



## THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON LIVE

### SET ONE

#### In The Flesh (Waters) 1:36

So ya  
Thought ya  
Might like to  
Go to the show.  
To feel that warm thrill of confusion,  
That space cadet glow.  
I've got some bad news for you sunshine,  
Pink isn't well, he stayed back at the hotel  
And they sent us along as a surrogate band  
We're gonna find out where you folks really stand.

Are there any queers in the theater tonight?  
Get them up against the wall!  
There's one in the spotlight, he don't look right to me,  
Get him up against the wall!  
That one looks Jewish!  
And that one's a coon!  
Who let all of 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!

#### Mother

Mother, do you think they'll drop the bomb?  
Mother, do you think they'll like this song?  
Mother, do you think they'll try to break my balls?  
Mother, should I build the wall?  
Mother, should I run for President?  
Mother, should I trust the government?  
Mother, will they put me in the firing line?  
Is it just a waste of time?

Hush now baby, baby, don't you cry  
Momma's gonna make all of your nightmares come true  
Momma's gonna put all of her fears into you  
Momma's gonna keep you right here under her wing  
She won't let you fly, but she might let you sing  
Momma's will keep Baby cozy and warm  
Oooo Babe  
Oooo Babe  
Ooo Babe, of course Momma's gonna 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  
Momma's gonna check out all your girlfriends for you  
Momma won't let anyone dirty get through  
Momma's gonna wait up until you get in  
Momma will always find out where you've been  
Momma's gonna keep Baby healthy and clean  
Oooo Babe  
Oooo Babe  
Ooo Babe, you'll always be Baby to me

Mother, did it need to be so high?

#### "Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun"

Little by little the night turns around  
Counting the leaves which tremble at dawn  
Novices lean on each other in yearning  
Under the leaves the swallow is resting  
Set the controls for the heart of the sun  
Over the mountain watching the watcher  
Breaking the darkness waking the grapevine  
One inch of love is one inch of shadow  
Love is the shadow that ripens the wine  
Set the controls for the heart of the sun  
The heart of the sun  
The heart of the sun  
Witness the man who raves at the wall  
Making the shape of his question to heaven  
Whether the sun will fall in the evening  
Will he remember the lesson of giving  
Set the controls for the heart of the sun  
The heart of the sun  
The heart of the sun

#### "Shine On You Crazy Diamond (I-V)"

Remember when you were young, you shone like the sun.  
Shine on you crazy diamond.  
Now there's a look in your eyes, like black holes in the sky.  
Shine on you crazy diamond.  
You were caught on the crossfire of childhood and stardom,  
blown on the steel breeze.  
Come on you target for faraway laughter,  
come on you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine!  
You reached for the secret too soon, you cried for the moon.  
Shine on you crazy diamond.  
Threatened by shadows at night, and exposed in the light.  
Shine on you crazy diamond.  
Well you wore out your welcome with random precision,  
rode on the steel breeze.  
Come on you raver, you seer of visions,  
come on you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine!

#### "Have A Cigar"

Come in here, dear boy, have a cigar.  
You're gonna go far, fly high,  
You're never gonna die, you're gonna make it if you try; they're gonna  
love you.  
Well I've always had a deep respect, and I mean that most sincerely.  
The band is just fantastic, that is really what I think.  
Oh by the way, which one's Pink?  
And did we tell you the name of the game, boy  
we call it Riding the Gravy Train.  
We're just knocked out.  
We heard about the sell out.  
You gotta get an album out,  
You owe it to the people. We're so happy we can hardly count.  
Everybody else is just green, have you seen the chart?  
It's a helluva start, it could be made into a monster  
if we all pull together as a team.  
And did we tell you the name of the game, boy  
we call it Riding the Gravy Train.



#### Wish You Were Here (Waters, Gilmour) 5:17

So, so you think you can tell  
Heaven from Hell,  
Blue skys from pain.  
Can you tell a green field  
From a cold steel rail?  
A smile from a veil?  
Do you think you can tell?

