

# Jungle

## Legendary Pink Dots

Parcels for the kids, the parcel bombs were  
left in bins... They were singing hymns and  
rattling tins. A hand stretched out and  
caught him, knocked him through a window.  
And they were fingering his coat, looking  
for the price tag. Took his fags. Shook his  
wallet. Stripped him of his shoes. Left him  
naked - like a mannequin that's bleeding.  
A weeping doll without a string to pull.  
A shop assistant hauled him to the dump  
with all the others.  
Struck a match and up they went!  
Only brave men make it in the jungle!

Lyrics provided by

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