

The Safe Way

Legendary Pink Dots

The right hand grips, the left hand slides. The pennies drop,
the boxes glide. It never stops. She worked the line
blind. Folded, pushed, . . . A pirhouette. No thought, no joy,
no regrets. A cigarette was hanging from a cord and
every thousand boxes she'd suck her reward and find
her island. But the siren howled. The whip cracked
anda pre-packed mountain pressed her neck. She'd
switch to frantic, automatic. Clear the decks. Turn on,
tune in--machine was humming omm. Neon. Flashing
laser blade was scratching OBEY! No rest, no play.
No time. She worked the line. The pay was fine.
She'd find her island in July and find a rock to
sit on quietly humming ommmm. The pay was fine. She
worked the line. She'd find her island in July and
find a rock to sit on quietly humming OBEY . . .

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