And did they get you to trade  
Your heros for ghosts?  
Hot ashes for trees?  
Hot air for a cool breeze?  
Cold comfort for change?  
And did you exchange  
A walk on part in the war  
For a lead role in a cage?

How I wish, how I wish you were here.  
We're just two lost souls  
Swimming in a fish bowl,  
Year after year,  
Running over the same old ground.

What have we found?  
The same old fears.  
Wish you were here.

### Southampton Dock

They disembarked in 45  
And no-one spoke and no-one smiled  
There 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  
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 Fletcher Memorial Home"

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

### Perfect Sense Part I & II Lyrics

[HAL]: Stop Dave  
Will you stop Dave?  
Stop Dave  
I'm afraid  
I'm afraid  
Dave, my mind is going  
I can feel it  
I can feel it  
My mind is going  
There is no question about it  
I can feel it  
I can feel it  
I can feel it  
I can feel it  
I'm afraid

The monkey sat on a pile of stone  
And he stared at the broken bone in his hand  
Strains of a Viennese quartet rang out across the land  
The monkey looked up at the stars  
And he thought to himself  
Memory is a stranger  
History is for fools  
And he cleaned his hands in a pool of holy writing  
Turned his back on the garden and set out for the nearest  
town  
Hold on hold on soldier

When you add it all up  
The tears and the marrowbone  
There's an ounce of gold  
And an ounce of pride in each ledger  
And the Germans kill the Jews  
And the Jews kill the Arabs  
And the Arabs kill the hostages  
And that is the news  
And is it any wonder that the monkey's confused  
He said Mama Mama, the President's a fool  
Why do I have to keep reading these technical manuals  
And the joint chiefs of staff  
And the brokers on Wall Street said  
Don't make us laugh, you're a smart kid  
Time is linear  
Memory's a stranger  
History is for fools  
Man is a tool in the hands  
Of the great God Almighty  
And they gave him command of a nuclear submarine  
Sent him back in search of the Garden of Eden

Can't you see  
It all makes perfect sense  
Expressed in dollars and cents,  
Pounds, shillings and pence  
Can't you see  
It all makes perfect sense

Little black soul departs in perfect focus  
Hold on soldier

Prime time fodder for the News at Nine  
Hold on, hold on soldier  
Darling is the child warm in the bed tonight

[Marv Albert:] "Hi everybody I'm Marv Albert  
And welcome to our telecast  
Coming to you live from Memorial Stadium  
It's a beautiful day  
And today we expect a sensational matchup  
But first our global anthem"

Can't you see  
It all makes perfect sense  
Expressed in dollars and cents,  
Pounds, shillings and pence  
Can't you see  
It all makes perfect sense

[Marv:] "And here come the players  
As I speak to you now, the captain  
Has his cross hairs zeroed in on the oil rig  
He's at periscope depth  
It looks to me like he's going to attack  
By the way did you know that a submarine  
Captain earns 200,000 dollars a year"  
[Edward:] "That's plus tax Marv"  
[Marv:] "Yeah, plus tax  
Thank you Edward"  
[Edward:] "You're welcome"  
[Marv:] "Now back to the game...he fires one...yes  
There goes two; both fish are running  
The rig is going into a prevent defense  
Will they make it? I don't think so"  
Look out!  
Look at that baby burn!

Can't you see  
It all makes perfect sense  
Expressed in dollars and cents,  
Pounds, shillings and pence  
Can't you see  
It all makes perfect sense  
Can't you see  
It all makes perfect sense

### Leaving Beirut

So we left Beirut Willa and I  
He headed East to Baghdad and the rest of it  
I set out North  
I walked the five or six miles to the last of the street lamps  
And hunkered in the curb side dusk  
Holding out my thumb  
In no great hope at the ramshackle procession of home bound traffic  
Success!  
An ancient Mercedes 'dolmus '  
The ubiquitous, Arab, shared taxi drew up  
I turned out my pockets and shrugged at the driver  
" J'ai pas de l'argent "

" Venez! " A soft voice from the back seat  
The driver lent wearily across and pushed open the back door  
I stooped to look inside at the two men there  
One besuited, bespectacled, moustached, irritated, distant, late  
The other, the one who had spoken,  
Frail, fifty five-ish, bald, sallow, in a short sleeved pale blue  
cotton shirt  
With one biro in the breast pocket  
A clerk maybe, slightly sunken in the seat  
"Venez!" He said again, and smiled  
"Mais j'ai pas de l'argent"  
"Oui, Oui, d'accord, Venez!"

