

A Space Between

The Legendary Pink Dots

Billy was a car crash - all he ever knew was pain. Lived a milli
i-milli-
Milli-
second; never born again. Though no one saw him coming, plenty
Witnessed his remains - laid a wreath yet they never knew him..
. Me? I'm
Just the rain, laid poor Billy to eternal rest, eternal rust. I
soaked the
Dust that covers him, I wait for all the others. They all have
names...
Red Harry was a bright young spark that flew and burned old Lon
don Town in
'66. He flew to bits. He tore it down (bubonic bliss!). And me?
I'm just
The kiss our maker blew to put him out. To eternal rest. Eterna
l rust. To
Dust, to ash. I cover up and wait for all the others. We all ha
ve names...
Georgie was cut on Hitler's knee. He ran for weeks, turned shad
es
Of green... They kidnapped me and made him clean... On Winter n
ights, I
Still hear him scream. I cover up. I wait for all the others. J
ane? Her
Mother was a hurricane who swept the plains and sneezed away a
continent
With me (the sea). The team that made a myth by hiding it. Beca
me a hit on
Broadway but it wasn't quite the same - they all FORGOT our nam
es. We ALL
Have names.