Machine

Anni Rossi

My eyes are bifocal, my hands are sub jointed
I live in the future in my pre-war apartment
And I count all my blessings, I have friends in high places
And I'm upgraded daily, all my wires without traces
Hooked into machine, hooked into machine
Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into
Hooked into machine, hooked into machine
Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into machine
I collect my moments into a correspondence
With a mightier power who just lacks my perspectives
And who lacks my organics and who covets my defects

And I'm downloaded daily, I am part of a composite
Hooked into machine, hooked into machine
Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into
Hooked into machine, hooked into machine
Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into machine
Everything's provided, consummate consumer
Part of worldly taking, apart from worldly troubles
Living in your pre-war apartment, soon to be your post-war apartment
And you live in the future and the future, it's here, it's bright, it's now

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