

# The Great Machine

## The Church

A thousand beggars cram the streets  
You hit so deep into the sheets  
Pontoons buckle jungle beats  
The day they turned off the great machine  
The over world so slow with ice  
Contrary to the committees advice  
Oh baby, did you look so nice?  
The day they turned off the great machine  
The gardens choke with bursting blooms  
Weddings frozen melted grooms  
Chasing you through endless rooms  
The day they turned off the great machine  
The shadows run for phantom trains  
Slowly blowing out their brains  
Society dames down the drains  
The day they turned off the great machine  
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Well I'm waiting for you in the square  
Everyone was meeting there  
Everyone, yeah, there unaware  
The day they turned off the great machine  
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