

The Legendary Pink Dots, Flesh Parade

Up before the Flesh Parade... The pretty faces... The bedroom eyes... The pouting lips. The longing thighs say "Come in for a night, you won't regret it - but don't make any plans". She likes a man, but a hand is just as effective. A mutual need. No need to talk. No moonlit walks, no sun-drenched beaches. Just a bed and just an alarm clock, says your time is up. Go find another body (boy, girl) in the Flesh Parade. The line-up never changes. And, sure, nobody's perfect. Just good at Perfect crimes. We have the standard phrases; ask the time. How about the weather? Don't care about the spots. My only interest is your mind. (Got the time for a grind in the Flesh Parade?)