

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Under Glass

The air was thick with scented smoke;  
the talk was much too small. The words would fall  
and crawl in corners, wind up eaten by the cat,  
but still they spat and groped each other's fat.  
Danced with rubber arms and granite feet.  
The planet crept. The ceiling flaked and floated in  
the beer. We stayed clear. We stayed here, under glass.  
And you I know you're trying though you haven't  
got a clue. See them laughing in the showers.  
Twist and grab a shouting Jew...  
Did they ride you through the corridors, make you  
climb the wall? Did you fall? Did she cry?  
Did you look for other fools to fry? To fortify your  
island under glass. I know how and where you work;  
it's written around your collar, sweat and dirt and  
sloping shoulders. You keep tripping on your  
hands, yellow hands, tired hands, pushing pens  
and pushing sixty, waiting for the man to push  
you off your shelf. Send you rollercoasting frozen to  
your hole under glass.  
And you may be tough and loud;  
you throw your weight around. But you're jelly  
when the lights go out - you're hearing every sound.  
The wailing chambers, whispering walls,  
the bitching neighbours' spirits call, accuse  
you with their fire eyes that freeze. You fry, you slip  
their nails inside you. You try and try to hide  
out under glass.