

## 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