

# Machines

Jensen McRae

I found wings in my attic  
One more superpower I've outgrown  
My brother has basketball practice  
I'm going to hit on the coach  
I saw Jesus Christ in a bookstore  
He looked burdened with all that belief  
He cut me in line without remorse  
Said we're all powering the same machine

Oh-ooh, grew up and learned the cost  
Oh-ooh, I can't sleep this one off  
Now I know that I bleed months  
Oh-oh, but I was a machine once

I got drunk for the first time  
Or as drunk as my brain would permit  
I swayed beside a stuffed lion  
And briefly loved the scientist  
I think I saw God in the bathroom  
Some pretty girl was holding her hair back  
And I offered her fistfuls of tissues  
She bit back tears and told me not to do that

Oh-ooh, grew up and learned the cost  
Oh-ooh, I can't sleep this one off  
Now I know that I bleed months  
Oh-oh, but I was a machine once

I saw this boy in a nightmare  
After I passed him on campus  
You know, the one I'm still scared of  
Even though nothing happened  
I shudder at what might have happened  
Growing up is bad dreams put in practice

Oh-ooh, grew up and learned the cost, ooh-ooh-ooh  
Oh-ooh, grew up and learned the cost, oh-  
ooh, I can't sleep this one off  
Now I know that I bleed months, oh, but I was a machine once

Oh-ooh  
Oh-ooh