

# Roger Waters, Smell the Roses

There's a mad dog pulling at his chain  
A hint of danger in his eye  
Alarm bells raging round in his brain  
And the chimney's broken th the sky

Wake up  
Wake up and smell the roses  
Close your eyes And pray  
This wind don't change  
There's nothing but screams in the field of dreams  
Nothing but hope at the end of the road  
Nothing but gold in the chimney smoke  
Come on honey it's your money

This is the room where they make the explosive  
Where the put name on the bomb  
Here's where they bury the butts and the ifs  
And scratch out words like right and wrong

Wake up  
Wake up and smell the phosphorus  
This is the room we keep a human heir  
Don't ask don't tell it couldn't be lost for us  
Yes, little less cash in the stash in the cupboard  
At the bottom of the stair  
Money, honey

Wake up  
Wake up and smell the bacon  
Run your greasy fingers through her hair  
This is he life that you have taken

Just a line in the captain's log  
Just a whine from a resident dog  
Another kid didn't make the grade  
Come honey it's a fair trade

Wake up  
Wake up and smell the roses  
Throw a photo on the funeral pyre  
Now we can forget the threat she poses  
Girl, you know  
You couldn't get much higher