

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Rainbows Too?

A rock can be a hard place when you're in between the nagging  
of a restless sea, a sorry sky, a darkening horizon....  
When the one voice you can hear is just your own,  
innocently thrown back by a gale that's so damn angry  
nothing sails, nothing dares- except my endless love for you.  
Sing for me my siren. I'm far away but know that I can hear you.  
Here it's calmer. Here it's clear-it's Christmas on the Moon...  
But still it's just another rock ,wrapped up inside a  
fancy box that's just like all the others.  
Time to throw back the covers and FLY!

Cast away the rock that weighs you down.  
I t's time to fly.