roger Waters, Empty Spaces

What shall we use to fill the empty spaces
Where waves of hunger gnaw
Shall we set out across this sea of faces
In search of more and more applause
Shall we buy a new guitar
Shall we drive a more powerful car
Shall we work straight through the night
Shall we get into fights
Leave the lights on
Drop bombs
Do tours of the east
Contract disease
Bury bones
Break up homes
Send flowers by phone
Take to drink
Go to shrinks
Give up meat
Rarely sleep
Keep people as pets
Train dogs
Race rats
Fill the attic with cash
Bury treasure
Store up leisure
But never relax at all
With our backs to the wall
Where we used to talk?
How shall I fill the final places?
How shall I complete the wall?