

Leaving Beirut  
Roger Waters

**C#** **F** **F7**  
Are these the people that we should bomb  
**F#** **G#**  
Are we so sure they mean us harm  
**C#** **F** **F7**  
Is this our pleasure, punishment or crime  
**F#** **G#**  
Is this a mountain that we really want to climb  
**C#** **F** **F7**  
The road is hard, hard and long  
**F#**  
Put down that two by four  
**G#** **C#**  
This man would never turn you from his door  
**F** **F7**  
Oh George! Oh George!  
**F#** **G#** **C#**  
That Texas education must have fucked you up when you were very small

**C#** **F** **F7**  
When I was 17 my mother, bless her heart,  
**F#** **G#** **C#**  
Fulfilled my summer dream she handed me the keys to the car  
**F** **F7**  
We motored down to Paris, fuelled with Dexedrine and booze  
**F#** **G#**  
Got bust in Antibes by the cops and fleeced in Naples by the wops  
**C#** **F** **F7**  
But everyone was kind to us, we were the English dudes  
**F#**  
Our dads had helped them win the war  
**G#** **C#**  
When we all knew what we were fighting for  
**F** **F7**  
But now an Englishman abroad is just a US stooge  
**F#** **G#**  
The bulldog is a poodle snapping round the scoundrel s last refuge

**C#**  
Is gentleness too much for us  
**F** **F7** **F#**  
Should gentleness be filed along with empathy  
**G#**  
We feel for someone else s child  
**C#** **F** **F7**  
Every time a smart bomb does its sums and gets it wrong  
**F#** **G#**

Someone else s child dies and equities in defence rise

**C#** **F** **F7**

America, America, please hear us when we call

**F#**

You got hip-hop, be-bop, hustle and bustle

**G#**

You got Atticus Finch, you got Jane Russell

**C#**

You got freedom of speech, you got great beaches,

**F** **F7**

Wildernesses and malls

**F#**

Don t let the might, the Christian right,

**G#**

**C#**

Fuck it all up for you and the rest of the world

**C#** **F** **F7**

Not in my name, Tony, you great war leader you

**F#** **G#**

Terror is still terror, whosoever gets to frame the rules

**C#** **F** **F7**

History s not written by the vanquished or the damned

**F#** **G#**

Now we are Genghis Khan, Lucretia Borghia, Son of Sam

**C#** **F** **F7**

In 1961 they took this child into their home

**F#** **G#**

I wonder what became of them in the cauldron that was Lebanon

**C#** **F** **F7**

If I could find them now, could I make amends?

**F#** **G#** **C#**

How does the story end?