The Legendary Pink Dots, The Month After

Under the table and down in the pit with out plastic potatoes and Joe-Joe the dove on the spit. On the spoons you made rhythm; I whistled the blues cos my throats been misused and my voice is a crack in the tar. In the jar is a tablet they sent in the post, with a pamphlet. With an order; " Take this when the pain gets too much! " I confess I feel nothing at all . . . I'm bored and you're bald, but I laughed when you called me the snail. My red trail runs behind me. I'm guilty, no secrets. You're not such a picture yourself--but your brown eyes I know so very well. They're sadder and wiser; We've finally been through it all. Now our time's slowly ticking away. Do you think there's a heaven? Backwards: I feel nothing at all)