

The Man With The Cut-Glass Heart

The Legendary Pink Dots

My mesmerizing hands go swimming in the boiling water. I wish I could control them, but they're instruments of torture. And when I touch you there, I know it cuts you like a knife. But I am far away, my dear. But you'll survive.

My hypnotizing eyes go searching in the secret places. I try my best to look away. They find the spaces where you hide out when you're petrified. But I am far away, my love. But you'll survive.

My uncertain cripple soul goes floating in the wrong direction. I wish I could command it to stand proudly to attention. But it bounces and it flails, and there seems no reason why. Cos I am far away, my dear. But I'll survive.

It bounces and it flails, and I see no reason why. I am far away, my love, but I'll survive.

It bounces and I flail, and there seems no reason why. Cos I am far away, my dear, but we'll survive.