

PINK
FLOYD
THE
WALL



James Scarfe

THE WALL

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ROGER WATERS

PERFORMED BY

PINK FLOYD

ROGER WATERS · DAVID GILMOUR · NICK MASON · RICHARD WRIGHT

WITH

ANDY BOWN BASS SNOWY WHITE GUITAR
WILLIE WILSON DRUMS PETER WOODS KEYBOARDS
BACKING VOCALS

JOHN JOYCE · JIM FARBER · STAN HAAS · JOE CHEMAY

MUSICAL DIRECTOR — DAVID GILMOUR
ART DIRECTION — GERALD SCARFE
SOUND MIXING — JAMES GUTHRIE

ANIMATION DESIGN AND DIRECTION — GERALD SCARFE

ASST. ANIMATION DIRECTOR: MICHAEL STUART ASST. ART DIRECTOR: JILL BROOKS
ANIMATION: MICHAEL STUART · BILL HAGEE · GREG MILLER · CHRIS CANNON · TRACEY PAINT · SANDY HOUSTON
EDITING: TONY FISH · PETER NEIKEN · CAMERA: JULIEN HOLDWAY · RICHARD WOLFF PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR PAUL

SOUND BY

BRITANIA ROW AUDIO INC.

ROBBIE WILLIAMS

SETH GOLDMAN

NIGEL TAYLOR

WITH THANKS TO

~~STANLEY MILLER~~

~~STEVE BRADLEY~~

ROBIN TAYLOR

SANDRA MCINTOSH

PHIL TAYLOR — STAGE EQUIPMENT

LIGHTING AND SPECIAL EFFECTS

BRITANIA ROW LIGHTING INC.

