

Ballad of Mechanical Man

Quasi

A machine came knocking at my door
Lost and alone; hungry for oil.
I could see he wouldn't get too far
Shape of a man; soul of a car.
Soon we'll all be dead.
It makes me feel so comfortable.
What I see and what I think I hear
Clouds in my eye; rust in my ear.
A machine will never have to feel.
I know it's fake but pretend that it's real.
Soon we'll all be dead.
It makes me feel so comfortable