

Legendary Pink Dots

"The Ocean Cried 'Blue Murder'"

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Penguin spins the caviar... Trois rouge. We drown it
quick before it
hatches. We wash it down with absynthe, spit it out with
roses. Captain
turns the hoses on the crawling crowd. We're on a
cloud, we're on our
knees, we're singing all the songs our fathers taught
us. Still the band
plays on (relieved!). They locked up all their daughters,
deep down,
horizontal in the hold. We're much too old and much
too drunk to hold a
conversation. Too far gone to see the mountain waving
through the crack
that was the floor

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