GRAHAM FLEMING

MARK FISHER

DON JOE

MIKE TREADWELL

ROCKY PAULSON

WITH THANKS TO

JONATHAN PARK

ROSIE BAILLIE

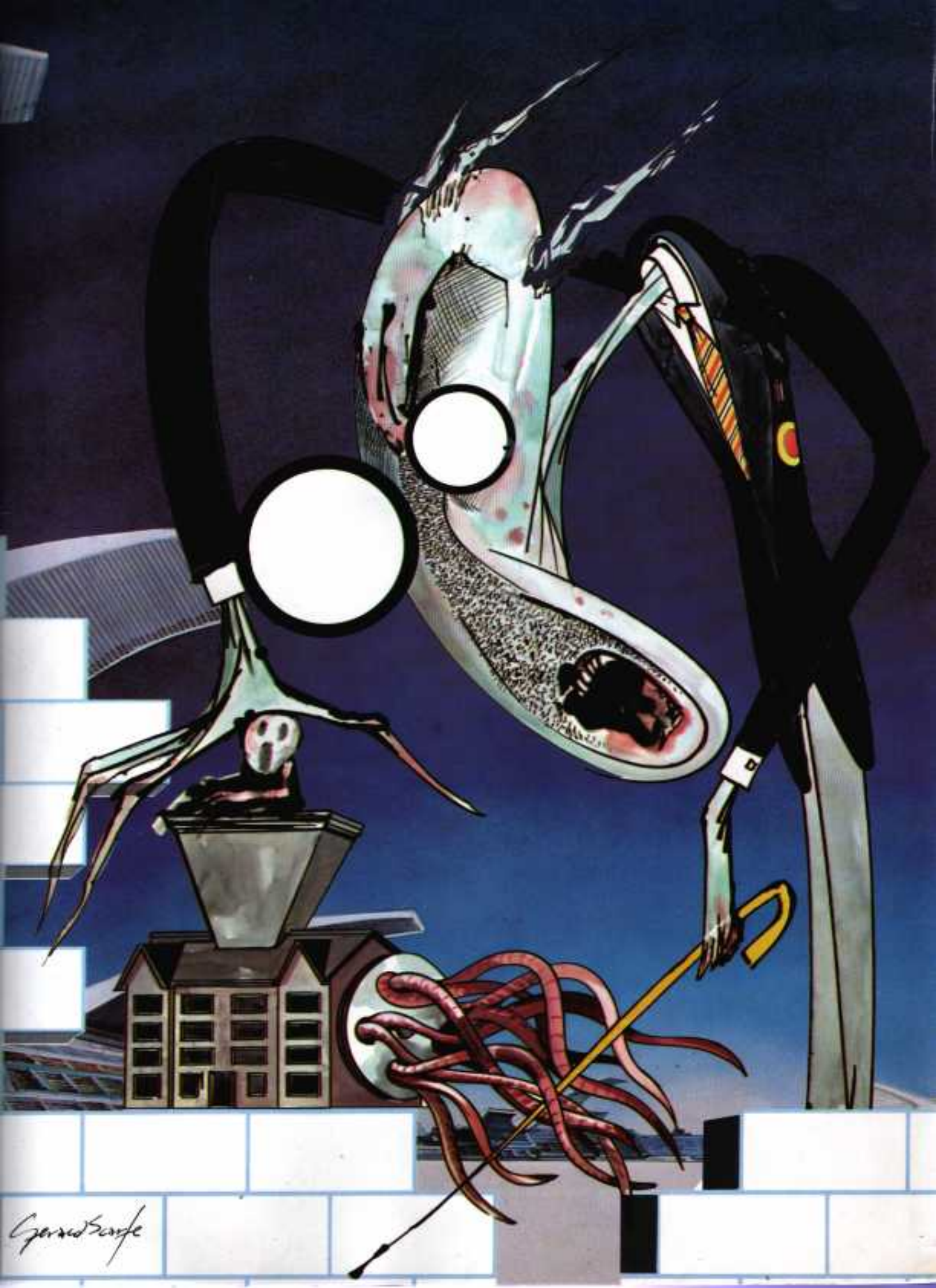
ANDY SHIELDS — PROJECTIONIST

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ROGER WATERS EXCEPT

YOUNG LUST (WATERS GILMOUR) COMFORTABLY NUMB (GILMOUR WATERS)
RUN LIKE HELL (GILMOUR WATERS) THE TRIAL (WATERS ELZIN)

SPECIAL THANKS TO NORMAN LAWRENCE

PINK FLOYD MANAGEMENT · STEVE O'ROURKE EM·KA· PRODUCTIONS



Gerard Scarpie

In the Flesh?

So you
Thought you
Might like to go to the show
To feel the warm thrill of confusion
That space cadet glow
Tall me is something, looking you funkies?
Is this not what you expected to see?
If you'd like to find out what's behind these cold eyes?
You'll just have to starve your way through the
Disguise

The Thin Ice

Mamma loves her baby
And daddy loves you too
And the sea may look warm to you kids
And the ship may look blue
But Ooooh baby
Woosh baby blue
Ooooh baby
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 feet flailing out behind you
It's you who lean the thin ice

Another Brick in the Wall. part 1.

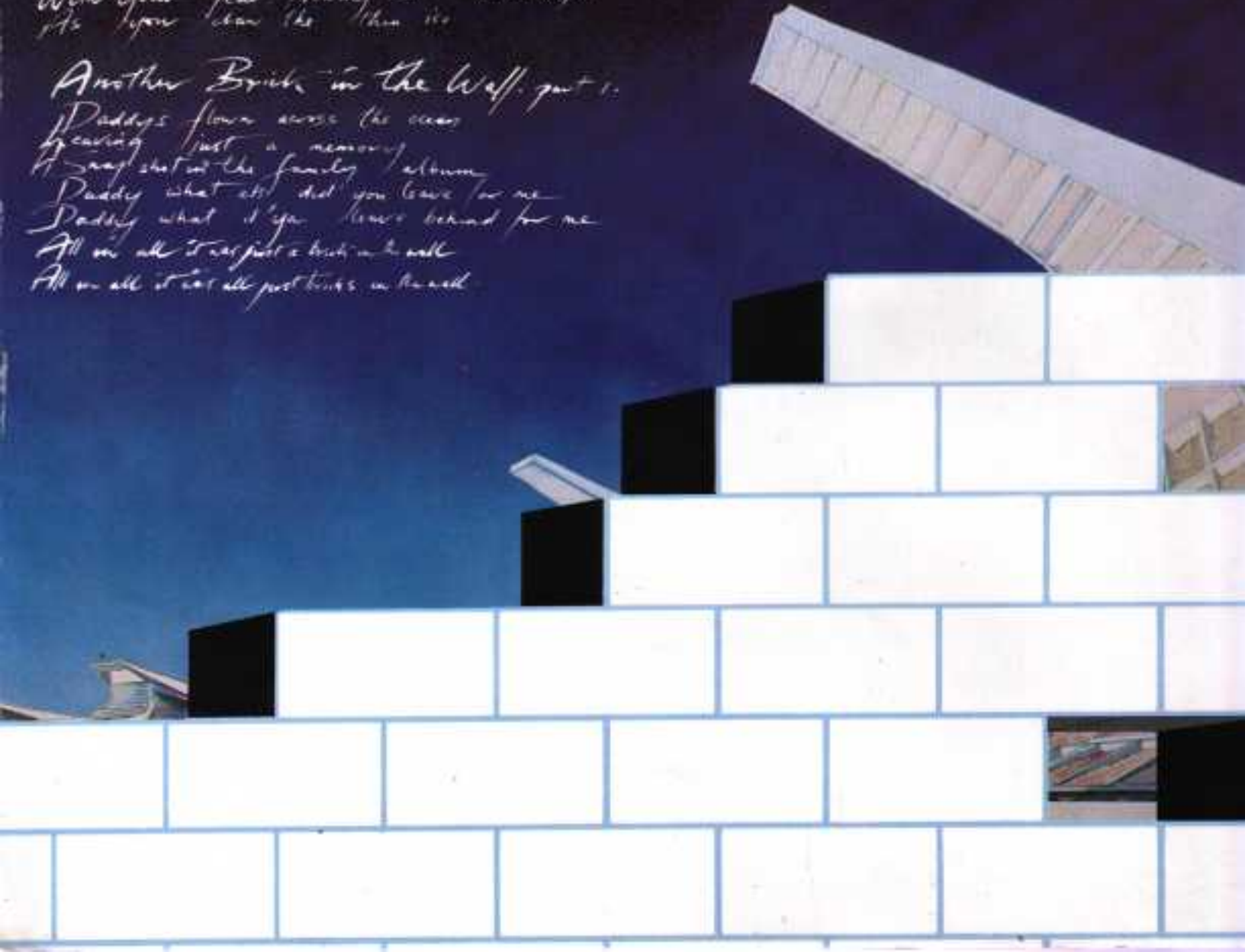
Daddy's flown across the ocean
Leaving just a memory album
A soap suds in the family bathroom
Daddy what did you leave for me
Daddy what did you leave behind for me
All in all it was just a brick in the wall
All in all it was all just bricks in the wall

