

## A Sunset For A Swan

The Legendary Pink Dots

Johnny with the roving eyes sits bored upon the  
riverside, as  
Juliet, his future bride, jumps naked in the water.  
Figure eights  
and scuba dives, deep down she's blowing suicide. She  
squeaks and metamorphosizes movie stars and slaughters.  
Johnny's staying serious, his face is kind of frozen,  
one  
eye is completely closed, and one eye is wide open. It  
swivels  
from a sunset to a swan. It weeps for every goddamn  
thing  
that's wrong. When Johnny's holding Juliet, it's like I  
hold my  
cigarette. I squeeze it, choosing to forget the warning  
on the  
carton. I flick it from the window ledge and stuff it  
on the  
waterbed. The black smoke rises overhead, then settles  
over  
London. I am staying serious, my face is kind of  
frozen. One  
eye is completely closed, and one eye's staying open.  
It  
swivels from a sunset to a swan. It weeps for every  
goddamn  
thing that's wrong. When Johnny's holding Juliet, it's  
like he  
holds his cigarette. He hangs her from the window  
ledge, and  
blows her over London. She'd pick a star and pirouette,  
she'll  
turn a cartwheel on my head. I grit my teeth, put up  
with it,  
because it's all for fun.