

## Machine

### The Tragically Hip

I write about words, I find treasure or worse  
I watch the end of man and, and I dream like a bird  
I remain aloft and I forget a lot  
I try not to try and I can remember or not  
I'm a real machine, it follows  
You're a real machine, fed on shadows  
I'm a real machine. Follow?  
You're a real machine, we're fed on shadows  
I return your gaze and I wait in the rain  
All inchoate desires, I do what I hate  
I remain aloft and I forget a lot  
Then I try not to try and I can remember, or not  
You're a real machine, it follows,  
I'm a real machine. Follow.  
I'm a real machine, it follows  
You're a real machine, fed on shadows.  
I'm a real machine, it follows  
You're a real machine. Fed on shadows