

Neon Mariners

The Legendary Pink Dots

The cha cha bar was sliding
And we swam across the Scotchman on the rocks
(so many rocks . . . and glass and sand.)
In shock we docked in Fish Head Harbour
Where the lights were dimmed.
(Locked in, we couldn't see a thing . . .)
The floor was tin,
The sky was oil,
The air was poisoned lager
And the juke box pumped out schlager
Because no-one pulled the plugs
(so many plugs . . . and sparks.)
The live wives kept us dancing.
Dance in brine, dance in seaweed.