

Green Gang

Legendary Pink Dots

Drowning in dog stew and strangled in vine. Blister wine
burns the inside . . . (They flew in a line over poppy fields.
They'd drop and they'd blast their supply. On demand!
They persist. They pervert. They command: "RED alert."
And green burns to yellow, to orange, to dirt covered
baby bones in powder piles. Mile after mile. And a
line costs a dime. A slaughter's a quarter. Yes, the
Green God's immortal, whispers "Peace in our time." RED alert!
Here come the Green Gang

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