

Machines And Men

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1990, our bodies were mighty
Practically brand new
Until 1992, we scraped our knees
Knocked off a tooth in 1994
From falling to the floor
We were climbing our trees
We pedaled fast on our bicycles
And we got our wounds from
Tumbling hard on the ground
As children, we were made to mess around

Back then our bodies were so restless
And our bones used to be kind
And our muscles seemed to be so strong
And our limbs were so connected
Neurons coursing through our minds
But our parts are getting in and going wrong
We were younger then
Now decaying machines and men

1998, our bodies were so, so great
And we rode our roller skates so well
Twisted an ankle to a frightening angle
We called upon angels to fix this up
'Cause we swore to never tell
As we got older, we crashed a car
And we got our scars from our duel with death
Blood and bone and fainted breath

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Now decaying machines and men
Men, men, men...

Behold this sagging skin
And these fragile ribs that's caging in
My lungs and soul
Help me to get in if there's a heaven
'Cause it's better than this life I'm told
Every breath I'm struggling
And I can't remember how it felt not to be this old
Please just get me in if there's a heaven

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Just that peek like locked in heads
Two blossoms worn in red
Machines and men
Knew this'd come, let this be said
Life hangs loosely by a thread
Just that peek like locked in heads
Two blossoms worn in red
The back rolls over, rest your head
Final hours far in bed