

The Last Straw

Legendary Pink Dots

Madman! He squats on my shoulder with icy paws and poison claws. Paranoise, annoys, destroys his toys and tries to fix them. But his world is made of powder taken neatly with a straw, and though he knows he's getting weaker - he just takes it more and more. Sores are creeping on his skin, there's desperation in his eyes. Because he knows he'll never win - he lost it all. Surprise! Surprise! Madman's prize lays in the gutter where he'll mutter empty threats but I'll pass him on his blind side - try my hardest to forget.

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