

Machu Picchu

Medwyn Goodall

I'm putting your patience to the test.
I'm putting your body on the line, for less.
Didn't you know there was a choice?
It's never yours but someone else's voice.

Selling your body to the street.
I'm selling your girlfriends to the night, for cheap.
Wearing a jacket made of meat,
Sealing a letter made with horses' feet
And now you've heard that...

Waves turn to grey.
Life in the shade.
A violent cloud,
And that's the USA
Platinum's on the rise,
Playboy's in disguise
I'm just trying' to find...
A mountain I can climb.

I'm putting your patience to the test.
I'm putting your body on the line, for less.
And didn't you know there was a choice?
It's never yours but someone else's voice.
And now you've seen that...

Blondes turn to grey,
Life in the shade
A violent cloud,
And that's the USA
Porn on the rise,
Psycho's in disguise
I'm just trying to find
A mountain I can climb.

Darling,
Ain't nobody gonna tell us,
They're gonna be oh so jealous
We're gonna be oh so silent,

They're gonna be stoned in silence

(I didn't want to ask you, baby
I didn't want to have to ask anybody, baby,
Is anyone asking maybe?
Can anyone even hear me?)

Why are you waiting by the door?

Life turns to dust,
And rain it turns to rust
Gossip is a truth,
And money pays for the lies we trust
Your love is a surprise,
Hopeless saints are in disguise
I'm just trying to find
A nice place for you and I

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