The Wall

Produced by David Gilmour, Bob Ezrin, and Roger Waters
Released November 30, 1979
All songs by Roger Waters except where noted.

In the Flesh?

> "...we came in?"

So ya
Thought ya
Might like to go to the show.
To feel the warm thrill of confusion
That space cadet glow.
Tell me is something eluding you, sunshine?
Is this not what you expected to see?
If you wanna find out what's behind these cold eyes
You'll just have to claw your way through this disguise.

> "Lights! Turn on the sound effects! Action!"
> "Drop it, drop it on 'em! Drop it on them!!!!!"

The Thin Ice

Momma loves her baby
And daddy loves you too.
And the sea may look warm to you babe
And the sky may look blue
But ooooh Baby
Ooooh baby blue
Oooooh babe.

If you should go skating
On the thin ice of modern life
Dragging behind you the silent reproach
Of a million tear-stained eyes
Don't be surprised when a crack in the ice
Appears under your feet.
You slip out of your depth and out of your mind
With your fear flowing out behind you
As you claw the thin ice.

Another Brick in the Wall Part 1

Daddy's flown across the ocean
Leaving just a memory
Snapshot in the family album
Daddy what else did you leave for me?
Daddy, what'd'ja leave behind for me?!?
All in all it was just a brick in the wall.
All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.

> "You! Yes, you! Stand still laddy!"

The Happiest Days of our Lives

When we grew up and went to school
There were certain teachers who would
Hurt the children in any way they could

> "OOF!" [someone being hit]

By pouring their derision
Upon anything we did
And exposing every weakness
However carefully hidden by the kids
But in the town, it was well known
When they got home at night, their fat and
Psychopathic wives would thrash them
Within inches of their lives.

Another Brick in the Wall part 2

We don't need no education
We dont need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave them kids alone
Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

We don't need no education
We dont need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave them kids alone
Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

> "Wrong, Do it again!"
> "If you don't eat yer meat, you can't have any pudding.
> How can you have any pudding if you don't eat yer meat?"
> "You! Yes, you behind the bikesheds, stand still laddy!"

Mother

Mother do you think they'll drop the bomb?
Mother do you think they'll like this song?
Mother do you think they'll try to break my balls?
Mother should I build the wall?
Mother should I run for president?
Mother should I trust the government?
Mother will they put me in the firing line?
Mother am I really dying?

Hush now baby, baby, dont you cry.
Mother's gonna make all your nightmares come true.
Mother's gonna put all her fears into you.
Mother's gonna keep you right here under her wing.

She wont let you fly, but she might let you sing.
Mama will keep baby cozy and warm.
Ooooh baby ooooh baby oooooh baby,
Of course mama'll help to build the wall.

Mother do you think she's good enough — to me?
Mother do you think she's dangerous — to me?
Mother will she tear your little boy apart?
Mother will she break my heart?

Hush now baby, baby dont you cry.
Mama's gonna check out all your girlfriends for you.
Mama wont let anyone dirty get through.
Mama's gonna wait up until you get in.
Mama will always find out where you've been.
Mama's gonna keep baby healthy and clean.
Ooooh baby oooh baby oooh baby,
You'll always be baby to me.

Mother, did it need to be so high?

Goodbye Blue Sky

> "Look mummy, there's an aeroplane up in the sky"

Did you see the frightened ones?
Did you hear the falling bombs?
Did you ever wonder why we had to run for shelter when the promise of a brave new world unfurled beneath a clear blue sky?

Did you see the frightened ones?
Did you hear the falling bombs?
The flames are all gone, but the pain lingers on.

Goodbye, blue sky
Goodbye, blue sky.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.

> "The 11:15 from Newcastle is now approaching"
> "The 11:18 arrival..."

Empty Spaces

> [backwards message:]
> "Congratulations, You have just discovered the secret message. Please send your answer to 'Old Pink', Care of the funny farm, Chalfont..." — Spoken By Roger
> [...interrupted...]
> "Roger, Caroline's on the phone..." — Unknown Voice

What shall we use
To fill the empty spaces
Where we used to talk?
How shall I fill

The final places?
How can I complete the wall

Young Lust (Gilmour, Waters)

I am just a new boy,
Stranger in this town.
Where are all the good times?
Who's gonna show this stranger around?
Ooooh, I need a dirty woman.
Ooooh, I need a dirty girl.

