

# My Machine

## Princess Superstar

If you had a machine that can make you into anything you wanted to be  
Like anything, what would you be, hmm, let's see

I wanna be the queen, no, I wanna be nineteen  
Wait, no, I wanna be that horrible thing I saw last night in my dream  
I know, I wanna be a supermodel, she's European  
A lean sex fiend, oh thank God I can finally fit in those dumb jeans  
Poof, then it was me, I was her  
I waited for something fabulous to occur, something marvellous and absurd  
I waited, there was nothing, but I was something  
Gorgeous, crazy, wealth, and I could always reach the top of the supermarket  
shelf  
All of a sudden I was no longer the model or myself  
I must have thought about being the stupid box of cereal up on that stupid s  
helf  
Boring, wondered whether I would wait forever  
I guess I was a brand that wasn't adequately advertised on TV ever  
But it got better, apparently a parent and a child threw me in a cart  
It was hard I was smothered covered by a world of pop tarts  
And a part of the newspaper that scared me, I think it was the pop charts  
And I wish I was a cereal that, that wasn't so smart

Do you wanna step inside my machine

We all got home and they put me right in the fridge  
Damn why don't they keep their cereal out so I could at least see where they  
lived  
But I could hear them and it seemed like they were happy  
When the kid wasn't napping she was always laughing, I felt jumpy, my bran w  
as crackling  
I was grabbed along with the milk and put in a bowl  
It was dark, a black hole, must have been the kid's mouth, I don't know  
And in I went down the throat, passed the tongue, by her heart, by her lungs  
And I could see that she might be dying young  
So I tried to patch it up with an old piece of gum that was there  
But the damage was done, disease had won, it wasn't fair  
But I wasn't gonna be the one that lost her  
I wasn't a doctor and I wasn't a name on the list of somebody's roster  
Why bother, and by that time I was already at the other end  
In the toilet with milk, you know, my old friend from the fridge from way ba  
ck when  
And then we got sucked down into the pipes  
What a crappy life, machine that's really not right

Do you wanna step inside my machine

I can't stand it, I said machine why are we here  
And it paused and said 'to play video games and drink beer'  
That's weird, you're subversive, I thought we had a deeper purpose  
Underneath the surface, why do so many of us feel worthless  
The machine said don't ask me, ask your magazines  
People in Teen and loads of shit people don't need  
I started to bleed and said just make me into a bandaid  
The size of a giant pancake, wrap me round the whole world to heal the heart  
ache  
And if anyone's hungry, well they could just eat me  
Or I'll be a peace treaty and no one could ever defeat me

It said chill out girl, you remember being up on the shelf  
I seem to remember you kinda just wanted to be yourself  
No, I wanted someone to pick me, to love me  
To be the greatest brand, I don't understand, I was just tryna comprehend ma  
n  
Oh you wanted the grand scheme, the big plan, the answer  
Well here it is, ah

And then it turned off, and that was it  
Because you see, the machine never really did exist

Would you wanna step the machine

Would you be a doctor, would you be a rocker  
Would you be a parka keeping someone warm in a lock-up  
Would you be a marker that signed the constitution  
Would you start a revolution or just play some pro-soccer  
How about a stalker, if you were a father  
Would you be good at all or would you even bother  
Be a beautiful girl or someone that could call her  
Would you be a good talker, a stealth bomber  
What about Osama, just to see what it feels like  
Cause we all love to live in drama  
Be a big movie star, fancy ass houses and a big car  
Doing lots of drugs, fucking up and break laws  
Be a fat man, plumber's butt hangin' out the drawers  
Would you fight for a cause, chew on people like Jaws  
Instigate wars, push the button would you be somethin'  
Or middle-class average with an okay marriage  
One-point-three baby carriage and a two-car-garage  
Would you be president, would you be American  
Would you be better than everyone else as a representative  
Would you be a monkey, would you be lucky  
Would you be a big giant dick always fucking  
Would you be a pumpkin  
Would it be your brain inside a vegetable or would you feel nothing  
Would you manage or would you suffer  
Would you be a lover, be a fighter  
Or would you just be alright, could you just be alright  
Could you just be alright, could you just be alright

And if all this could come true  
Would you be ready, well I'd be ready if I was you