

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Wildlife Estate

Holed up in the underground with nothing but the soundtrack of our shouting neighbors tossing favors, screaming in the name of love that's bleeding, that's gone baaad. Paint is peeling, baby's squealing, Rover's leaving sweet surprises in the places that we never clean, it's sad. And the phone, it's always ringing, when we're eating, when we're sleeping. Oh, but what the hell? The central heating leaks. Man the lifeboats, ring the bell. It's spring time time. They cleared the shelf. Shit's falling down the chute. We're sitting here, we're sniping scavengers that swarm around the loot. The seven forty kamikaze kitties swooping past our window. Look at that caveman go go go.(x6)