

Warm Machine [Live]

Bush

I memorize the basics
Making strange faces
Traded slowly for I know
There's a thousand miles to go
Without blinking
I gravitate spacewards
Find a home for the head
From my basement
No darkness ever left

This is the night
This is the sound
Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine
Pretty warm

Some days are playful
Making play faces
But we will not let it through
The darkness and the sense
Of being born to loose

This is the life
This is the sound
Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine
This is the life
This is the ground
Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine

If we never know we can only
Feel
I'll take the help
I'll take a slice
Warm alright, now
Cause I feel alright

I memorize the basics, basics, basics
This is the night

This is the sound
Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine
Such a warm machine
Such a warm machine
Machine, machine, machine

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