

## **The Legendary Pink Dots**

### **"The Red And The Black"**

Visit "[The Red And The Black](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Reflecting on the Empire after eight... pig's head on a  
plate  
white wine... The mint imperials circulated... Captain  
sips his brandy,  
curses Ghandi, dreams Napoleon and Delhi turns to  
jelly; Bombay ducks;  
Calcutta shivers down in its hole... Old England is out to  
rule the waves  
again - banging on the table! Routing the reds and the  
browns and the  
yellows. Black sky... the missles blast home! (It's half  
for me, half  
for my company)

My union's name is Jack, and it's a ripper! hammers her  
head with a  
sickle, nails monkey to the tree. The lasers, they beam  
from the stars and  
Moscow is charred. Peking is leaking. Tripoli's stripped  
(ha! ha!) -  
Mohammed, he flees from his mountain, counting the  
corpses in the stadiums  
with his shades on cos the white light hurts his eyes.  
And Captain, he  
cries, Captain, he screams, falls out of bed. It's only a  
dream (?)  
Nightnurse wipes his forehead, whispers "try to sleep...  
back to sleep..."

Visit [The Legendary Pink Dots](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.