Will some cold woman in this desert land
Make me feel like a real man?
Take this rock and roll refugee
Oooh, baby set me free.

Ooooh, I need a dirty woman.
Ooooh, I need a dirty girl.

> [Phone rings..Clunk of receiver being lifted]
> "Hello..?"
> "Yes, a collect call for Mrs. Floyd from Mr. Floyd. Will you accept the charges from United States?"
> [clunk! of phone being put down]
> "Oh, He hung up! That's your residence, right? I wonder why he hung up? Is there supposed to be someone else there besides your wife there to answer?"
> [Phone rings again…clunk of receiver being picked up]
> "Hello?"
> "This is united states calling, are we reaching…
> [interrupted by phone being put down]
> "See he keeps hanging up, and it's a man answering."
> [whirr of connection being closed]

One of My Turns

> "Oh my God! What a fabulous room! Are all these your guitars?
> [Film in background: "I'm sorry sir, I didn't mean to startle you!]
> "This place is bigger than our apartment!
> [Film: "Let me know when you're entering a room" "Yes sir!"]
> "erm, Can I get a drink of water?
> [Film: "I was wondering about …"]
> "You want some, huh?"
> [Film: "Yes"]
> "Oh wow, look at this tub? Do you wanna take baaaath?"
> [Film: "I'll have to find out from Mrs. Bancroft what time she wants to meet us, for her main …"]
> "What are watching?"
> [Film: "If you'll just let me know as soon as you can … Mrs. Bancroft" "Mrs. Bancroft…"]
> "Hello?"
> [Film: "I don't understand …"]
> "Are you feeling okay?…"

Day after day, love turns grey

Like the skin of a dying man.
Night after night, we pretend its all right
But I have grown older and
You have grown colder and
Nothing is very much fun any more.
And I can feel one of my turns coming on.
I feel cold as a razor blade,
Tight as a tourniquet,
Dry as a funeral drum.

Run to the bedroom,
In the suitcase on the left
You'll find my favorite axe.
Don't look so frightened
This is just a passing phase,
One of my bad days.
Would you like to watch T.V.?
Or get between the sheets?
Or contemplate the silent freeway?
Would you like something to eat?
Would you like to learn to fly?
Would'ya?
Would you like to see me try?

Would you like to call the cops?
Do you think it's time I stopped?
Why are you running away?

Don't Leave Me Now

Ooooh, babe
Don't leave me now.
Don't say it's the end of the road.
Remember the flowers I sent.
I need you, babe
To put through the shredder
In front of my friends
Ooooh Babe.
Dont leave me now.
How could you go?
When you know how I need you
To beat to a pulp on a Saturday night
Ooooh Babe.
How could you treat me this way?
Running away.
I need you, Babe.
Why are you running away?
Oooooh Babe!

Another Brick in the Wall Part 3

> [Sound of many TV's coming on, all on different channels]
> "The Bulls are already out there"
> Pink: "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrgh!"
> "This Roman Meal bakery thought you'd like to know."

I don't need no arms around me
And I dont need no drugs to calm me.
I have seen the writing on the wall.
Don't think I need anything at all.
No! Don't think I'll need anything at all.
All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.
All in all you were all just bricks in the wall.

Goodbye Cruel World

Goodbye cruel world,
I'm leaving you today.
Goodbye,
Goodbye,
Goodbye.

Goodbye, all you people,
There's nothing you can say
To make me change my mind.
Goodbye.

Hey You

Hey you, out there in the cold
Getting lonely, getting old
Can you feel me?
Hey you, standing in the aisles
With itchy feet and fading smiles
Can you feel me?
Hey you, dont help them to bury the light
Don't give in without a fight.

Hey you, out there on your own
Sitting naked by the phone
Would you touch me?
Hey you, with you ear against the wall
Waiting for someone to call out
Would you touch me?
Hey you, would you help me to carry the stone?
Open your heart, I'm coming home.

