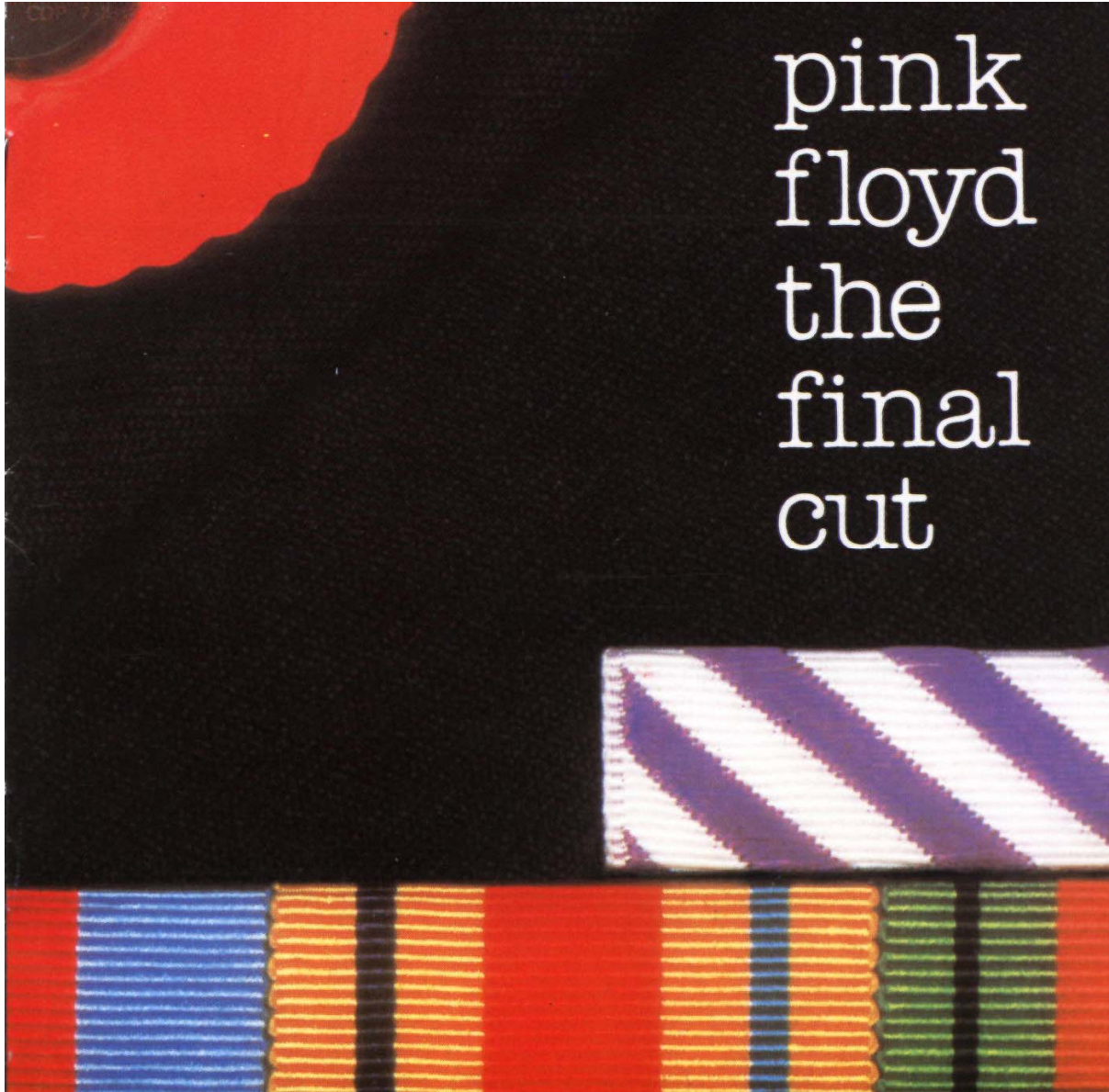


The Final Cut

A Requiem For The Post War Dream By Roger Waters – Performed By Pink Floyd
For Eric Fletcher Waters 1913 - 1944



