

# Think Like a Machine, Not a Boy

Flaming Lips

I used to think I like the way the nature hit us all,  
Every single answer I despise  
Now I sleep in your unders,  
Simple, lighter way  
My mind has been poisoned, paralyzed  
Oooh

Why oh, why? could make me so, so  
Right and stormed so I love,  
I love the beauty that surrounds me  
The gentleness of love  
I wish I could go back and be a boy once again  
Oooh oh oh  
Oooh oh oh  
Oooh oh oh

The beauty that surrounds me  
The beauty that surrounds me  
The beauty that surrounds me  
The beauty that surrounds me  
The beauty that surrounds me