

# Kissing the Machine

## Orchestral Manoeuvres In the Dark

you've come a long way from just TV  
from a distant voice to ecstasy  
now you need to know what's on my mind  
can I break your heart with every time  
she gives no love and won't let go  
and when she fails she tells you so  
the perfect touch is cold and clean  
she steals your soul when kissing the machine  
her hand of love enshrouds my face  
she moves and turns with rigid grace  
the light reflection on her skin  
the words repeat and draw me in  
and what I say is what she'll do  
repeat the words I told her to  
the perfect touch is cold and clean  
she steals your soul when kissing the machine  
I want you to want me  
I need you to need me  
I know that you love me  
I want you to need me  
if destiny is sometimes cruel  
then once again I am its fool  
to give my heart to wires and steel  
but what you get is what you feel  
no flesh and blood can give you more  
the key to love is at this door  
the perfect touch was cold and clean  
she steals your soul when kissing the machine  
kissing the machine  
kissing the machine  
kissing the machine

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