

Machines

Polly Scattergood

Don't you see some sights darling?
Don't you see some sights?
Never start a fight
When you're blinded by the sun
Golden leaves and bright mornings
Don't you see some sights?
Falling beams of light
Now I'm blinded by the sun
Enough
Too much
You're cold
Singing
We are not machines
There is blood beneath our skin
I could hear the choir sing
As the darkness settles in

You seem much colder
As I lay on your sofa
And I made my hands
Into a four-leaf clover
And you say you love me
But I think you say that a lot
Just for one second
Time stopped
Enough
Too much
You're cold
Singing
We are not machines
There is blood beneath our skin
I could hear the choir sing
As the darkness settled in

Going home
And I just can't wait anymore
While I pick up my heart
From your bedroom floor
Going home
And I just can't take anymore
Going home
And I just can't take anymore
While I pick up my heart
From your bedroom floor
Going home
And I just can't take anymore

We are not machines
We are not machines
We are not machines
We are not machines
We are echoing eternal dreamers

Singing
We are not machines
There is blood beneath our skin
I could hear the choir sing

As the darkness settled in