Aufnahmedatum:	Juli 1982, Dezember 1982
Erscheinungsdatum:	21. März 1983
Studio:	Mayfair, Olympic, Abbey Road Studios, Eel Pie, Audio International, RAK, Hookend, The Billiard Room
Produzent:	Roger Waters, James Guthrie, Michael Kamen
Toningenieur:	James Guthrie, Andy Jackson
Toningenieur Assistant:	Andy Canelle, Mike Nocito, Jules Bowen
Mastered:	Doug Sax
Soundeffekte:	Holophonics Zuccarelli labs. ltd.
Cover Design:	Roger Waters
Fotograf:	Willie Christie

David Gilmour: Gitarre, Gesang
Nick Mason: Schlagzeug, Percussion, Soundeffekte
Roger Waters: Bass, Gitarre, Gesang

Michael Kamen: Piano, Harmonium
Andy Bown: Hammond-Organ
Ray Cooper: Percussion
Andy Newmark: Schlagzeug bei „Two Suns In The Sunset“
Raphael Ravenscroft: Tenorsaxophon
Und das National Philharmonic Orchestra dirigiert und arrangiert von Michael Kamen

The Post War Dream (3:30)
(Roger Waters)

Your Possible Pasts (4:26)
(Roger Waters)

One Of The Few (1:12)
(Roger Waters)

When The Tigers Broke Free (3:17)
(Roger Waters)

The Hero's Return (2:43)
(Roger Waters)

The Gunner's Dream (5:18)
(Roger Waters)

Paranoid Eyes (3:41)
(Roger Waters)

Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Desert (1:17)
(Roger Waters)

The Fletcher Memorial Home (4:12)
(Roger Waters)

Southampton Dock (2:11)
(Roger Waters)

The Final Cut (4:46)
(Roger Waters)

Not Now John (4:56)
(Roger Waters)

Two Suns In The Sunset (5:20)
(Roger Waters)

Die ursprüngliche Idee von **Roger Waters** war es, dieses Album als Soundtrack zum Film **The Wall** herauszubringen. Der Arbeitstitel war dann auch **Spare Bricks**. Es sollten neu aufgenommene Songs, die nicht auf dem **The Wall** Album und im Film untergebracht waren hier veröffentlicht werden. So wurde es auch anfangs der Presse angekündigt. Selbst im Abspann vom Film wird behauptet, dass ein Soundtrack–Album erhältlich sein wird. Auf dem Cover der Single **When The Tigers Broke Free** steht wiederum geschrieben, Dass der besagte Song vom Album **The Final Cut** sei. Tatsache ist, dass dieser Song auf der LP von 1983 fehlt und erst bei der Digital Remasterten CD vom Jahr 2004 an die damals vorge-sehene Stelle eingefügt wurde.

The Post War Dream

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Tell me true, tell me why was Jesus crucified
Is it for this that daddy died?
Was it you? Was it me?
Did I watch to much T.V.?
Is that a hint of accusation in your eyes?
If it wasn't for the nips
being so good at building ships
the yards would still be open on the clyde
And it can't be much fun for them
beneath the rising sun
with all their kids committing suicide
What have we done, Maggie what have we done
What have we done to England
Should we shout, should we scream
"What happened to the post war dream?"
Oh Maggie, Maggie what did we do?

Your Possible Pasts

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

They flutter behind you your possible pasts
Some brighteyed and crazy some frightened and lost
A warning to anyone still in command
of their possible future to take care
In derelict sidings the poppies entwine
with cattle trucks lying in wait for the next time

Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be closer?

She stood in the doorway

The Ghost of a smile
Haunting her face like a cheap hotel sign
Her cold eyes imploring the men in their macs
for the gold in thier bags or the knives in their backs
Stepping up boldly one put out his hand
He said "I was just a child then, now I'm only a man"

Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be closer?

By the cold and religious we were taken in hand
Shown how to feel good and told to feel bad
(Tongue tied and terrified we learned how to pray
Now our feelings run deep and cold as the clay)
Strung out behind us the banners and flags
of our possible pasts lie in tatters and rags

Do you remember me? How we used to be?
Do you think we should be closer?

