Roger Waters, Amused To Death

Doctor Doctor what is wrong with me This supermarket life is getting long

What is the heart life of a colour TV

What is the shelf life of a teenage queen

Ooh western woman

Ooh western girl

News hound sniffs the air

When Jessica Hahn goes down

He latches on to that symbol

Of detachment

Attracted by the peeling away of feeling

The celebrity of the abused shell the belle

Ooh western woman

Ooh western girl

And the children of Melrose

Strut their stuff

Is absolute zero cold enough

And out in the valley warm and clean

The little ones sit by their TV screens

No thoughts to think

No tears to cry

All sucked dry

Down to the very last breath

Bartender what is wrong with me

Why I am so out of breath

The captain said excuse me ma'am

This species has amused itself to death

Amused itself to death

Amused itself to death

We watched the tragedy unfold

We did as we were told

We bought and sold

It was the greatest show on earth

But then it was over

We oohed and aahed

We drove our racing cars

We ate our last few jars of caviar

And somewhere out there in the stars

A keen-eyed look-out

Spied a flickering light

Our last hurrah

And when they found our shadows

Groups 'round the TV sets

They ran down every lead

They repeated every test

They checked out all the data in their lists

And then the alien anthropologists

Admitted they were still perplexed

But on eliminating every other reason

For our sad demise

They logged the only explanation left

This species has amused itself to death

No tears to cry

No feelings left

This species has amused itself to death

Amused itself to death