

## Neon Mariners

### The Legendary Pink Dots

The cha cha bar was sliding  
And we swam across the Scotchman on the rocks  
(so many rocks . . . and glass and sand.)  
In shock we docked in Fish Head Harbour  
Where the lights were dimmed.  
(Locked in, we couldn't see a thing . . . )  
The floor was tin,  
The sky was oil,  
The air was poisoned lager  
And the juke box pumped out schlager  
Because no-one pulled the plugs  
(so many plugs . . . and sparks.)  
The live wives kept us dancing.  
Dance in brine, dance in seaweed.