

The Legendary Pink Dots, Waiting For The Cloud

The river was rainbow stew, the fishes choked and cursed.

The thirsty dogs spat fire, rolled in glue,
then they burst. The fur balls flying, trees were dying--
dandelions were crippled, bald . . .

We saw it all in colour--now we're waiting for the cloud.

A mother forced baby milk which ticked and bubbled black.

She sank it back with plastic pills although it stank .

. . . seemed thankful. Rolled up in her sack, she won't be back,
she won't grow old . . . We saw it all in colour--

now we're waiting for the cloud. And crocodiles were sprouting
wings. Dead sheep filled the fields. The children rode on locusts
and threw slings at anything that could be killed
and eaten raw. No weeping sore, no claws,

no balls . . . We saw it all in colour, now we're waiting for the cloud.

We're told it could be 15 days, we're busy digging holes . . .

The deep ones for the pure, selected--shallow ones for old and
sick, the derelicts, the poor, the junkies, criminals, the whores.

There's more, there's red and yellow, black and blue.

There's me, there's you. (Waiting for the cloud.)