

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