

## Legendary Pink Dots "Under Glass"

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The air was thick with scented smoke; the talk was  
much too small. The  
words would fall and crawl in corners, wind up eaten by  
the cat, but  
still they spat and groped each other's fat. Danced with  
rubber arms  
and granite feet. The planet crept. The ceiling  
flaked and floated  
in the beer. We stayed clear. We stayed here, under  
glass.

And you I know you're trying though you haven't got a  
clue. See them  
laughing in the showers. Twist and grab a shouting  
Jew... Did they  
ride you through the corridors, make you climb the  
wall? Did you fall?  
Did she cry? Did you look for other fools to fry? To  
fortify your  
island under glass.

I know how and where you work; it's written around  
your collar, sweat  
and dirt and sloping shoulders. You keep tripping on  
your hands,

yellow hands, tired hands, pushing pens and pushing  
sixty, waiting for  
the man to push you off your shelf. Send you  
rollercoasting frozen to  
your hole under glass.  
And you may be tough and loud; you throw your weight  
around. But  
you're jelly when the lights go out - you're hearing  
every sound. The  
wailing chambers, whispering walls, the bitching  
neighbours' spirits  
call, accuse you with their fire eyes that freeze. You fry,  
you slip  
their nails inside you. You try and try to hide out under  
glass.

