

First and Last

Flash and the Pan

In the wheel of turning circles
In an orbit of the moon
Through a maze of moving pathways
There floats a spinning spoon
In spite of its existence
A test for weary heads
A marker for the new man
The road ahead

Aye ya, ya ya ya ya
Aye ya, ya ya ya ya
Aye ya, ya ya ya ya
Aye ya, ya ya ya ya

In the middle of the star swarm
An overfill of life There'll be a blinkered star child
Balanced on a knife
Lost to all the glory
Inward looking eyes
Extroverted hero
Losing paradise

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