

## Think Like a Machine, Not a Boy

Flaming Lips

I used to think I like the way the nature hit us all,  
Every single answer I despise  
Now I sleep in your undies,  
Simple, lighter way  
My mind has been poisoned, paralyzed  
Ooh

Why oh, why? could make me so, so  
Right and stormed so I love,  
I love the beauty that surrounds me  
The gentleness of love  
I wish I could go back and be a boy once again  
Ooh oh oh  
Ooh oh oh  
Ooh oh oh

The beauty that surrounds me  
The beauty that surrounds me  
The beauty that surrounds me  
The beauty that surrounds me  
The beauty that surrounds me