

# The Legendary Pink Dots, The Safe Way

The right hand grips, the left hand slides. The pennies drop, the boxes glide. It never stops. She worked the line blind. Folded, pushed, . . . A pirhouette. No thought, no joy, no regrets. A cigarette was hanging from a cord and every thousand boxes she'd suck her reward and find her island. But the siren howled. The whip cracked and a pre-packed mountain pressed her neck. She'd switch to frantic, automatic. Clear the decks. Turn on, tune in--machine was humming omm. Neon. Flashing laser blade was scratching OBEY! No rest, no play. No time. She worked the line. The pay was fine. She'd find her island in July and find a rock to sit on quietly humming ommmm. The pay was fine. She worked the line. She'd find her island in July and find a rock to sit on quietly humming OBEY . . .