But it was only fantasy.
The wall was too high,
As you can see.
No matter how he tried,
He could not break free.
And the worms ate into his brain.

Hey you, standing in the road
always doing what you're told,
Can you help me?
Hey you, out there beyond the wall,
Breaking bottles in the hall,
Can you help me?
Hey you, don't tell me there's no hope at all
Together we stand, divided we fall.

[Click of TV being turned on]
"Well, only got an hour of daylight left. Better get started"
"Isn't it unsafe to travel at night?"
"It'll be a lot less safe to stay here. You're father's gunna pick up our trail before long"
"Can Loca ride?"
"Yeah, I can ride... Magaret, time to go! Maigret, thank you for everything"
"Goodbye Chenga"
"Goodbye miss ..."
"I'll be back"

Is There Anybody Out There?

Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?
Is there anybody out there?

Nobody Home

"Alright, I'll take care of them part of the time, but there's somebody else that needs taking care of in Washington"
"Who's that?"
"Rose Pilchitt!"
"Rose Pilchitt? Who's that?"
[Kid screams in background. foreground: "Shut Up!"]
"36–24–36 [laughter] does that answer your question?"
[foreground: "Oi! I've got a little black book with me poems in!"]
"Who's she?"
"She was 'Miss Armoured Division' in 1961 ..."

I've got a little black book with my poems in.
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 keepin 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.
And 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 the inevitable pinhole burns
All down the front of my favorite 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.
And I've got a strong urge to fly.

But I got nowhere to fly to.
Ooooh, Babe when I pick up the phone

> "Surprise, surprise, surprise..." (from Gomer Pyle show)

There's still nobody home.

I've got a pair of Gohills boots
and I got fading roots.

> "Where the hell are you?"
> "Over 47 German planes were destroyed with the loss of only 15 of our own aircraft"
> "Where the hell are you Simon?"
> [Machine gun sound, followed by plane crashing]

Vera

Does anybody here remember Vera Lynn?
Remember how she said that
We would meet again
Some sunny day?
Vera! Vera!
What has become of you?
Does anybody else here
Feel the way I do?

Bring the Boys Back Home

Bring the boys back home.
Bring the boys back home.
Don't leave the children on their own, no, no.
Bring the boys back home.

> "Wrong! Do it again!"
> "Time to go! [knock, knock, knock, knock]
> "Are you feeling okay?"
> "There's a man answering, but he keeps hanging up!"
> Is there anybody out there?

Comfortably Numb

Hello?
Is there anybody in there?
Just nod if you can hear me.
Is there anyone at home?
Come on, now,
I hear you're feeling down.
Well I can ease your pain
Get you on your feet again.
Relax.
I'll need some information first.
Just the basic facts.
Can you show me where it hurts?

There is no pain you are receding
A distant ship, smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.
When I was a child I had a fever
My hands felt just like two balloons.
Now I've got that feeling once again
I can't explain you would not understand
This is not how I am.
I have become comfortably numb.

O.K.
Just a little pinprick.
There'll be no more aaaaaaaaah!
But you may feel a little sick.
Can you stand up?
I do believe it's working, good.
That'll keep you going through the show
Come on it's time to go.

There is no pain you are receding
A distant ship, smoke on the horizon.
You are only coming through in waves.
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.
When I was a child
I caught a fleeting glimpse
Out of the corner of my eye.
I turned to look but it was gone
I cannot put my finger on it now
The child is grown,
The dream is gone.
I have become comfortably numb.

The Show Must Go On

Ooooh, Ma, Oooh Pa
Must the show go on?
Ooooh, Pa. Take me home
Ooooh, Ma. Let me go

There must be some mistake
I didnt mean to let them
Take away my soul.
Am I too old, is it too late?

Ooooh, Ma, Ooooh Pa,
Where has the feeling gone?
Ooooh, Ma, Ooooh Pa,
Will I remember the songs?
The show must go on.

