

# 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.omusic.in/>