

Victorian Machinery

Red Hot Chili Peppers

Jaded
You are my Victorian machinery
Leave yourself to lie
Lady, your tender shape is spinning like the scenery
Ride you like a bike
You be the sailing baby, I'll be the rudder
We could make it all day
Until it turns into butter
I saw your face
A seminal pleasure, I will love you forever
When I heeded your call in every heavy endeavor
I'll keep your place
Jaded
Coming down the mountain like a buffalo
[See fate] in your eyes
Crazy
But then again, I'll cook you like your [rep] you know
Makes up for her size
You be the sailing baby, I'll be the rudder
We could make it all day
Until it turns into butter
I saw your face
A seminal pleasure, I will feel you forever
When I heeded your call in every heavy endeavor
I'll keep your place
Be yourself
When I saw, yeah
You be the shack
And baby I'll be the desert
There is nothing to lack
When there is nothing to measure
It's all, all space
Whoooh
You are my Victorian machinery
Nah nah nah nah-nah
Jaded
Make a fist and knock me on the mood again
Leave yourself to lie
Lady

Make me feel like I want more than [you] again

Ride me like like a bike

Crazy

Sing along just like they do in Budapest

[...] on the rise

You be the shack

And baby I'll be the desert

There is nothing to lack

When there is nothing to measure

It's all, all space

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