One Of The Few

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

When you're one of the few to land on your feet
What do you do to make ends meet?
Teach
Make them mad, make them sad, make them add two and two
Make them me, make them you, make them do what you want them to
Make them laugh, make them cry, make them lie down and die

When The Tigers Broke Free

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

It was just before dawn one miserable morning
in black forty-four
when the forward commander was told to sit tight
when asked that his men be withdrawn
And the generals gave thanks as the other ranks
held be the enemy tanks - for a while
And then the Anzio beachhead was held for the price
of a few hundred ordinary lives

And kind old King George sent mother a note
when he heard that father was gone

It was, I recall, in the form of a scroll
with golden leaf and all
And I found it one day in a drawer of old
photographs hidden away
And my eyes still grow damp to remember
His Majesty signed with his own rubber stamp

It was dark all around
There was frost in the ground
When the tigers broke free
And noone survived from the Royal Fusiliers Company C
They were all left behind
Most of them dead
The rest of them dying
And that's how the High Command took my Daddy from me

The Hero's Return

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Jesus Jesus what's it all about
trying to clout these little ingrates into shape
When I was their age all the lights went out
There was no time to whine and mope about

And even now part of me flies over
Dresden at angels one five
Though they'll never fathom it behind my
sarcasm desperate memories lie

Sweetheart sweetheart are you fast asleep, good
'cos that's the only time that I can really speak to you
And there is something that I've locked away
A memory that is too painful
to withstand the light of day

When we came back from the war the banners and flags
hung on everyones door
we danced and we sang in the street and the church bells rang
But burning in my heart
my memory smoulders on
of the gunners dying words on the intercom

The Gunner's Dream

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Floating down through the clouds
Memories come rushing up to meet me now
But in the space between the heavens
and in the corner of some foreign field
I had a dream
I had a dream

Goodbey Max
Goodbey Ma
After the service when you're walking slowly to the car
And the silver in her hair shines in the cold november air
You hear the tolling bell
and touch the silk in your lapel
And as the tear drops rise to meet the comfort of the band
you take her frail hand
and hold on to the dream

A place to stay
Enough to eat
Somewhere old heroes shuffle safely down the street
Where you can speak out loud
about your doubts and fears
And what's more no-one ever disappears
You never hear their standard issue kicking in your door
You can relax on both sides of the tracks
And maniacs don't blow holes in bandsmen by remote control
Ans everyone has recourse to the law
And no-one kills the children anymore
And no-one kills the children anymore

Night after night
Going round and round my brain
His dream is driving me insane
In the corner of some foreign field
The gunner sleeps tonight
Whats done is done
We cannot just write off his final scene
Take heed of the dream
Take heed

Paranoid Eyes

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Button your lip and don't let the shield slip
Take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask
And if they try to break down your disguise with their questions
You can hide hide hide
behind paranoid eyes

You put on your brave face and slip over the road for a jar
fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar
laughing to loud at the rest of the world
with the boys in the crowd
You hide hide hide
behind petrified eyes

You believed in their stories of fame fortune and glory
Now you're lost in a haze of alcohol soft middle age
The pie in the sky turned out to be miles to high
And you hide hide hide
behind brown and mild eyes

Get Your Filthy Hands Of My Desert

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Brezhnev took Afghanistan
Begin took Beirut
Galtieri took the Union Jack
And Maggie over lunch one day
took a cruiser with all hands
apparently to make him give it back

The Fletcher Memorial Home

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Take all your overgrown infants away somewhere
And build them a home, a little place of their own
The Fletcher Memorial home for incurable tyrants and kings

And they can appear to themselves every day
on closed circuit T.V.
to make sure they're still real

It's the only connection they feel
"Ladies and Gentlemen please welcome Reagan and Haig
Mr. Begin and friend Mrs. Thatcher and Paisley
Mr. Brezhnev and party
The ghost of McCarthy
The memories of Nixon
And now adding colour a group of anonymous latin-
american meat packing glitterati

Did they expect us to treat them with any respect

They can polish their medals and sharpen their
smiles, and amuse themselves playing games for a while
Boom boom, bang bang, lie down you're dead

