

Wind Up Man

Trixie Mattel

It was a Sunday morning when the mail ain't supposed to come
A big blue box delivered, and it didn't say where from
When a wind up man emerges and he waltzed across the floor
Told him I was lonesome, said I wouldn't be no more

His left hand made me breakfast and his right one paid the bills
Poured a perfect cocktail and he always kept it filled
I don't know how he do the things he do with those two hands
I knew I'd wind up loving him, my loving wind up man

They say machines ain't made for loving
But I believe that they can plug in to your heart
And you know when it starts
In the smoke, in the sparks
You're not broke
It's all part of a lover's game

He always called me handsome and he smiled when I spoke
Dressed like Elvis Presley and he laughed at all my jokes
Was my love until the day he caught the rain unplanned
Knew I'd wind up losing him, my loving wind up man

They say machines ain't made for loving
But I believe that they can plug in to your heart
And you know it begins
When it whirs and it spins
It don't hurt, it's not a sin
No one to blame

Ba dum bom, bom bom
Ba dum bom, bom bom
Ba dum bom, bom bom bom bom

Ba dum bom, bom bom
Ba dum bom, bom bom
Ba dum bom, bom bom bom bom

And I heard him holler, he began to fire and spark
Smoking from his collar and his smiling eyes went dark
Never will forget him and the smell of all that smoke
Knew I'd wind up loving him until he wound up broke

They say machines ain't made for loving
But I believe that they can plug in to your heart
Try in vain to protect
When it rains he'll get wet
Just keep training to expect
Feeling all the pain

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