The Happiest Days of our Lives

When we grow up we want to school
There are certain teachers who would
Hurt the child - anyway they could
By giving their lesson
Upon January 1st we hit
And exposing every student to kids
However carefully hidden
But in the town I was well known
When they got home at night, 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 don't need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave the kids alone
They've never leave us kids alone
All in all it's just another brick in the wall
All in all you're just another brick in the wall





Mother

Mother do you think they'll drop the bomb
Mother do you think they'll like the song
Mother do you think they'll try to break my balls
Mother should I build a 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 don't you cry
Mama's gonna make all of your
Nightmares come true
Mama's gonna put all of her fears into you
Mama's gonna keep you right here
Under her wing
She won't let you fly but she might let you sing
Mama will keep baby cosy and warm
Coosh Babe Coosh Babe Coosh Babe
Of course Mama'll help build the wall

Mother do you think she's good enough for 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 don't you cry
Mama's gonna check out all your girl friends for you
Mama's gonna let anyone dirty get through
Mama's gonna wait 100 years till you come in
Mama I will always find out where
You've been
Mama's gonna keep you healthy and clean
Coosh Babe Coosh Babe Coosh Babe
You'll always be a baby to me
Mother. Did it need to be so high.

Gerrard Scarfe



Goodbye Blue Sky

Goodbye Blue Sky
 Goodbye Blue Sky
 Did you see the frightened ones
 Did you hear the falling bombs
 Did you see the wonder
 Why we had to run for shelter
 When the promise of a home was would
 You found beneath a blue blue sky
 Goodbye Blue Sky
 Goodbye Blue Sky
 Did you see the frightened ones
 Did you hear the falling bombs
 The flowers are all long gone
 But the pain lingers on
 Goodbye Blue Sky
 Goodbye Blue Sky
 Goodbye

Empty Spaces / What shall we do now?

What shall we use to fill the empty
 Spaces where we used to talk
 How shall I fill the final places
 How shall I complete the wall
 Shall we keep a quiet
 Shall we drink a nice pour of
 Shall we make straight through the night
 Shall we get into fights
 Leave the lights on
 Drive bombs
 Do things of the least
 Content of us
 Carry bones
 Break up bones
 Send flowers by phone
 Take to drink
 Go to shrinker
 Give up meat
 Smelly long
 Keep people we hate
 Train dog a
 Face with
 Put in other with cash
 Buy treasure
 Spend up living
 Don't make relay at all
 With in trouble to the world





Gerard Scerif



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 ~~to~~ ^{to} put through the shoulder
 In front of my friends
 Ooooh Babe
 Don't leave me now?
 How could you go?
 When you know how I need you,
 To a boat to a pulp on a Saturday night
 Ooooh Babe
 Don't leave me now
 How can you trust me this way
 If running away
 I need you Babe
 Why are you running away?
 Ooooh Babe!

