

The Machine

Rare Americans

My whole life is on the internet
I know all these people
But we have never met
This is life inside of the machine
Give me another hit of dopamine

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Chase dopamine, like I'm a dope fiend
Addicted to the system
But never been a part of the mainstream
Too gritty for TikTok, no time for flip flops
Don't trust cancel cops
Bombardment non stop
Welcome to attention economy
A world full of wanna-bees
With a variety of anxieties
What is a society, drunk on notoriety?
I can't even imagine technological sobriety

My whole life is on the internet
We know each others secrets
But we have never met
I'm sick of living life in the machine
Give me another hit of dopamine

I tell ya I would not be fuming
If I never saw another human
Being, me and my computer and my room and I'm good!
Just like me, a million other stans
Final fantasy land, jerk it non stop, OnlyFans
Oh yes you can, pro-gram, the single young man
Plan how it ends, zero real friends
The machine is I! And I am he!
And you know what man? We're both happy
Okay, okay, okay, okay?

My whole life is on the internet
We've become a family
But we have never met
This is life inside the machine
Give me another hit of dopamine