

# Tin Machine (Remastered 1999)

## Tin Machine

Tin machine  
Tin machine Take me anywhere  
somewhere without alcohol  
Or goons with muddy hair Tin machine  
Tin machine Tin machine  
Tin machine The zombies that I pass  
The guy that beats his baby up  
The preachers and their past Tin machine  
Tin machine Tin machine  
Baby doll  
Baby doll Clarity and power  
There's more than money moving here  
There's mindless maggot glare  
Working horrors-humping Tories  
Spittle on their chins  
Carving up my children's future  
Read 'em pal and grin Raging raging raging  
Burning in my room  
Come on and get a good idea  
Come on and get it soon  
I'm waiting on the fire escape  
I'm not exactly well  
I'm neither red nor black nor white  
I'm gray and blown to hell Tin machine  
Tin machine Make some new computer thing  
That puts me on the moon  
Not this psycho-time-bomb planet  
Poised to meet its maker  
Shake a leg Tin machine  
Tin machine One sick deathless duty to remain endangered species  
They reach right out to touch someone  
Then wash their crusty hands Tin machine  
Tin machine Baby doll  
Baby doll Blue suede tuneless wonders  
Mass confusion-faithless blues  
Night that spews out watchmen  
Mopping up another fortune  
Fractured words and branca-sonic  
Anger trapped behind locked doors

And right between the eyes

Songwriters

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