

The Dairy

The Legendary Pink Dots

Peeling paint, dead cigarettes... old cobwebs on the ceiling. Feeling
Faint, the spider fled - the flies played hide 'n' seek. We wrestled
cheek
To cheek, pink naked on the sheets. A feel was cheap, a deeper
thrill was
Steeper. Camera peeped, director leaping, screaming, shouting,
louder
"Roll 'em, hold 'em, hole 'em, Close up. ART! Prepetual motion.
Higher!
Ram it home now cowby. Down Boy. Showdown! Shoot that crazy foam
across
The duvet..." Get them creaming at the dairy, pumping lonesome
'cross the
Praries. Hats spin on their laps. The hotsprings gushing. Play
roulette.
The russians do it best - well, don't they, Jerkov?