

The Legendary Pink Dots, The Dairy

Peeling paint, dead cigarettes... old cobwebs on the ceiling. Feeling faint, the spider fled - the flies played hide 'n' seek. We wrestled cheek to cheek, pink naked on the sheets. A feel was cheap, a deeper thrill was steeper. Camera peeped, director leaping, screaming, shouting, louder "Roll 'em, hold 'em, hole 'em, Close up. ART! Prepetual motion. Higher! Ram it home now cowby. Down Boy. Showdown! Shoot that crazy foam across the duvet..." Get them creaming at the dairy, pumping lonesome 'cross the Praries. Hats spin on their laps. The hotsprings gushing. Play roulette. The russians do it best - well, don't they, Jerkov?