

Broken Machine

Steve Lukather

Of rags and bones.
Rusty old wheels on a cobblestone street.
Everything I own.
Follows me round like a ghost
that won't leave me alone.
Even sticks and stones.
Can't leave a mark on this spirit of steel.
Have you really grown.
When you come back bleeding
from your love torn battles.

Wish I could feel bad for you.
Or sympathize after all I've been through.
I'm not as strong as I seem.
While your heart is beating.

I've got this broken machine.

Those days have gone.
Took so long just to pick myself up,
and try to walk alone.
No more afraid to let the sun stare at my face.
See what you have done.
Nuts, bolts and parts of dark
days of broken dreams.
Take so long to replace.
As for your falling apart at the seams.

Wish I could feel bad for you.
Or sympathize after all I've been through.
How come you're not as you seem.
You've got your problems.
Your self-esteem.

Wish I could feel bad for you.
Or feel anything after all I've been through.
I'm not as strong as I seem.
While your heart is beating.

I've got this broken machine.