

Motor

The Age Of Electric

All the bad weather in our veins
Comatose in strobe who complains
Take the edge off too uptight
Bored and loose from bitter spite
What starts your engine, Do people
Buy their way in for the ride?
Motor, Motor, I'd be lost at any other speed
Motor, Motor, In my space is the place for me
People try to tell me what's best
Drive by weakness in their myths
I haven't driven it this far, By
Jumping on every star *
We can't grow untwisted, Everyone
Has their opinion, I wish they'd keep 'em
Motor, Motor, I'd be lost at any other speed
Motor, Motor, In my space is the place to be
In my space is the place for me