

The Fletcher Memorial Home

Pink Floyd

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 Paisly
'Hello Maggie!'
Mr. Brezhnev and party,
'Scusi dov'è il bar?'
The ghost of McCarthy and the memories of Nixon
'Who's the bald chap?'
'Good-bye!'
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 abuse 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
Their favorite toy
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?
"Good night!"
Now the final solution can be applied

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>