Inside the Machine

Bruce Dickinson

I've got myself a widget
A gizmo with wires
And martian intent yeah
Strange face of beauty
On my machine
It blinks and stares right at me
Sees nothing but in its wires
A strange thing of beauty
That's my machine
You won't believe what it can do
It tells me things I never
Wished I knew
Like the mirror when you ask
It tells you true
Inside the machine
The web has got you now
Inside the machine
I'm part of it somehow
I'd strap my DNA to it
A living device, the light of my life, yeah
Strange thing of beauty
That's my machine
I sit and we crackle with static
It makes no sense ot have experience
When a strange of beauty
That's my machine
Inside the machine, we're looking for control
Inside the machine, we're part of it somehow

Songwriters
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