

# Ballad of Mechanical Man

## Quasi

A machine came knocking at my door  
Lost & alone; hungry for oil.  
I could see he wouldn't get too far  
Shape of a man; soul of a car.  
Soon we'll all be dead.  
It makes me feel so comfortable.  
What I see & what I think I hear  
Clouds in my eye; rust in my ear.  
A machine will never have to feel.  
I know it's fake but pretend that it's real.  
Soon we'll all be dead.  
It makes me feel so comfortable

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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