

Tin Machine

David Bowie

Tin machine
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Take me anywhere
Somewhere without alcohol
Or goons with muddy hair

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The zombies that I pass
The guy that beats his baby up
The preachers and their past

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Baby doll
Baby doll

Clarity and prayer
There's more than money moving here
There's mindless maggot glare
Working horrors-humping Tories
Spittle on their chins
Carving up my children's future
Read 'em pal and grin

Raging raging raging
Burning in my room
C'mon and get a good idea
C'mon and get it soon
I'm waiting on the fire escape
I'm not exactly well
I'm neither red nor black nor white
I'm grey and blown to hell

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Make some new computer thing
That puts me on the moon
Not this psycho-time-bomb planet
Poised to meet it's maker
Shake a leg

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One sick deathless duty to remain endangered species
They reach right out to touch someone
Then wash their crusty hands

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Baby doll
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Blue suede tuneless wonders
Mass confusion-faithless blues
Night that spews out watchmen
Mopping up another fortune
Fractured words and branca-sonic
Anger trapped behind locked doors
And right between the eyes

Raging raging raging
Burning in my room
C'mon and get a good idea
C'mon and get it soon
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