

The Ocean Cried 'blue Murder'

The Legendary Pink Dots

Penguin spins the caviar... Trois rouge. We drown it quick before it
Hatches. We wash it down with absynthe, spit it out with roses.
Captain
Turns the hoses on the crawling crowd. We're on a cloud, we're
on our
Knees, we're singing all the songs our fathers taught us. Still
the band
Plays on (relieved!). They locked up all their daughters, deep
down,
Horizontal in the hold. We're much too old and much too drunk to
hold a
Conversation. Too far gone to see the mountain waving through the
crack
That was the floor