

A Bright Machine

Virginia Coalition

Look at me, I'm a bright machine
Look at me, I'm old and green
Look at me, I'm 23
Standing on the ground
There's a different kind of darkness now
That fills the room right now
And there's a childhood that no longer needed me

And I hope that you don't feel the same
And Alleluia is her name
Sunday morning will never change for me
And I hope that you don't feel the same
And Alleluia is her name
Sunday morning will never change for me

Look at me, I'm a bright machine
Look at me, I'm old and mean
Look at me, I'm 53
Lying on the ground
There's a different kind of meaning now
That fills this room right now
Makes the days a little longer
And the years go on and on and on

And I hope that you don't feel the same
And Alleluia, it is her name
Sunday morning will never change for me
And I hope that you don't feel the same
And Alleluia, it is her name
Sunday morning will never change for me

Look at me, I'm a bright machine
Look at me, I'm old and mean
Look at me, I'm 103
And I'm buried in the ground
There's a different kind of darkness now
That fills the sky at night
And I'll sit here by the wayside
And let the angels take me home

And I hope that you don't feel the same
Alleluia, it is her name
Sunday morning will never change for me
And I hope that you don't feel the same
And Alleluia, it is her name
Sunday morning will never change for me

And a young man, he went walking
From the hills of Alabama
And he settled on a highway girl
From north Louisiana