

Coldcut, Pan Opticon

Oh yes! Lets go to that new place, with a name a bit like that place, where the famous get so out of their face, they die of fatal cocktails all chemically mace, we'll be rubbing shoulders with the stars inna outer space.

There'll be seven foot women there, five o'clock shadow rammed into ladies underwear and the animals go in two by two, into the circus, into the zoo, into the loo. And hog boars snuffle with curly pig tails, guest list cysts leaving trails like snails, there'll be the pierced, the piercing screaming studs, fiercer than Elvis, pure phets no duds. Fake diamonds, holographic cheekier than Jesus, but pornographic.

Oh do! Yes lets! Lets go to that new place, with the name like the place where the glamorous died, and user friendly all are we, the tired tried, what do you do?

I'm God, you lied.

And the animals go in two by two, the warthog, the snuffleupacus and the anteater, all drinking 5 pound beers by the litre, it's ok she says, you don't have to pay because he's a member, wearing nothing but a peanut in the middle of December. Suddenly, I'm on top form and terribly bright, glitter, tinsel, sparkle me baby, every night, I'm an extraordinarily curious creature and I know it, how bohemian! Shush for the poet, nah fuck that! Let's go to the loo, like animals two by two, and what was it you said you do? Is there any way I can network with you?

So you tell me about a movie you're making, hopefully making, hopefully making, starring Uma Thurman, hopefully making, hopefully.

And you talk for too long, then you say, I love this song, must shake a leg on the dance floor, with that fashion type wild boar, and she needs an apple stuffed into her fat gob, oh look! It's that junky Lead singer, I hear he's a nob, well, I know him actually and he's alright, going solo and good for a line every night.

Oh! Come, give me more, give me more to consume, I'm fatter than Elvis and cheekier than Jesus in this VIP room, with the super models, the rock stars and the superfly.

Then she said, morbidly, now would be a good place to die.

Out of my face, in the place with the name like that place, on the front page tomorrow, my face, headline reading mystery death in new place.

For she was best top lover girlfriend of that guy with the chart topping hits, that actress, that director and that model with the fabulous tits. Then everyone will want to go to that place, because it has a name like that place, where you get so out of your face, you're fiercer than Elvis and cheekier than Jesus, you're in the place with a name like that place, you're in the place with a name like that place.