

In the street, they're digging holes and in the sinks they're swilling coal-tar, baby. Feathers stuck on poles. They're waiting for the gas man (Goo-goo-ga-chew!) Tube train claims its fifteenth victim of an average week. He tripped. A family man with no ambition, meek as plastic tulips. He made it to page 53, they wrapped him round a fish and threw him in the stew (Goo-goo-ga-chew.) Tuesday, it rained glue balls; Wednesday morning was the smog. They moved in on the West Side--rubber masks on. They torched the whole damn lot. The people died; they fenced it off. But still te peepos watch from the top floor of the Euro Tower. Round and round, 12 hours. Fountains. Fillet steak, a waiter with a bow-tie. Press it, squeeze it, and it spits. Oh Cologne! We smell OK, the O-Zone's safe, we keep things underground. The sound we hear is sweet soul music to the tannoy. Chew your gum and close your eyes and nothing can annoy you.