

What I'm really wanting, a brand new machine
One for converting plastic to dreams
If you ride upon the tiger you can never get off
They get hungry
One thing is certain, all the rest are lies
Beautiful and dammed ones never realize
That the dark is light enough to see the ignorance of greed
Still she cries
Come on come on get up
I wanna take you
Away from all of this and what has got you
Lost and feeling down
You just get it off your back, let it fly away
Poetry of motion counting out the beats
To hear a voice in every mind sounding out retreat
And as they run they look behind to see what tempts the wanderi
ng eye
Still she cries
Trouble with the life of the Emperor's new mind
Casual viewin' in spite of what gets left behind
Gentlemen you may include me out, ladies please accept my bow
Still she cries