Leaving Beirut Roger Waters

F# F#7 Are these the people that we should bomb Are we so sure they mean us harm F# 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 F# F#7 Oh George! Oh George! D That Texas education must have fucked you up when you were very small D F# F#7 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 F# 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 F#7 But now an Englishman abroad is just a US stooge The bulldog is a poodle snapping round the scoundrel s last refuge D Is gentleness too much for us F#7 Should gentleness be filed along with empathy We feel for someone else s child F# F#7 Every time a smart bomb does its sums and gets it wrong Α

Someone else s child dies and equities in defence rise F# 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 F# Not in my name, Tony, you great war leader you Terror is still terror, whosoever gets to frame the rules F#7 History s not written by the vanquished or the damned Now we are Genghis Khan, Lucretia Borghia, 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?