

Memory Machine

The Dismemberment Plan

Red wire: right temple
Black wire: left temple
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Black wire: left temple
There are times I think eternal life ain't such a bad gig
Smoke all you want and see the planets
If and only if they find a way to cure the longing
The distant panic
Someday, I'm telling you
They'll make a memory machine
To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen
To wash away the grief
Someday, I'm telling you
They'll make a memory machine
To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen
To wash away the grief
There are folks that say to have a soul you've got to suffer
Well lately I've had my RDA of that
And call it fascist but I know that someday happy
Will be all that matters
Someday, I'm telling you
They'll make a memory machine
To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen
To wash away the grief
Someday, I'm telling you
They'll make a memory machine
To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen
To wash away the grief
Poetry, Aldous Huxleyâ??yeah, yeah, yeah, it'll be a relief
If they can make machines to save us labor
Someday they'll do our hearts the very same favor
The wails of ruined lives brought to a halt
By the serene hum of computers in air-conditioned vaults
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