

# Warm Machine

## Bush

I memorize the basics  
Making strange faces  
Tread slowly for I know  
There's a thousand miles to go  
Without blinking  
Gravitate 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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