

# Ghost In The Machine

Dawes

Standing right outside the Echo  
When we were still just cutting teeth  
Turning madness into waveforms  
Searching chords for what's beneath  
All these existential freshmen  
Trying to keep our noses clean  
Scared to show our faith in  
The ghost in the machine

Standing right outside the Echo  
When we were working for the door  
Assuming all our dreams were brighter than  
The bands we played before  
But you could see it in their hunger  
You could hear it in their screams  
They too were just trying to make contact  
With the ghost in the machine

Through the build-ups and the breakdowns  
Through the boom and through the crash  
Building stockpiles of excuses  
On how to trade it in for cash  
All the poisonous motel rooms  
The lobby call at 6:15  
One million miles upon a highway  
For a ghost in the machine

All the doubts and hesitations  
I built up in my early years  
Are under reconsideration  
Through the music of the spheres  
Which I cannot deny any longer  
When every night I reconvene  
With these vibrations giving proof of  
The ghost in the machine  
The ghost in the machine  
The ghost in the machine  
The ghost in the machine