

Serpico

Machines of Loving Grace

Sick of the song
Sick of the soul
Sick of the band
And the lack of control
Sick of the sound
Sick of the friends
Something's gone wrong
I thought I heard the old man say
As the insides spilled out
Into the cold mountain air
And I never thought I would feel
Never thought I would feel this way
He'd been dying or dead for years
And this was just his way of saying
Let them hear it in the night

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