

Pressure Machine

The Killers

Hope'll set your eyes agleam
Like four feet dangling in the stream
But the Kingdom of God, it's a pressure machine
Every step, gotta keep it clean
A mattress on a hardwood floor
Who could ever ask for more?
I'll get up and cut the grass
Ain't nothing wrong with working class

I, I don't remember the last time you asked how I was
Don't you feel the time slipping away?
It ain't funny at all
It's gonna break your heart one day

Keep the debt cloud off the kids
Only sunshine on their lids
Jiminy Cricket and Power Wheels
And memories of Happy Meals
Sometimes I look at the stars
And think about how small we are
Sweating it out in the pressure machine
Good till the last drop

Why don't you say little things?
Butterflies don't just dance on a string
It feels like you clipped all their wings
And every year goes by faster than the one before

We've had that treadmill now for months
I think she might've used it once
If I shut my mouth and keep the peace
She'll cook my eggs in bacon grease
Life'll grow you a big red rose
Then rip it from beneath your nose
Run it through the pressure machine
And spit you out a name tag memory