

Flesh Parade

The Legendary Pink Dots

Up before the Flesh Parade... The pretty faces... The bedroom e
yes... The
pouting lips. The longing thighs say "Come in for a night, you
won't
regret it - but don't make any plans". She likes a man, but a h
and is just
as effective. A mutual need. No need to talk. No moonlit walks,
no
sun-drenched beaches. Just a bed and just an alarm clock, says
your time
is up. Go find another body (boy, girl) in the Flesh Parade.
The line-
up never changes. And, sure, nobody's perfect. Just good at
Perfect crimes. We have the standard phrases; ask the time. How
about
the weather? Don't care about the spots. My only interest is yo
ur mind.
(Got the time for a grind in the Flesh Parade?)