

## **Legendary Pink Dots "Neon Mariners"**

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The cha cha bar was sliding  
and we swam across the Scotchman on the rocks  
(so many rocks . . . and glass and sand.)  
In shock we docked in Fish Head Harbour  
where the lights were dimmed.  
(Locked in, we couldn't see a thing . . . )  
The floor was tin,  
the sky was oil,  
the air was poisoned lager

and the juke box pumped out schlager  
because no-one pulled the plugs  
(so many plugs . . . and sparks.)  
The live wives kept us dancing.  
Dance in brine, dance in seaweed.

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