

# The Legendary Pink Dots, The More It Changes

Fifteen storeys high, the black curtains drawn, and  
the sun is just a brat that spits and then goes away. The  
T.V. chatters, there's a pile of letters scattered on  
the mat. Reminders, bills--they smell of cats. Three  
starving cats who chase each others' shadows. They  
curl up on him overnight and scratch him, and bite  
him . . . But he lost the will to fight, and he lost the  
will to move . . . It's been a month, will be another,  
until the busting down the door. They'll carry him  
away; they'll strip him clean. They'll lock him in a  
padded box some fifteen storeys high  
where the sun is just a brat that spits then goes away.