

Warm Machine

Bush

I memorize the basics
Making strange faces
Tread slowly for I know
There's a thousand miles to go
Without blinking Gravitates space wards
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
Feel warm Some days are playful
Making play faces
But we will not let it through
Darkness and the sense
Being born to lose This is the night
This is the sound
Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine This is the life
This is the ground
Here comes a warm machine
Such a warm machine When I never know we can only feel
I'll take the help
I'll take a slice
Warm alright now
'Cos 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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