In The Flesh

So ya
Thought ya
Might like to

Go to the show.
To feel that warm thrill of confusion,
That space cadet glow.
I've got some bad news for you sunshine,
Pink isn't well, he stayed back at the hotel
And they sent us along as a surrogate band
We're gonna find out where you folks really stand.

Are there any queers in the theater tonight?
Get them up against the wall!
There's one in the spotlight, he don't look right to me,
Get him up against the wall!
That one looks Jewish!
And that one's a coon!
Who let all of this riff-raff into the room?
There's one smoking a joint,
And another with spots!
If I had my way,
I'd have all of you shot!

Run Like Hell (Gilmour, Waters)

"Pink Floyd, Pink Floyd"

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run,
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run.
You better make your face up in
Your favorite disguise.
With your button down lips and your
Roller blind eyes.
With your empty smile
And your hungry heart.
Feel the bile rising from your guilty past.
With your nerves in tatters
When the conchshell shatters
And the hammers batter
Down the door.
You'd better run.

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run,
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run.
You better sleep all day
And run all night.
Keep your dirty feelings
Deep inside.
And if you're taking your girlfriend
Out tonight
You'd better park the car
Well out of sight.
Cause if they catch you in the back seat
Trying to pick her locks,
They're gonna send you back to mother
In a cardboard box.
You better run.

> "Hey, open up! HaHaHaHaHaaaaaaaaaa!
> [sound of car skidding, followed by loud scream]
> "Hammer, Hammer"

Waiting for the Worms

> "Einse, svei, drei, alle!"

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.

> We're {waiting to succeed} and going to convene outside Brixton Town Hall where we're going to be...

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
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 colored cousins
Home again, my friend?
All you need to do is follow the worms.

> The Worms will convene outside Brixton Bus Station. We'll be moving along at about 12 o'clock down Stockwell Road {...} {Abbot's Road} {...} twelve minutes to three we'll be moving along Lambeth Road towards Vauxhall Bridge. Now when we get to the other side of Vauxhall Bridge we're in Westminster {Borough} area. It's quite possible we may encounter some {...} by the way we go. {...}."

Stop

Stop!

I wanna go home
Take off this uniform
And leave the show.
But I'm waiting in this cell
Because I have to know.
Have I been guilty all this time?

The Trial (Waters, Bob Ezrin)

Good morning, Worm your honor.
The crown will plainly show
The prisoner who now stands before you
Was caught red-handed showing feelings
Showing feelings of an almost human nature;
This will not do.
Call the schoolmaster!

I always said he'd come to no good
In the end your honor.
If they'd let me have my way I could
Have flayed him into shape.
But my hands were tied,
The bleeding hearts and artists
Let him get away with murder.
Let me hammer him today?

Crazy,
Toys in the attic I am crazy,
Truly gone fishing.
They must have taken my marbles away.
Crazy, toys in the attic he is crazy.

You little shit you're in it now,
I hope they throw away the key.
You should have talked to me more often
Than you did, but no! You had to go
Your own way, have you broken any
Homes up lately?
Just five minutes, Worm your honor,
Him and Me, alone.

Baaaaaaaaaaabe!
Come to mother baby, let me hold you
In my arms.
M'lud I never wanted him to
Get in any trouble.
Why'd he ever have to leave me?
Worm, your honor, let me take him home.

Crazy,
Over the rainbow, I am crazy,
Bars in the window.
There must have been a door there in the wall
When I came in.
Crazy, over the rainbow, he is crazy.

The evidence before the court is

Incontrivertable, there's no need for
The jury to retire.
In all my years of judging
I have never heard before
Of someone more deserving
Of the full penalties of law.
The way you made them suffer,
Your exquisite wife and mother,
Fills me with the urge to defecate!
But, my friend, you have revealed your
Deepest fear,
I sentence you to be exposed before
Your peers.
Tear down the wall!

Outside the Wall

All alone, or in two's,
The ones who really love you
Walk up and down outside the wall.
Some hand in hand
And some gathered together in bands.
The bleeding hearts and artists
Make their stand.

And when they've given you their all
Some stagger and fall, after all it's not easy
Banging your heart against some mad bugger's wall.

"Isn't this where..."