

Sheep

Pink Floyd

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 dangers 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 shepard, 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 buggers eyes water.
Bleating and babbling we 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.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>