

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Laguna Beach

We tried to watch the sun rise,  
but a cloud fell and we froze inside your coat.  
One arm for you, and one for me--two arms crossing, winding . . .  
as the tide roared in. The highway howling high  
above, the smoke rolled in and covered us.  
It smothered us but still we wished the seconds  
could be years. Laguna Beach was soaked in tears, the sea  
retreated, the world retreated. Nothing left but sand . . .  
Laguna Beach ran through our hands. A castle rose,  
a story closed too soon . . .