Young Lust

I am just a new boy
 A stranger in this town
 Where live all the good times
 Who's gonna show this stranger around?
 Who? Who? Who? Who?
 Ooooh Babe I need a dirty woman
 Ooooh Babe I need a dirty girl
 With some soft woman in this desert land
 Make me feel like a real man
 Take this rocks and roll refugee
 Ooooh Babe set me free
 Ooooh Babe Ooooh Babe
 Ooooh Babe I need a dirty woman
 Ooooh Babe I need a dirty girl.

One of my tears

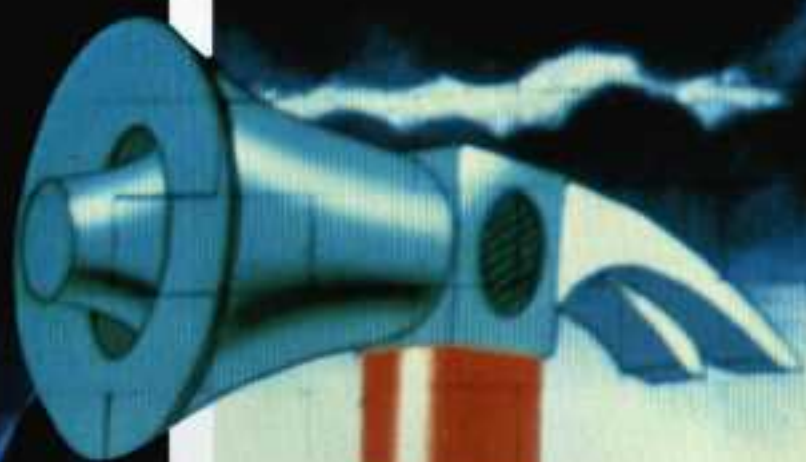
Day after day, love turns grey
 Like the skin of a dying man
 Night after night, we pretend it's all right
 But I have grown older and
 You have grown older and
 Nothing is very much for any more.
 And I can feel one of my tears coming on.
 I feel, old as a razor blade
 Tight as a tourniquet
 Dry as a funeral dinner,
 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
 Just one of my bad days?
 Would you like to watch T.V.?
 Or get between the sheets?
 Or contemplate the silent frames?
 Would you like something to eat?
 Would you like to learn to fly?
 Would you like to see me fly?
 Would you like to call the cops?
 Do you think it's time I stopped?
 Why are you running away?

