

Joey the Canary

Legendary Pink Dots

Tossed and scrambled in a cage some sixteen miles below. I attempted sending codes, but only ghosts reply, and it's cramped in here. Though the freezer's packed with a hundred crates of beer, it won't wash away my tears, my fear. Considered writing novels. I thought hard about this career, solved a dozen famous mysteries, but still I can't be clear if there is anybody up there, perhaps it's been a year. Is there still anybody up there? No fear. Is there anybody up there, was you ever there at all?(x4)

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