

Subatomic stars are fickle

In the dumptruck of creation
Always flying out in pairs
To the other end of Paris
There's no time to send a message
There's no space to cross an ocean
But they're spinning like true brothers
Always hip on all the others
Mr. Aspect hide the papers
In a crashing speedy tunnel
Ghostly pop of transformation
Catch the light in it's mutation
Sly, Slinky, Sly Slide to the other side
Living hidden inside slinky
From the egg to crocostimpy
Turn my head the chair collapses
Into alternating lapses
From the future waves are coming
Get your senses in the running
One decision and it's over
All the others head for Dover