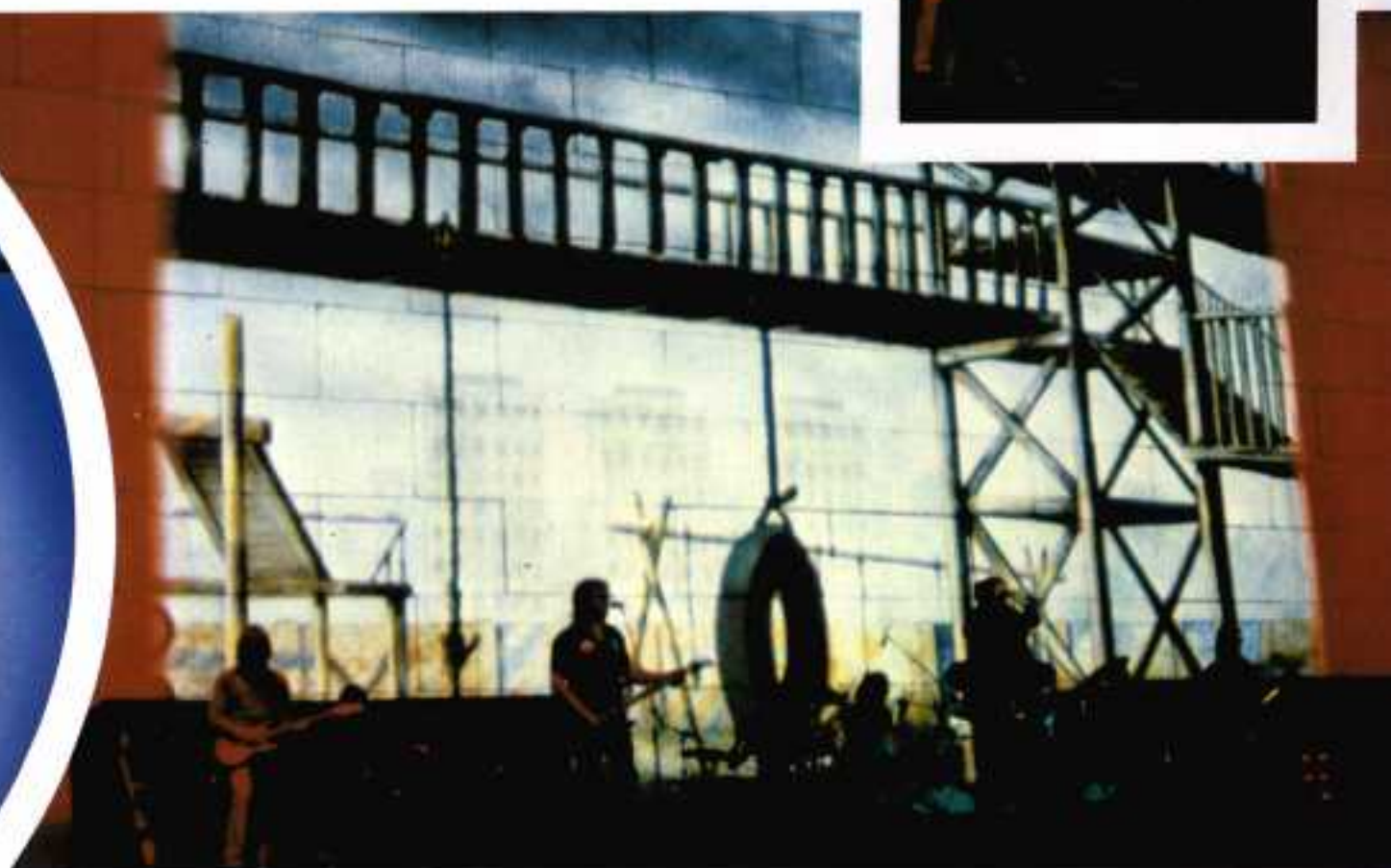
Another Brick in the Wall
 part 3

I don't need no arms around me
 I don't need no drugs to calm me
 I have seen the cutting on the wall
 Don't think I'll 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 all you people
 There's nothing you can say
 To make me change
 My mind
 Goodbye.

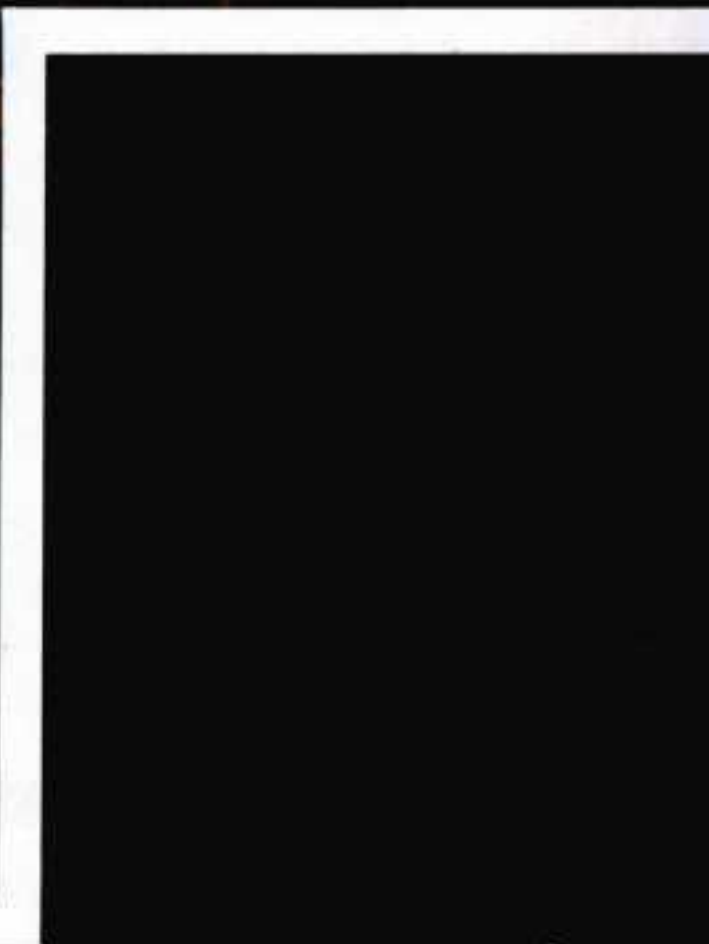












Hey you

Hey you! out there on the cold
 Getting lonely, getting old, can you help me
 Hey you! standing in the middle
 with dirty feet and bleeding can't you comfort me
 Hey you! don't help them, please
 Don't give in without a fight
 Hey you! out there on your
 Sitting naked by the fire, would you touch me
 Hey you! with your ear, can you hear
 Whistling for someone to call on you, can you
 Hey you! would you help me to
 Open up our 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
 And the worms ate into his brain
 Hey you! out here on the road
 Doing what yours told, can you help me
 Hey you! out there beyond the wall
 Breaking bottles for the hell, can you help me
 Hey you! don't tell me there's no hope at all
 Together we stand, divided we fall

Is there anybody out there?

