

Baby Universal

Tin Machine

Now that he has no sense of destination
Now he's running for the love of speed
When the child goes bad, it's no cause for celebration
Like Jimmy Dean he don't talk back to me

Failures as fathers, mothers to chaos
No baby, no baby, no baby, no

Hallo humans, can you feel me thinking?
I assume you're seeing everything I'm thinking
Hallo humans, nothing starts tomorrow
I'm the baby now

Baby Universe, Baby Universe, Baby Universal
A speck of dust has settled in my eye
It doesn't matter I've seen everything anyway

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