

In the street, they're digging holes and in the sinks
they're swilling coal-tar, baby. Feathers stuck on
poles. They're waiting for the gas man (Goo-goo-
ga-chew!) Tube train claims its fifteenth victim of an
average week. He tripped. A family man with no
ambition, meek as plastic tulips. He made it to page
53, they wrapped him round a fish and threw him
in the stew (Goo-goo-ga-chew.) Tuesday, it rained
glue balls; Wednesday morning was the smog.
They moved in on the West Side--rubber masks
on. They torched the whole damn lot. The people
died; they fenced it off. But still te peepos watch
from the top floor of the Euro Tower. Round and
round, 12 hours. Fountains. Fillet steak, a waiter with
a bow-tie. Press it, squeeze it, and it spits. Oh
Cologne! We smell OK, the O-Zone's safe, we
keep things underground. The sound we hear is
sweet soul music to the tannoy. Chew your gum and
close your eyes and nothing can annoy you.