

Legenda

"Black Castles"

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In the street, they're digging holes and in the sinks
They're swilling coal-tar, baby. Feathers stuck on
Poles. They're waiting for the gas man (Goo-goo-
Ga-chew!) Tube train claims it's fifteenth victim of an
Average week. He tripped. A family man with no
Ambition, meek as plastic tulips. He made it to page
53, they wrapped him round a fish and threw him
In the stew (Goo-goo-ga-chew.) Tuesday, it rained
Glue balls; Wednesday morning was the smog.
They moved in on the West Side--rubber masks
On. They torched the whole damn lot. The people
Died; they fenced it off. But still te peepos watch
From the top floor of the Euro Tower. Round and
Round, 12 hours. Fountains. Fillet steak, a waiter with
A bow-tie. Press it, squeeze it, and it spits. Oh
Cologne! We smell OK, the O-Zone's safe, we
Keep things underground. The sound we hear is
Sweet soul music to the tannoy. Chew your gum and
Close your eyes and nothing can annoy you.

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