*Are these the people that we should bomb  
Are we so sure they mean us harm  
Is this our pleasure, punishment or crime  
Is this a mountain that we really want to climb  
The road is hard, hard and long  
Put down that two by four  
This man would never turn you from his door  
Oh George! Oh George!*

*That Texas education must have fucked you up when you were  
very small*

He beckoned with a small arthritic motion of his hand  
Fingers together like a child waving goodbye  
The driver put my old Hofner guitar in the boot with my rucksack  
And off we went  
" Vous etes Francais, monsieur? "  
" Non, Anglais "  
" Ah! Anglais "  
" Est-ce que vous parlais Anglais, Monsieur? "  
"Non, je regrette"  
And so on  
In small talk between strangers, his French alien but correct  
Mine halting but eager to please  
A lift, after all, is a lift  
Late moustache left us brusquely  
And some miles later the dolmus slowed at a crossroads lit by a  
single lightbulb  
Swung through a U-turn and stopped in a cloud of dust  
I opened the door and got out  
But my benefactor made no move to follow  
The driver dumped my guitar and rucksack at my feet  
And waving away my thanks returned to the boot  
Only to reappear with a pair of alloy crutches  
Which he leaned against the rear wing of the Mercedes.  
He reached into the car and lifted my companion out  
Only one leg, the second trouser leg neatly pinned beneath a  
vacant hip  
" Monsieur, si vous voulez, ca sera un honneur pour nous  
Si vous venez avec moi a la maison pour manger avec ma  
femme "

*When I was 17 my mother, bless her heart, fulfilled my summer  
dream  
She handed me the keys to the car  
We motored down to Paris, fuelled with Dexedrine and booze  
Got bust in Antibes by the cops  
And fleeced in Naples by the wops*

*But everyone was kind to us, we were the English dudes  
Our dads had helped them win the war  
When we all knew what we were fighting for  
But now an Englishman abroad is just a US stooge  
The bulldog is a poodle snapping round the scoundrel's last  
refuge*

"Ma femme", thank God! Monopod but not queer  
The taxi drove off leaving us in the dim light of the swinging  
bulb  
No building in sight  
What the hell  
"Merci monsieur"  
"Bon, Venez!"  
His faced creased in pleasure, he set off in front of me  
Swinging his leg between the crutches with agonising care  
Up the dusty side road into the darkness  
After half an hour we'd gone maybe half a mile  
When on the right I made out the low profile of a building  
He called out in Arabic to announce our arrival  
And after some scuffling inside a lamp was lit  
And the changing angle of light in the wide crack under the  
door  
Signalled the approach of someone within  
The door creaked open and there, holding a biblical looking  
oil lamp  
Stood a squat, moustached woman, stooped smiling up at us  
She stood aside to let us in and as she turned  
I saw the reason for her stoop  
She carried on her back a shocking hump  
I nodded and smiled back at her in greeting, fighting for  
control  
The gentleness between the one-legged man and his  
monstrous wife  
Almost too much for me

*Is gentleness too much for us  
Should gentleness be filed along with empathy  
We feel for someone else's child  
Every time a smart bomb does its sums and gets it wrong  
Someone else's child dies and equities in defence rise  
America, America, please hear us when we call  
You got hip-hop, be-bop, hustle and bustle  
You got Atticus Finch  
You got Jane Russell  
You got freedom of speech  
You got great beaches, wildernesses and malls  
Don't let the might, the Christian right, fuck it all up  
For you and the rest of the world*

They talked excitedly  
She went to take his crutches in routine of care  
He chiding, gestured  
We have a guest  
She embarrassed by her faux pas  
Took my things and laid them gently in the corner  
"Du the?"  
We sat on meagre cushions in one corner of the single room  
The floor was earth packed hard and by one wall a raised  
platform

