

The Legendary Pink Dots, Neon Mariners

The cha cha bar was sliding
and we swam across the Scotchman on the rocks
(so many rocks . . . and glass and sand.)
In shock we docked in Fish Head Harbour
where the lights were dimmed.
(Locked in, we couldn't see a thing . . .)
The floor was tin,
the sky was oil,
the air was poisoned lager
and the juke box pumped out schlager
because no-one pulled the plugs
(so many plugs . . . and sparks.)
The live wives kept us dancing.
Dance in brine, dance in seaweed.