

Soundbites

Leatherface

Super furry dromedary and eyes the colour of a dark red sky,
And the weekend should not depend on the weatherman's weather e
ye.

This is the gilt edge of the wedge, an average grey story
Of a revolutionary who was boring too.
This is the spilt milk stench of a wretch, an average cold walk
home.
Avoiding the sunspots and soundbites like snowstorms.

A vision that does not focus on
The weird but rare and their total despair,
The crack whore culture, mindful of nothing,
It's catchy and touchy and where is the wealth?

This is the guilt end of the wedge, an average grey story
Of the revolutionary who was boring too.
This is the spilt milk stain of wretch, an average cold walk ho
me.
Avoiding the sunspots, soundbites like snowstorms.

And I hope my camel is able to handle
All the treacherous journeys home.
And I've smelled your sandals and my camels,
And yours are truly second to none.

This is the guilt end of the wedge, an average grey story
Of a revolutionary who was boring too.
This is the spilt milk smell of wretch, an average cold walk ho
me.
And avoiding the sunspots, soundbites like snowstorms.