Some six foot by four covered by a simple sheet, the bed  
The hunchback busied herself with small copper pots over an open  
hearth  
And brought us tea, hot and sweet  
And so to dinner  
Flat, unleavened bread, + thin  
Cooked in an iron skillet over the open hearth  
Then folded and dipped into the soft insides of female sea urchins  
My hostess did not eat, I ate her dinner  
She would hear of nothing else, I was their guest  
And then she retired behind a curtain  
And left the men to sit drinking thimbles full of Arak  
Carefully poured from a small bottle with a faded label  
Soon she reappeared, radiant  
Carrying in her arms their pride and joy, their child.  
I'd never seen a squint like that  
So severe that as one eye looked out the other disappeared behind its  
nose

*Not in my name, Tony, you great war leader you  
Terror is still terror, whosoever gets to frame the rules  
History's not written by the vanquished or the damned  
Now we are Genghis Khan, Lucretia Borgia, Son of Sam  
In 1961 they took this child into their home  
I wonder what became of them  
In the cauldron that was Lebanon  
If I could find them now, could I make amends?  
How does the story end?*

And so to bed, me that is, not them  
Of course they slept on the floor behind a curtain  
Whilst I lay awake all night on their earthen bed  
Then came the dawn and then their quiet stirrings  
Careful not to wake the guest  
I yawned in great pretence  
And took the proffered bowl of water heated up and washed  
And sipped my coffee in its tiny cup  
And then with much "merci-ing" and bowing and shaking of hands  
We left the woman to her chores  
And we men made our way back to the crossroads  
The painful slowness of our progress accentuated by the brilliant  
morning light  
The dolmus duly reappeared  
My host gave me one crutch and leaning on the other  
Shook my hand and smiled  
"Merci, monsieur," I said  
" De rien "  
" And merci a votre femme, elle est tres gentille "  
Giving up his other crutch  
He allowed himself to be folded into the back seat again  
"Bon voyage, monsieur," he said  
And half bowed as the taxi headed south towards the city  
I turned North, my guitar over my shoulder  
And the first hot gust of wind  
Quickly dried the salt tears from my young cheeks.

### Sheep (Waters) 10:19

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,  
Through quiet reflection, and great dedication  
Master the art of karate,  
Lo, we shall rise up,  
And then we'll make the bugger's 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.

### Set Two: Dark Side of the Moon



### Speak to me/Breathe

Breathe, breathe in the air  
don't be afraid to care  
leave but don't leave me  
look around, choose your own ground  
for long you live and high you fly  
and smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry  
and all your touch and all you see  
is all your life will ever be

Run rabbit run  
dig that hole, forget the sun  
and when at last the work is done  
don't sit down, it's time to dig another one  
for long you live and high you fly  
but only if you ride the tide  
and balanced on the biggest wave  
you race towards an early grave

### Time

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day  
You fitter and waste the hours in an offhand way  
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town  
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way

Tired of lying in the sunshine  
Staying home to watch the rain  
And you are young and life is long  
And there is time to kill today  
And then one day you find  
Ten years have got behind you  
No one told you when to run  
You missed the starting gun

And you run, and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's  
sinking  
Racing around to come up behind you again  
The sun is the same in a relative way, but you're older  
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death

Every year is getting shorter  
Never seem to find the time  
Plans that either come to nought  
Or half a page of scribbled lines  
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way  
The time is gone  
The song is over  
Thought I'd something more to say

### Breathe reprise

Home, home again  
I like to be here when I can  
when I come home cold and tired  
it's good to warm my bones beside the fire  
far away across the field  
the tolling of the iron bell  
calls the faithful to their knees

to hear the softly spoken magic spells

### Money

Money, get away  
get a good job with more pay and you're O.K.  
Money, it's a gas  
grab that cash with both hands and make a stash  
new car, caviar, four star daydream  
think I'll buy me a football team

Money, get back  
I'm all right, Jack, keep your hands off my stack  
money, it's a hit  
don't give me that do goody good bullshit  
I'm in the hi-fidelity first class travelling set  
and I think I need a Lear jet

