

## **The 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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