

The Legendary Pink Dots, Princess Coldheart

Princess Coldheart closed her eyes
And waited for the kiss to snap the chain between her lips
They waited proud, they waited willing
Filed in, failed, and so she killed them

Sitting on her cutglass throne for 40 years without a phone
Without a single word
100 thousand would-be suitors
Dead because they couldn't move her

In the courtyard flowers bloomed
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses
Pretty flowers bloom
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses

Some were daring, tried the tricks they'd learned in France
Some would touch her hand
Money signs etched in their eyes
She sensed it and one by one they died
Others chanted poems, even showered her with strange expensive gifts.
She couldn't read, she owned the best
She laid their flattery to rest

In the courtyard flowers bloomed
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses
Pretty flowers bloom
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses

Then, one october night
The humble village fool caught sight of Coldheart and he fell
He smashed a rock against her throne
He snatched her hand and took her home
Happily they lived forever after
He wears her chain upon his chest
She even lets him kiss her breast

In the courtyard flowers bloomed
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses
In their garden flowers grew
They pick them and decorate their room, it's touching
It's touching, so touching
It's touching, so touching, ahhh....