

The Month After

Legendary Pink Dots

Under the table and down in the pit with out plastic
potatoes and Joe-Joe the dove on the spit. On the
spoons you made rhythm; I whistled the blues cos
my throats been misused and my voice is a crack in
the tar. In the jar is a tablet they sent in the post,
with a pamphlet. With an order; "Take this when the
pain gets too much!" I confess I feel nothing at all . . .
I'm bored and you're bald, but I laughed when you
called me the snail. My red trail runs behind me.
I'm guilty, no secrets. You're not such a picture
yourself--but your brown eyes I know so very well.
They're sadder and wiser; We've finally been
through it all. Now our time's slowly ticking away.
Do you think there's a heaven? [Backwards: I feel nothing at
all]

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