

Under Glass

The Legendary Pink Dots

The air was thick with scented smoke; the talk was much to small.

The words would fall and crawl in corners, wind up eaten by the cat,

but still they spat and groped each other's fat.

Danced with rubber arms and granite feet. The planet creeped.

The ceiling flaked and floated in the beer.

We stayed clear. We stayed here, under glass.

And you I know you're trying though you haven't got a clue.

See them laughing in the showers. Twist and grab a shouting Jew

...

Did they ride you through the corridors, make you climb the wall?

Did you fall? Did she cry? Did you look for other fools to fry?

To fortify your island under glass.

I know how and where you work; it's written around your collar, sweat and dirt and sloping shoulders. You keep tripping on your hands,

yellow hands, tired hands, pushing pens and pushing sixty, waiting for the man to push you off your shelf.

Send you rollercoasting frozen to your hole under glass.

And you may be tough and loud; you throw your weight around.

But you're jelly when the lights go out - you're hearing every sound.

The wailing chambers, whispering walls, the bitching neighbours,

spirits call, accuse you with their fire eyes that freeze.

You fry, you slip their nails inside you.

You try and try to hide out under glass.