

The Legendary Pink Dots

"Waiting For The Cloud"

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The river was rainbow stew, the fishes choked and
cursed. The thirsty
dogs spat fire, rolled in glue, then they burst. The fur
balls flying,
trees were dying--dandelions were crippled, bald . . .
We saw it all in
colour--now we're waiting for the cloud.
A mother forced baby milk which ticked and bubbled
black. She sank it
back with plastic pills although it stank . . . seemed
thankful. Rolled up
in her sack, she won't be back, she won't grow old . . .
We saw it all in
colour--now we're waiting for the cloud.
And crocodiles were sprouting wings. Dead sheep
filled the fields. The
children rode on locusts and threw slings at anything
that could be killed and
eaten raw. No weeping sore, no claws, no balls . . . We
saw it all in
colour, now we're waiting for the cloud.
We're told it could be 15 days, we're busy digging
holes . . . The deep ones
for the pure, selected--shallow ones for old and sick,
the derelicts, the
poor, the junkies, criminals, the whores. There's more,
there's red and
yellow, black and blue. There's me, there's you.
(Waiting for the cloud.)

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