

Machine 15

Millencolin

Drop the gun, the one that's stuck to my head.
It's just begun, you're gone, you came walking free.
(The machine is turning fifteen)

No one ever thought that I invented the wheel,
All I ever went through was something real.
Creativity is still my gasoline.
Oh, have you seen Scooby gaping after this machine?

Drop the gun, the one that's stuck to my head.
It's just begun, you're gone, you came walking free.
(The machine is turning fifteen)

No, I'm not optimistic and I'm through this for you,
I'd rather battle my own canal.
This is not a tune, or a simple device.
No, this is the Machine 15, to be precise.

Now, I've got official calculation
That will offer you the song.
It's got a hoise cartridge.
So what's the motivation, now?
What motions this circle?
And this has just begun,
You better drop the gun.

Drop the gun,
Drop the gun,
Drop the gun.
(The machine is turning fifteen)
Drop the gun.
(The machine is turning fifteen)
Drop the gun.
(The machine is turning fifteen)
Drop the gun.
The machine is turning fifteen.

Drop the gun, the one that's stuck to my head.
(The machine is turning fifteen)
It's just begun, you're gone, you came walking free.
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The machine is turning fifteen.
The machine is turning fifteen.
The machine is turning fifteen.
The machine is turning fifteen.