

Clean Machine

Tom Chapin

You've been kickin' on me
I've been kickin' on you
You've been kickin' my tree just to suck on the fruit
Mop up my troubles and you throw the old sad days away

I've been pickin' your fleas
You've been pickin' my fleas
I've been pickin' this guitar underneath your lovin' tree
Sittin' on this star of ours showin' me a cloud-free galaxy...(because!)

You're a clean machine
You sparkle in the sun
You're a clean machine
A diamond in the mud...Yeah!

You're a clean machine
I been losin' my brain,
You've been loosenin' my brain
Slicin' off the sour so the good parts remain
Handin' me a band-aid perfect for a soul-sized bullet hole

Down. I've felt that before
Too flat to bounce back
I've been shovin' you around and defending your attack
Attack it like a leaky sack of sugar with a sweetness I can taste...(that's right cause!)

You're a clean machine
You sparkle in the sun
You're a clean machine
A diamond in the mud

You're a clean machine
You're a clean machine, you're a clean machine, you're a clean machine, yeah!
You're a clean machine, you're a clean machine, you're a clean machine, yeah!
You're a clean machine, you're a clean machine, you're a clean machine, yeah!

Yeah!

Yeah!

Yay yay yeah ah!

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