Is there anybody out there?

Nobody Home

I've got a little black book with my poems in
 I've 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, I'm keeping my eyes on
 I got those swollen hand, black
 I got the teen characters, I sit on the floor to sleep from
 I've got electric light
 And I've got sound, right
 I've got amazing power of observation
 And that is how I know
 When I try to get through
 On the telephone no one
 There's no nobody home
 I've got the obligatory Henderson poem
 And the inevitable prophetic lines
 All down the front of my favourite satin shirt
 I've got no hand saw, some of fingers
 I've got a silver spoon, and a chain
 I've got a grand piano to prop up my mental remains
 I've got wild staring eyes
 I've got a strong urge to fly
 But I've got nowhere to fly to
 Oooh, Buh, when I pick up the phone
 There's still nobody home
 I've got a pair of Gohills boots
 And I've got fading roots

Vera

Does anybody here remember her
 Remember how she said that
 We would meet again
 Some sunny day
 Vera! Vera!
 What has become of you
 Does anybody else, or never
 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
 Bring the boys back home

Comfortably Numb

Hello
Is there anyone in there
I know you can hear me
I know you're not at home
I know you're feeling down
I can ease your pain
And 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 pin prick
There'll be no more aaaaaanhh!
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 let's try to get.

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 gone
The dream is gone
And I have become
Comfortably numb.

The Show must go on.

Ooh Maa Ooh Pa
Does the show have to go on
Ooh Pa take me home
Ooh Maa let me go
Do I have to stand up
Well aye in the spotlight
What a nightmare, why?
Don't I turn and run?
There must be some mistake
I didn't mean to let them
Take away my soul
Am I too old is it too late
Ooh Maa Ooh Pa
Where has the feeling gone?
Ooh Maa Ooh Pa
Will I remember the songs?
The show must go on.

Gerard Scarfe



Waiting for the worms
 Goodbye you cannot reach me now
 Goodbye No matter how you try
 Goodbye cruel world it's over
 Walk on by
 Waiting in a bunker have behind my back
 Waiting for the worms to come
 For perfect isolation have behind my back
 Waiting for the worms to come
 Waiting to cut out the deadwood
 Waiting to clean up the city
 Waiting to follow up 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 straighten 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 beloved island
 Home again my friend
 All you need to do is follow the worms

In the Flesh

So you
 thought you
 might like to
 go to the show
 to feel the warm thrill of confusion
 that space cadet glow
 I've got some bad news for you
 I think it's well he stayed back at his hotel
 And they sent us along as a surrogate band
 And we're going to find out where you fans
 Really stand
 Are there any queers in the theatre tonight
 get em up against me with
 there's one in the spotlight
 He don't look right to me
 Get him up against me will
 That one looks Jewish
 And that one's a coon
 Who let all 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

