

## **Legendary Pink Dots "The Month After"**

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Under the table and down in the pit with out plastic  
potatoes and Joe-Joe the dove on the spit. On the  
spoons you made rhythm; I whistled the blues cos  
my throats been misused and my voice is a crack in  
the tar. In the jar is a tablet they sent in the post,  
with a pamphlet. With an order; "Take this when the  
pain gets too much!" I confess I feel nothing at all . . .  
I'm bored and you're bald, but I laughed when you  
called me the snail. My red trail runs behind me.  
I'm guilty, no secrets. You're not such a picture  
yourself--but your brown eyes I know so very well.

They're sadder and wiser; We've finally been  
through it all. Now our time's slowly ticking away.  
Do you think there's a heaven? [ Backwards: I feel  
nothing at  
all ]

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