

The Weird Wild And Wonderful World Of Tony Potts

The Monochrome Set

Something gets me as the spark goes across the ignition
Sprinkle shot ends on the new ten by tens and the rough spool
Four pressed in vain every shutter stop and grain

Two o'clock early arousing asphyxes our zig-zag
Chocolate shake and the pen remains reversal precast
Might strike my town but it wasn't that way inclined

Firebird, I'm going to start on a gamble
Sprocket frame lines out if all fails, moon hour

Round about noon caught a girl in a fudge bar restaurant
Led off a wild herd all black splashes with an old mustang
V and M plus S double 08 and four-eighths try S

Making the world take a slap on that form of cassette man
Think I'll be winding a dark spool and gleaming a tall flood
Fate how fading double headed eight number is

Firebird, I'm holding thinner black lines
Spacing depending on bald tall men

Air frame that produces a liquid thought much of
By the swaying of the gloom something wicked persuades us
Hurls it at a gun, shutter speed to make light spun

Now about earth call this thing markers in camera running
Show you're less angry your art casts a shadow so different
Round the roof tops now look up

Firebird, I'm holding fast to ashes
Patent polyester on sale, bread slam