

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Poppy Day

We'll remember when that wreath is just a crown of thorns to drape around your helmet - hide out anywhere at all. We'll remember when you're no more than a poem on a grave - a sideline for the guy who writes the birthday cards but never signs his name. He's got your number, feels your pain... though you're smiling from the mantel-piece and you've got your rifle trained. It's pointing at the T.V. Shall we tell you when to fire? There's a programme we all hate... it's not a late show so you won't be tired. We remember how you loved the war films, and hid behind the sofa throwing balls of silver paper. We remember. We remember. We've got our poppies on. We hear the clock chime out eleven. We remember, we remember it's Poppy Day. (You shall not grow old!)