Money, it's a crime  
share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie  
money, so they say  
is the root of all evil today  
but if you ask for a rise it's no surprise that they're  
giving none away, away, away

### Us and them

Us and them  
and after all we're only ordinary men  
me and you  
God only knows it's not what we would choose to do  
forward he cried from the rear  
and the front rank died  
and the General sat, and the lines on the map  
moved from side to side

Black and blue  
and who knows which is which and who is who  
up and down  
and in the end it's only round and round and round  
haven't you heard it's a battle of words  
the poster bearer cried  
listen, son, said the man with the gun  
there's room for you inside

Down and out  
it can't be helped but there's a lot of it about  
with, without  
and who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about  
out of the way, it's a busy day  
I've got things on my mind  
for want of the price of tea and a slice  
the old man died

### Brain damage

The lunatic is on the grass  
The lunatic is on the grass

remembering games and daisy chains and laughs  
got to keep the loonies on the path

The lunatic is in the hall  
the lunatics are in the hall  
the paper holds their folded faces to the floor  
and every day the paper boy brings more

And if the dam breaks open many years too soon  
and if there is no room upon the hill  
and if your head explodes with dark forebodings too  
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon  
The lunatic is in my head  
The lunatic is in my head  
you raise the blade, you make the change  
you rearrange me 'till I'm sane  
you lock the door  
and throw away the key  
there's someone in my head but it's not me

And if the cloud bursts, thunder in your ear  
you shout and no one seems to hear  
and if the band you're in starts playing different tunes  
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon

### Eclipse

All that you touch and all that you see  
all that you taste, all you feel  
and all that you love and all that you hate  
all you distrust, all you save  
and all that you give and all that you deal  
and all that you buy, beg, borrow or steal  
and all you create and all you destroy  
and all that you do and all that you say  
and all that you eat and everyone you meet  
and all that you slight and everyone you fight  
and all that is now and all that is gone  
and all that's to come and everything under the sun is in tune  
but the sun is eclipsed by the moon

## ENCORE

### The Happiest Days of our Lives (Waters) 1:20

When we grew up and went to school  
There were certain teachers who would  
Hurt the children in any way they could

"OOF!" [someone being hit]

By pouring their derision  
Upon anything we did  
And exposing every weakness  
However carefully hidden by the kids  
But in the town, it was well known  
When they got home at night, their fat and

Psychopathic wives would thrash them  
Within inches of their lives.

### Another Brick in the Wall Part 2 (Waters) 3:56

We don't need no education  
We don't need no thought control  
No dark sarcasm in the classroom  
Teachers leave them kids alone  
Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!  
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.  
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

We don't need no education  
We don't need no thought control  
No dark sarcasm in the classroom  
Teachers leave them kids alone  
Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!  
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.  
All in all you're just another brick in the wall.

"Wrong, Do it again!"  
"If you don't eat yer meat, you can't have any pudding. How  
can you  
have any pudding if you don't eat yer meat?"  
"You! Yes, you behind the bikesheds, stand still laddy!"

### Vera (Waters) 1:38

Does anybody here remember Vera Lynn?  
Remember how she said that  
We would meet again  
Some sunny day?  
Vera! Vera!  
What has become of you?  
Does anybody else here  
Feel the way I do?

### Bring the Boys Back Home (Waters) :50

Bring the boys back home.  
Bring the boys back home.  
Don't leave the children on their own, no, no.  
Bring the boys back home.

"Wrong! Do it again!"  
"Time to go! [knock, knock, knock, knock]  
"Are you feeling okay?"  
"There's a man answering, but he keeps hanging up!"  
Is there anybody out there?

### Comfortably Numb (Gilmour, Waters) 6:49

Hello?  
Is there anybody in there?  
Just nod if you can hear me.  
Is there anyone at home?

Come on, now,  
I hear you're feeling down.  
Well I can ease your pain  
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 pinprick.  
There'll be no more aaaaaaaaah!  
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 it's time to go.

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 grown,  
The dream is gone.  
I have become comfortably numb.

