

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 unders,
Simple, lighter way
My mind has been poisoned, paralyzed
Oooh

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
Oooh oh oh
Oooh oh oh
Oooh 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