

The Legendary Pink Dots, The Shock Of Contact

Astrid, do you recall the Sundays at the Spa with double straws from a carton with a heart on. Who could ask for more? You'd assure me you'd support me as I tried to write that novel in the hovel we called home (OUR home). You'd mow the lawn you'd pay the bills. You touched me there. The Shock of Contact kept us warm.

And Astrid, you kept your word, you never said a word, as I ripped up the pages, spent your wages, entertaining friends you hated, making bombs and planting them in galleries. Your salary was wasted (oh how criminal)...

They cut the power, they pulled the plugs - they took away the phone.

We're quite alone. We share a candle in the cellar - ooh you touched me there. The shock of contact kept us warm.

And Astrid, as sure as blue skies always turn to grey - they came with guns. I tried to run and you took all the blame. They took you and I never said a word - and now you never say a word as I lean through the bars. I whisper my apologies, oh Jezus you stare clean through me. You cut me down, I touch you there.. The shock of contact keeps me warm.