

# The Ocean Cried 'Blue Murder'

## Legendary Pink Dots

Penguin spins the caviar... Trois rouge. We drown it quick before it hatches. We wash it down with absynthe, spit it out with roses. Captain turns the hoses on the crawling crowd. We're on a cloud, we're on our knees, we're singing all the songs our fathers taught us. Still the band plays on (relieved!). They locked up all their daughters, deep down, horizontal in the hold. We're much too old and much too drunk to hold a conversation. Too far gone to see the mountain waving through the crack that was the floor

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