

# This Machine

Bedouine

I felt the doubt  
20 years from now I'd be walking out  
Missing the point all along  
And no one would know where to point me to

Baby blue  
If you knew all the thoughts in my head  
You would lose all your own  
But you would just lose

Nothing  
Sticks to  
This machine  
Calling  
Quitting  
Elated  
And I can't stop it

But I know my head  
Used my hands just to keep you in bed  
Hoping the warmth was enough  
Keeping the gears from the rust

I can't take much more  
My Kentucky is weaker than yours  
Tailored with seams, so they bust  
Breaking the ties between us

Nothing  
Sticks to  
This machine  
Calling  
Quitting  
Elated  
And I can't stop it  
No, I can't stop it