

Animals



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Studio: Britannia Row Studios, London
Produzent: Pink Floyd
Toningenieur: Brian Humphries
Cover Design: Roger Waters, Storm Thorgerson & Aubrey Powell

Roger Waters: Gesang, Orgel, Gitarre, Soundeffekte
David Gilmour: Gitarre, Gesang, Percussion, Keyboards
Rick Wright: Keyboards, Gesang, Soundeffekte
Nick Mason: Schlagzeug, Percussion, Soundeffekte

Pigs On The Wing (Part 1) (1:25)
(Roger Waters)

Dogs (17:04)
(Roger Waters / David Gilmour)

Pigs (Three Different Ones) (11:28)
(Roger Waters)

Sheep (10:16)
(Roger Waters)

Pigs On The Wing (Part 2) (1:25)
(Roger Waters)

Pigs On The Wing (Part 1)

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

If you didn't care what happened to me
And if I didn't care for you
We would zig zag our way through the boredom and pain
Occasionally glancing up through the rain
Wondering which of the buggers to blame
And watching for pigs on the wing

Dogs

Text & Musik: Roger Waters, David Gilmour

You gotta be crazy, you gotta have a real need
You gotta sleep on your toes, and when you're on the street
You gotta be able to pick up the easy meat
With your eyes closed
And then moving in silently, down wind and out of sight
You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking

And after a while, you can work on points for style
Like the club tie, and the firm handshake
A certain look in the eye and an easy smile
You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to
So that when they turn their backs on you
You'll get the chance to put the knife in

You gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder
You know it's going to get harder, and harder and harder
As you get older
And in the end you'll pack up and fly down south

Hide your head in the sand
Just another sad old man
All alone and dying of cancer

And when you loose control, you'll reap the harvest
You have sown
And as fear grows, the bad blood slows and turns to stone
And its too late to loose the weight
You used to need to throw around
So have a good drown, as you go down, alone
Dragged down by the stone

I gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused
Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise
If I don't stand on my own ground,
How can I find my own way out of this maze?

Deaf, dumb and blind, you just keep on pretending
That everyone's expendable and no one has a real friend
And it seems to you the thing to do
Would be to isolate the winner
And everything's done under the sun
And you believe at heart, everyone's a killer

Who was born in a house full of pain
Who was trained not to spit in the fan
Who was told what to do by the man
Who was broken by trained personnel
Who was fitted with collar and chain
Who was given a seat in the stand
Who was breaking away from the pack
Who was only a stranger at home
Who was ground down in the end
Who was dragged down by the stone

Pigs (Three Different Ones)

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Big man, pig man, ha ha, charade you are
You well heeled big wheel, ha ha , charade you are
And when your hand is on your heart
You're nearly a good laugh
Almost a joker
With your head down in the pig bin
Saying "Keep on digging"
Pig stain on your fat chin
What do you hope to find?
When you're down in the pig mine
You're nearly a laugh
You're nearly a laugh
But you're really a cry

Bus stop, rat bag, ha ha, charade you are
You fucked up old hag, ha ha, charade you are
You radiate cold shafts of broken glass
You're nearly a good laugh
Almost worth a quick grin
You like the feel of steel
You're hot stuff with a hat pin
And good fun with a hand gun
You're nearly a laugh
You're nearly a laugh
But you're really a cry

Hey you, White house, ha ha, charade you are
You house proud town mouse, ha ha, charade you are
You're trying to keep our feelings of the street
You're nearly a real treat
All tight lips cold feet
And do you feel abused?
...! ...! ...! ...!
You gotta stem the evil tide
And keep it all on the inside
Mary you're nearly a treat
Mary you're nearly a treat
But you're really a cry

Sheep

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away
Only dimly aware of a certain unease in the air
You better watch out
There may be dogs about
I've looked over Jordan, and I have seen
Things are not what they seem

What do you get for pretending the danger's not real
Meek and obedient you follow the leader
Down well trodden corridors, into the valley of steel
What a surprise!
A look of terminal shock in your eyes
Now things are really what they seem
No, this is no bad dream

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want
He makes me down to lie
Through pastures green he leadeth me the silent waters by
With bright knives he releaseth my soul
He maketh me to hang on hooks in high places
He converteth me to lamb cutlets
For lo, he hath great power, and great hunger
When cometh the day we lowly ones
Though quiet reflection, and great dedication
master the art of karate
Lo, we shall rise up
And then we'll make the buggers eyes water

Bleating and babbling I fell on his neck with a scream
Wave upon wave of demented avengers
March cheerfully out of obscurity into the dream

Have you heard the news?
The dogs are dead!
You better stay home
And do as you're told
Get out of the road
If you want to grow old

Pigs On The Wing (Part 2)

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

You know that I care what happens to you
And I know that you care for me
So I don't feel alone
Or the weight of the stone
Now that I've found somewhere safe
To bury my bone
And any fool knows a dog needs a home
A shelter from pigs on the wing

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