Master of Sparks

ZZ Top

High class slim came floatin' in
Down from the county line
Just gettin' right on Saturday night
Ridin' with some friends of mineThey invited me to come and see
Just what was on their minds
And then I took my first long look
At the master of sparks on highIn the back of Jimmy's Mack
Stood a round steel cage
Welded into shape by slim
Made out of sucker gauzeHow fine, they cried, now with you inside
Strapped in there safe and sound
I thought, my-o-my, how the sparks will fly
If that thing ever hit the groundSlim was so pleased when I had eased
Into his trap of death
He had slammed the door but I said no more
And I thought I'd breathed my last breathWe was out in the sticks down highway six
And the crowd was just about right
The speed was too, so out I flew
Like a stick of rollin' dynamiteWhen I hit the ground you could hear the sound
And see the sparks a country mile
End over end I began to spin
But the ball started runnin' wildBut it was too late as I met my fate
And the ball started gettin' hot
But through the sparks and the flame
I knew that the claim of the master of sparks was gone

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