

Perfect Machine

Sounds Under Radio

The emptiness in space
You're spinning like a carousel
But your eyes focus in the light againAs crowds of people stand
I'm hiding from the minute hand
of clocks that wake my morning light, without you there... the walls just stareI'm your perfect machine
I'll collapse everything
Cause I'm your perfect machine
I'll collapse everythingYour plane is overhead
This room is stale and empty now
You lay your head
In cities only phones can bring
But mine won't ring

Lyrics provided by

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