

The Last Straw

The Legendary Pink Dots

Madman! He squats on my shoulder with icy paws and poison claws
. Paranoise,
annoys, destroys his toys and tries to fix them. But his world
is made of
powder taken neatly with a straw, and though he knows he's getting weaker -
he just takes it more and more. Sores are creeping on his skin,
there's
desperation in his eyes. Because he knows he'll never win - he
lost it all.
Surprise! Surprise! Madman's prize lays in the gutter where he'll
mutter
empty threats but I'll pass him on his blind side - try my hardest to
forget.