

The Memory Machine

Julia Stone

I miss you and the memory machine
And the factory where we make something of dreams
And we wandered around your streets
With sewn on button eyes our ears become our memories

The blind loving the blind
And our voices become our fingers
And you touched me with your song
And touched me all night long

I miss you
I miss you

And the memory machine making whiskey from the things
We no longer need and you kissed me
But I was too drunk to really know
That you loved me enough to watch me go

I miss you