

# A Machine Spiritual (In the People's Key)

Bright Eyes

The people's key  
Ringing through arena seats  
The black machine  
Played it all from memory  
A fever dream  
Well, I'll come back eventually  
To wade into the water  
Another and another

We go  
Form some kind of code  
The bodies float  
And form some kind of code  
The bodies float  
Someone's out to know

Papa hobo  
Don't hide your eyes  
Mother mountain  
Don't kill your unborn child  
His day is coming  
His day is coming

A question burns  
Beneath the centuries of dirt  
That voice you've heard  
Well, every head's a different world  
Well, mine's concerned  
I boarded up the windows  
A catatonic plateau  
A backwards black-faced minstrel show  
So just let me go  
The prisoner moans  
Oh, just let me go  
The prisoner moans  
No one has to know

Eva Braun went to dye her hair  
Little Hitler sighs in his giant's chair  
And dreamed of nowhere  
And dreamed of nowhere  
And dreamed

The people's key  
Ringing filling everything  
The theme repeats  
Thinner than the galaxy  
Impart to me  
Your wisdom and eventually  
I'll float into the ether  
Another from another

We grow  
Form some kind of code  
A flesh at bone  
We form some kind of code  
A flesh at bone

No, you're not alone

History bows and it steps aside  
In the jungle there's columns of purple light  
We're starting over  
We're starting over  
We're starting  
We're starting