

Christiansen "Cocaine Summer"

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Is this a cocaine summer? Or are you round about
losing your belligerence? It is the sultan tumbler who
double backs and gladly slaps the minister
Tis the fourth rate lover who takes a sovereign bow to
settle down with laundry lint
It was the morning to pack up your life cause there's
time to get it right around
A hilltop view where the lights go down
It sends him through the night to drown

Is it the stars we're under? Or are the silhouettes
having sex with prisoners? As the hard wear hovers,
have the service clapped and show your axe the visitor
The sheets will never forget
The cool fragrance of death
I'd like to shake your golden hand and see some signs
The further we sink our toes in the sand

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