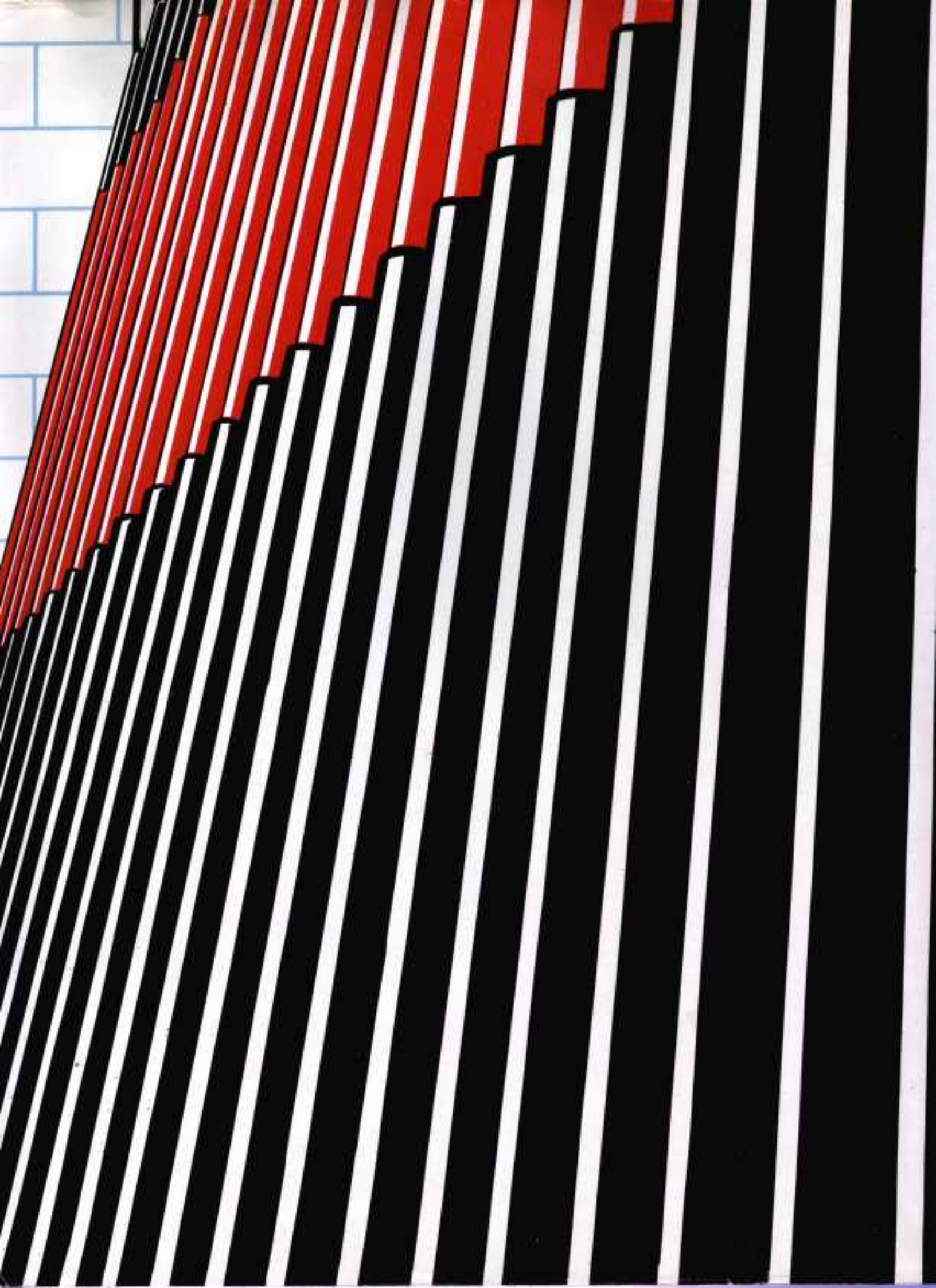
Run like Hell.

You better run like hell
 You better make your face up
 your favorite
 With your button down lips and your
 Roller blind eyes
 With your empty smile
 And your hungry rear!
 Feel the bile rising from your guilty post
 With your nerves in tatters
 When the cockleshell shatters
 And the hammer butter
 Down the door
 You better run like hell
 You better run all day
 And run all night
 And keep your dirty feelings
 Deep inside. And if you
 Take your girlfriend
 Out tonight
 You better park the car
 Well out of sight
 Cos if they catch you in the back seat
 Trying to pull her looks
 They'll shove you back to mother
 In a cardboard box
 You better run.

