

Inside the Machine

Bruce Dickinson

I've got myself a widget, a gizmo with wires
and martian intent, yeah
Strange face of beauty, that's my machine
It blinks and stares right at me, sees nothing
but in its wires
A strange thing of beauty, that's my machine

You won't believe what it can do
It tells me things I never wished I knew
Like the mirror when you ask, it tells you true

Inside the machine, the web has got you now
Inside the machine, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'd strap my dna to it, a living device
the light of my life, yeah
Strange face of beauty, that's my machine
I sit, we crackle with static
It makes no sense to have experience when
A strange thing of beauty, that's my machine

You won't believe what it can do
It tells me things I never wished I knew
Like the mirror when you ask, it tells you true

Inside the machine ' we're looking for control
Inside the machine ' you're part of it somehow
Inside the machine ' yeah, yeah, yeah

Inside the machine ' the web has got you now
Inside the machine ' you're part of it somehow
Inside the machine ' we're looking for control
Inside the machine ' yeah yeah yeah