

Waving at the Aeroplanes

The Legendary Pink Dots

Waving at the aeroplanes... See my hand swing left swing right.
Milk white
in the dawn sky, dives to the brown earth. Bound to an arc that
only I can
see. See me crouch on the grass, on the concrete; eyes slit tight, fist
clenched and bleeding. Faith moves mountains headfirst into seas. Waving at
the aeroplanes... make them crash crash crash on the runway, crash on the
motorway. I'll show them how it pays to just wave back... Wave
back to me to
me... They crack in the dawn, get wrapped in the cloud shroud.
It's raining
limbs, white wings and aspirins. Pitter patter scatter brains and burn...
Fly me!!!