

Pink Lunettes

Pond

Ooh
Too long

A taste of chilled anisette, babe
Looking good in pink lunette, babe
I see her in pink lunette
I see her in pink lunette
I see her through pink lunette, babe
Woo
It was like
It was like, ah

A taste of chilled anisette
Looking good in pink lunette
Flashing billboards, sick regret, babe
Flaming stupor superjet
I see her in pink lunette, babe
Yeah
Well, Manfred climbed into my nape
Wrapped up in magnetic tape
All my life, magnetic tape
Falling
Man

And it chop, chop, chop, chop
Chop, chop, chop, chop
Chopped up like Richter's Atlas
I'm fading away
My position in space
Away
A Chekhovian smile
A Chekhovian smile
A Chekhovian smile of last orchards
A Chekhovian smile of last orchards
Softened mother's face
Ooh

Softened mother's face
Softened mother's face
Softened mother's face as she looked up from the Star
Coney Island, Richter's Atlas
Never, never, never, never know who you are
A taste of chilled anisette, babe
Looking good in pink lunette, maybe
Billboards flashing, sick regret
A flaming superjet
Looking good in pink lunettes
Ooh

A Chekhovian smile
A Chekhovian smile
A Chekhovian smile of last orchards, yeah
Softened mother's face
Softened mother's face
Softened mother's face as she looked up from the Star
My position in space
Fading, fading, fading

Fading, fading, fading
A taste of chilled anisette, baby
Looking good in pink lunette, maybe
Billboards flashing, sick regret, baby
A flaming superjet, wild pink lunettes
Manfred climbed into my nape, whoa
Wrapped up in magnetic tape
In my life, magnetic tape
Falling in magnetic tape
Maybe, maybe
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of those pink lunettes
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming
Screaming and dreaming
Screaming
Those pink lunettes

Softened mother's face
Softened mother's face
Softened mother's face as she looked up from the Star
Coney Island, Richter's Atlas
Never, never, never, never know who you are
A taste of chilled anisette, baby
Looking good in pink lunette, maybe
Billboards flashing, sick regret
A flaming superjet
But I see her in pink lunettes

I should run and hide
Or die in the generational divide
It's getting wild
We'll fall in the generational divide
Was I born too late
For the golden days of my nanny state?
We never cried
On my side of the generational divide