

## Episode

## Theatre of Tragedy

Moving sideways through the sold photo  
Slow figures flashing on tiptoe  
Crashing cars on a blue tableau  
Goes to show it wasn't everywhere  
No one steering, just an auto-move  
Round and round the streetlights in the groove  
Flying windscreens, dropping down below  
Aisles of bricks, crumbling with the smoke  
Here we go  
Dissolving turnpikes in a placid light  
Intersections similarly white  
I never found the concrete slab  
I must have left it on the showroom tab  
Escalators moving side to side  
Round and round the footprints on the slide  
From a picture, the city turned and spoke  
There she was, the woman in the smoke  
Here we go I think you suit me I'll make you happy  
You specify me You can't deny me  
Must have left my eyes on a moving train  
Tangled phone lines told me to revoke  
Turgid reasons, everything's mundane  
There she was, the woman in the smoke Here we go  
I guess you suit me Do you extend me?  
You maximise me You can't deny me  
I think you suit me I'll make you happy .