

The Machine in Your Hand

The Magnetic Fields

I want to be the machine in your hand and go wherever you go
Your every touch would be my command and I wouldn't be so slow
We'd be together in Wonderland and I'd light you with my glow
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I don't know why I love you
You're not really a person
More a gadget with meat stuck to it

I see less and less of you
As you worsen and worsen
I think you're disappearing through it
No doubt you're just ahead of the curve
I only wish that I had the nerve to say

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You can hold me for hours
Wouldn't that be terrific?
We can feel our connection growing
I'll have magical powers
Only less scientific
You and I will become all knowing
Such a machine, what would it be worth?
Sitck with me, kid, we'll conquer the earth

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