

# The Legendary Pink Dots, The Red And The Black

Reflecting on the Empire after eight... pig's head on a plate  
white wine... The mint imperials circulated... Captain sips his brandy,  
curses Ghandi, dreams Napoleon and Delhi turns to jelly; Bombay ducks;  
Calcutta shivers down in its hole... Old England is out to rule the waves  
again - banging on the table! Routing the reds and the browns and the  
yellows. Black sky... the missiles blast home! (It's half for me, half  
for my company)

My union's name is Jack, and it's a ripper! hammers her head with a  
sickle, nails monkey to the tree. The lasers, they beam from the stars and  
Moscow is charred. Peking is leaking. Tripoli's stripped (ha! ha!) -  
Mohammed, he flees from his mountain, counting the corpses in the stadiums  
with his shades on cos the white light hurts his eyes. And Captain, he  
cries, Captain, he screams, falls out of bed. It's only a dream (?)  
Nightnurse wipes his forehead, whispers &quot;try to sleep... back to sleep...&quot;