

War Machine

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

You just turned so white
Never needed you so bad
There's nothing left to disguise
You never wanted it so bad You don't need your soul
They'll keep you high
I keep chasing your ghost
But it all keeps us coming back
For a little while You don't look so good
If you smell like you would
You don't seem so proud
In the cries and thunder And now the ones you beg
They won't kiss it away
I just need your hand
When it all keeps coming down
For a little while Yeah, I called my friend, the doctor
Just to keep your heart alive
He said, I ain't too good at healing
But I'll make you stand I need just one more line
I need you to stand up
And it all keeps coming out into the light You never seemed so cruel
It's just a question of time
We used a war machine
Now it burns out your spine You don't prove your worth
You just make it obscene
Yeah, it ain't no crime to blow your mind
If it feels to you like a never ending dream

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