

I Love You In Your Tragic Beauty

The Legendary Pink Dots

I watched you in your tragic beauty walk beneath my window.
Eyes aimed high, but unfocused sure, you never noticed me.

You always wore the same dress; always bore the same expression: "It's a loveless world so what's the point of looking?

Let it be . . ." I considered throwing roses--thought I'd maybe wave a flag. Had to try and force some small connection--but, there's a snag. It's my confession that I watch you in my tragic isolation. In my fear . . . that's the way it's been for years. That's the way it will always be . . .