

Machines

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All of the machines are standing here
But that work, work, work disappear
Put the gloves on, put the mess over there
Put the gloves on, put the mess over there
All of the machines are standing here, standing here

I went to work, I couldn't figure it out
Tried going to church but God fell asleep on my couch
I charge my phone on top of Heavenly clouds
Machines working, phones be twerking
I want to know where we go from here
Where we go from here
What colour's your soul?

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