

The Legendary Pink Dots

"The Gallery"

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My building's full of little holes with heads in, staring at the street.

They sometimes topple forwards, then stick at one another, passing freaks.

They rarely speak and though I don't feed them--still they keep their double

(their quadruple) chins. Their garbage bins are emptied each day. By night

waiting with lights off, their cats out, their wives in--they're PEEPING!

They're peeping at the methylated man who spits in a can, spreads his hands

for silver, pans for gutter gold. He mutters old forgotten songs his father

taught him, rolls on the floor. He rolls in alcoves, gets caught in

waterfalls down rotting walls. (He's bored.) My friends applaud, throw

pennies and wait . . . peeping from the gallery.

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