

Warm Machine

Bush

I memorize the basics
Making strange faces
There's a thousand miles to go
Without blinking

Gravitate spacewards
Find a home for the head
From my basement
No darkness ever left

This is the night
This is the sound
Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine

Some days are playful
Making play faces
But we will not let it through
The darkness and the sense
Or being born to lose

This is the night
This is the sound
Her comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine
This is the life
This is the sound
Here comes a warm machine
Such a warm machine

If I never know we can only feel
I'll take the help
I'll take a slice
Warm alright now
Cos I feel alright

I memorize the basics, basics, basics

This is the night
This is the sound
Here comes the warm machine
Such a warm machine Such a warm machine Such a warm
machine, machine, machine: