

Broken Machine

A Broken Machine

You're broken machine has questions for me
Wants to know a little bit about my history
Wants to know why I write these ridiculous songs
Wants to know everything that turns me on And what turns me on is you
So now that's what turns it on too
It's methods are filling me up with doubt
This experience is starting to creep me out It doesn't do anything
It just sits there It doesn't do anything
It just sits there and looks at me M-m-mechanical meltdown
It should be blown away
It should be scrapped by sundown
But broken machine is here to stay Broken machine thinks it's fair to me
But it only sees what it wants to see
Looks into me to see what I'm made of
It's trying so hard to understand our love And it sees that I love you
And so you're the one that it loves too
It wants to understand the workings of our heart
It doesn't care if it tears ours apart It doesn't do anything
It just sits there It doesn't do anything
It just sits there and looks at me M-m-mechanical meltdown
It should be thrown away
S-s-satanica shutdown
But broken machine is here to stay You know what machine
My mind's not big enough for the both of us
But you tell me you're here to stay
I guess that's what I get for surrounding myself
With technology M-m-mechanical meltdown
It should be thrown away
You should be scrapped by sundown
But broken machine is here to stay
Broken machine is here to stay
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Broken machine is here to stay

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