

Toya

"Pop Star"

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(Willcox / Lee / Glockler)

I walk, talk
I Bend and break
Stumble, crumble
The world, A car
Lost city of fire
Pyramids shake
Apartment blocks awake

I am alone on this lost city of Mars
I have grown alone among glass and stolen cars

The pylons hum, geckos run
Conveyor belts rumble
Stars tumble to the foot of the temple

I am alone on this lost city of Mars
I have grown alone among glass and stolen cars

The doors, the ice
A million glass eyes
Or a trillion wheeling cogs
The dust, the rust
A million mouths sigh
In the lost city of the Gods

Strangers applaud
The sect of lost horizons and distant shores
Applause

Childhood delusions of grandeur and fame
You open door, in I came
I am the child you need to feed
I receive your intentions with instinctive greed

I'm the pet of the multitudes
I'm the pet of your metal and tubes
Fluid and goo
Corridors and pavements
Conveyor belts and streams

Cosmetic operations for all buildings in need
Pods and peas, metal fatigue
Pedestrians with soda siphons
Clockwork mice and twelve foot pythons
Hitchhikers Guide and Monty Pythons

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