

Lydia Lunch, Suicide Ocean

The clock died at a quarter to Midnight
frozen angels on my bedpost
tripping
over some senseless beggar
a simple case of mistaken face
my how nothing changes
different men in the same positions.
Time died at a quarter to Midnight
the scent of a ghost
fills the air
the clock on the wall
broke down to fall
my bleeding head
on the baseboard
my how nothing changes
different men in the same positions.
Just this side of Motel's End
at Suicide Ocean.