

The Legendary Pink Dots, I Love You In Your Tra

I watched you in your tragic beauty walk beneath my window.
Eyes aimed high, but unfocused . . . sure, you never noticed me.
You always wore the same dress; always bore the same
expression: "It's a loveless world so what's the point of looking?
Let it be . . ." I considered throwing roses--thought I'd maybe
wave a flag. Had to try and force some small connection--
but, there's a snag. It's my confession that I watch you in
my tragic isolation. In my fear . . . that's the way it's been
for years. That's the way it will always be . . .