

Twilight Hour

The Legendary Pink Dots

Slave-chained, half-naked, along for the ride.
Catching flies with my eyes shut, my mouth's open wide.
But I curse as the bugs bite, I spit with the tide -
like to fly to the next world - it's just out of sight.
I'm sick of the same scene, I'm tired of this road.
Howling oaths at the cruel sea that creeps 'round my toes
and I'm thinking of you, my regret overflows;
but sleep softly my dear one cos you'll never know.
I swear by the rings round the admiral's eyes
this albatross stings like a sword in my side.
And this boat's going to sink and we're all gonna die...
But sleep softly my dear one, I'll keep it inside.