

Frisbee

Walton

Locked in a sorry dream
You know we're drowning in designer ice cream
This is the present but it's no surprise
Then I realise
What I see I spies
The past was eagle-eyed
The future's pixelisedI had my frisbee sharpened and honed
I had it galvanised and chromed
Decapitate and bury your toys
My frisbee brings the noiseWhat I see I spies
The past was eagle-eyed
The future's pixelisedTo see ya, to see ya, to see ya, nice to see ya

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