Stop

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



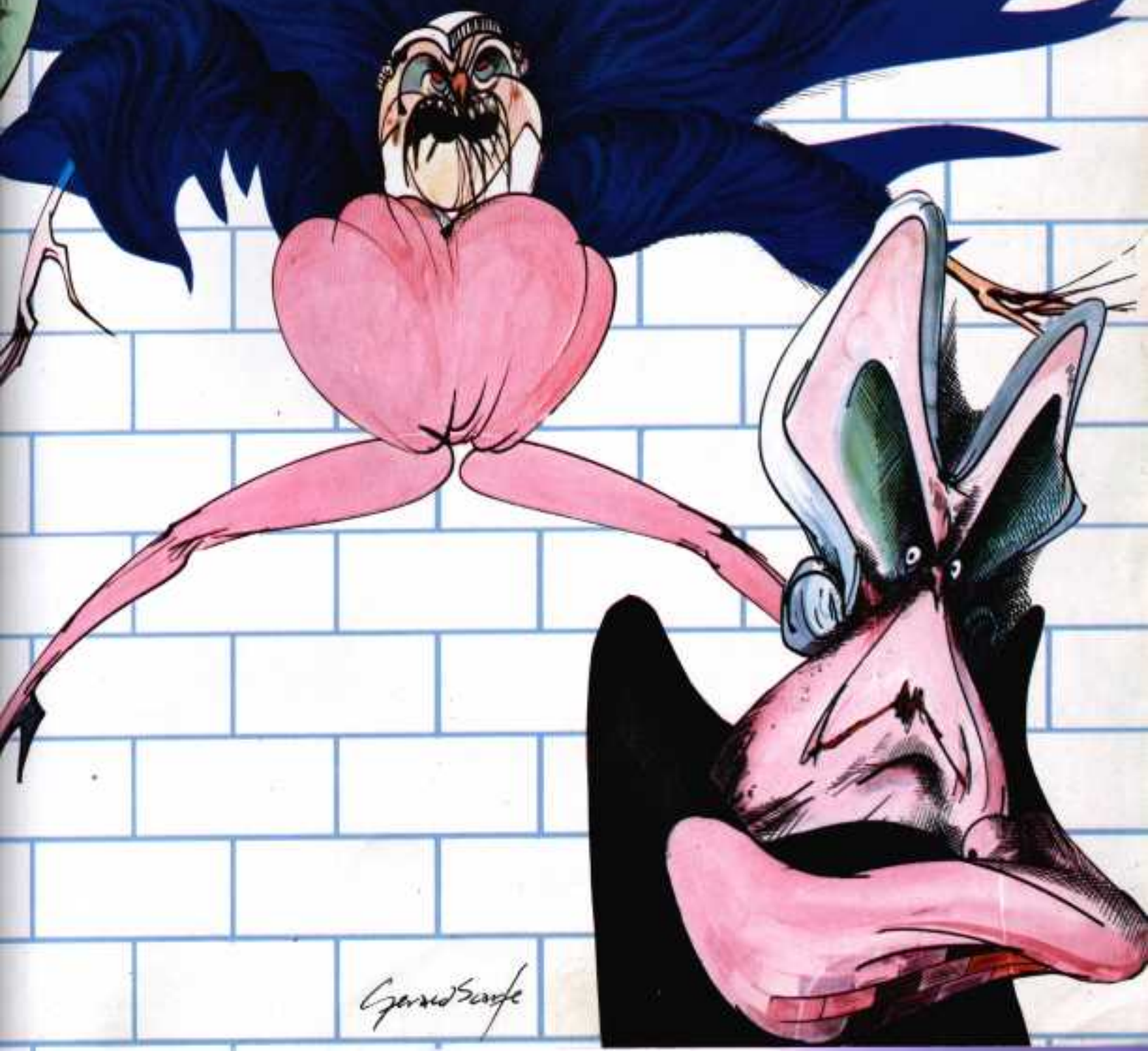




The Trial

Good morning Worm you know
 The room will plainly show
 The prisoner who now stands before you
 Was caught and handed showing feelings
 Showing feelings of an almost broken man
 Shame on him
 This will not do
 Call the bailmaster
 I always said it's come to no good
 In the end you know
 If they'd let me leave my way I could
 Have stayed 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'm sorry
 They must have taken my nubbles away
 Cast the defendant's wife
 You little white doves in it now
 I hope they burn away the lice
 You should have talked to me when you
 Than you did, but no you had to
 Go your own way. Have you broken my
 Home yet lately? Worm your honour
 Just five minutes Worm your honour

How I wish me alone
 Baker
 Come to mother baby let me hold you
 For my arms
 I'd like I never wanted him to
 Get in any trouble
 Why'd he ever have to leave me
 Worm you know let me talk him home
 Crazy over the number I am crazy
 Fast in the window
 That must have been a cool time in the wall
 When I came in
 Crazy over her raiment he is crazy
 The evidence before the court is
 Inconventable, there's no need for
 The jury to retire
 In all my years of judging
 I have never heard before
 Some one more deserving
 The full penalty of law suffer
 The way you made her suffer
 You exquisite wife and mother
 Fills me with the urge to defecate
 But my friend you beat yourself your
 Dearest fear
 I sometimes wish you to be exposed before
 Your peers
 And down he will.



Gerald Scarfe

Gerald Scarfe



Outside the Wall

All alone in a tent
For me who make this your
Walk up and down the wall
Some things in hand
Some gathering to other lands
The building about and within
Make that stand
And when they've given you their all
Some things in hand you let it out
Bang your heart against some and suggest
Will I



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