

The Legendary Pink Dots

"The Shock Of Contact"

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Astrid, do you recall the Sundays at the Spa with
double straws from a
carton with a heart on. Who could ask for more? You'd
assure me you'd
support me as I tried to write that novel in the hovel we
called home (OUR
home). You'd mow the lawn you'd pay the bills. You
touched me there. The
Shock of Contact kept us warm.
And Astrid, you kept your word, you never said a word,
as I ripped up the
pages, spent your wages, entertaining friends you
hated, making bombs and
planting them in galleries. Your salary was wasted (oh
how criminal)..
They cut the power, they pulled the plugs - they took
away the phone.
We're quite alone. We share a candle in the cellar -
oohh you touched me
there. The shock of contact kept us warm.
And Astrid, as sure as blue skies always turn to grey -
they came with
guns. I tried to run and you took all the blame. They
took you and I never
said a word - and now you never say a word as I lean
through the bars. I
whisper my apologies, oh Jezus you stare clean
through me. You cut me
down, I touch you there.. The shock of contact keeps
me warm.

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