

The Legendary Pink Dots, Hotel Noir

Two glasses on a glass-top table. Lights are low, the ashtray's full. he talks of all his conquests--letters ringed with hearts and crosses. He left them in the drawer (at Hotel Noir)--unanswered, yet he read them for her time and time again . . . She looked clean through him and told him how she loved white horses, riding on a swing and laying in a cornfield on a warm summer's night. She'd watch the dancing lights. Alone but never lonely--until now. He ordered whisky but the waiter walked clean through him. He sadly shook his head, and lit his fifteenth cigarette . . . and slowly, surely pictures formed he never could forget . . . Loretta sent him sea shells, Henrietta sent a rose, and Margareta said they'd marry in a letter that he'd never answered (left it in the drawer at Hotel Noir . . .) And she said how she loved the sea at full moon. Running down a silver beach with silver ribbons trailing from her hands. She found a doorway in the sand where she'd store away her stones. Precious stones that could be diamonds, just because they sparkled in rain. And there she'd sleep, and there she'd dream. And there she died. The tide rolled backwards and it dried and left a headstone made of salt. The warm breeze turned to steam. And even the vegetables screamed and screamed and screamed . . . He stretched his hand out just to touch her--but she said she had to leave . . .