Safe in the permanent gaze of a cold glass eye
With their favourite toys
They'll be good girls and boys
In the Fletcher Memorial home for colonial
wasters of life and limb

Is everyone in?
Are you having a nice time?
Now the final solution can be applied

Southampton Dock

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

They disembarked in '45
And no one spoke and no one smiled
They were too many spaces in the line
Gathered at the cenotaph
All agreed with the hand on heart
To sheath the sacrificial knives
but now

She stands upon Southampton Dock
with her handkerchief
and her summer frock
clings to her wet body in the rain
In quiet desperation knuckles
White upon the slippery reins (of state)
She bravely waves the boys goodbye again

And still the dark stain spreads between
his shoulder blades
A mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves
And when the fight was over
We spent what they had made
But in the bottom of our hearts
We felt the final cut

The Final Cut

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Through the fish eyed lens of tear stained eyes
I can barely define the shape of this moment in time
And far from flying high in clear blue skies
I'm spiralling down to the hole in the ground where I hide

If you negotiate the minefield in the drive
And beat the dogs and cheat the cold electronic eyes
And if you make it past the shotguns in the hall
Dial the combination, open the priesthole
And if I'm in I'll tell you what's behind the wall

There's a kid who had a big hallucination
Making love to girls in magazines
He wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith
Could anybody love him
or is it just a crazy dream

And if I show you my dark side
Will you still hold me tonight
And if I open my heart to you
and show you my weak side
What would you do
Would you sell your story to Rolling Stone
Would you take the children away
And leave me alone
And smile in reassurance
as you whisper down the phone
Would you send me packing
Or would you take me home

Thought I oughta bare my naked feelings
Thought I oughta tear the curtain down
I held the blade in trembling hands
Prepared to make it but just then the phone rang
I never had the nerve to make the final cut

Not Now John

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

Fuck all that we've got to get on with these
Got to compete with the wily japanese
There's too many home fires burning
And not enough trees
So fuck all that
We've got to get on with these

Can't stop, lose job, mind gone, silicon
What bomb, get away, pay day, make hay
Break down, need fix, big six
Clickity click, hold on, oh no brrrrrrrring bingo!

Make em laugh, make em cry, make em dance in the aisles
Make em pay, make em stay, make em feel ok

Not nah John
We've got to get on with the film show
Hollywood waits at the end of the rainbow
Who cares what it's about
As long as the kids go
Not now John
Got to get on with the show

Hang on John
I've got to get on with this
I don't know what it is
But it fits on here like.....
Come at the end of the shift
We'll go and get pissed
But not now John
I've got to get on with this

Hold on John
I think there's something good on
I used to read books but.....
It could be the news
Or some other abuse
Or it could be reusable shows

Fuck all that we've got to get on with these
Got to compete with the wily japanese
No need to worry about the vietnamese
Got to bring the russian bear to his knees
Well, maybe not the russian bear
Maybe the Swedes
We showed Argentina
Now let's go and show these
Make us feel tough
And wouldn't Maggie be pleased
Nah nah nah nah nah nah!

S'cusi dove il bar
Se para collo pou eine toe bar
S'il vous plait ou est le bar
Oi! where's the fucking bar John!

Two Suns In The Sunset

Text & Musik: Roger Waters

In my rear view mirror the sun is going down
Sinking behind bridges in the road
And I think of all the good things
That we have left undone
And I suffer premonitions
Confirm suspicions
Of the holocaust to come

The rusty wire that holds the cork
That keeps the anger in
Gives away
And suddenly it's day again
The sun is in the east
Even though the day is done
Two suns in the sunset
hmmmmmmmmmm
Could be the human race is run

Like the moment when the brakes lock
And you slide towards the big truck
You stretch the frozen moments with your fear
And you'll never hear their voices
And you'll never see their faces
You have no recourse to the law anymore

And as the windshield melts
My tears evaporate
Leaving only charcoal to defend
Finally I understand
The feelings of the few
Ashes and diamonds
Foe and friend
We were all equal in the end

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