

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Princess Coldheart

Princess Coldheart closed her eyes  
And waited for the kiss to snap the chain between her lips  
They waited proud, they waited willing  
Filed in, failed, and so she killed them

Sitting on her cutglass throne for 40 years without a phone  
Without a single word  
100 thousand would-be suitors  
Dead because they couldn't move her

In the courtyard flowers bloomed  
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses  
Pretty flowers bloom  
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses

Some were daring, tried the tricks they'd learned in France  
Some would touch her hand  
Money signs etched in their eyes  
She sensed it and one by one they died  
Others chanted poems, even showered her with strange expensive gifts.  
She couldn't read, she owned the best  
She laid their flattery to rest

In the courtyard flowers bloomed  
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses  
Pretty flowers bloom  
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses

Then, one october night  
The humble village fool caught sight of Coldheart and he fell  
He smashed a rock against her throne  
He snatched her hand and took her home  
Happily they lived forever after  
He wears her chain upon his chest  
She even lets him kiss her breast

In the courtyard flowers bloomed  
They drapped themselves round tombs and rows of crosses  
In their garden flowers grew  
They pick them and decorate their room, it's touching  
It's touching, so touching  
It's touching, so touching, ahhh....