

Subject / Object

[Andy Bell](#)

The future has been more like it never was
sit back try to relax, Im slightly damaged goods
Lost in a reverie, wiped clean my memory
The lines of a soft machine gave back my stolen dreams
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you could be my favourite subject
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you could be my favourite object
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you could be my favourite subject
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you could be my favourite object
Arrive in the hotel for a secret rendez vous
The smell of your cigar has me fawning like a star
Lost in a reverie, wiped clean my memory
The lines of a soft machine gave back my stolen dreams
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you could be my favourite subject
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you could be my favourite object
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you could be my favourite subject
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you could be my favourite object

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