

Spies! Spies! Spies!

The Naked and Famous

This Machine, has got my name.
This Machine, thinks I'm the same.

Yeah they say they see right through me,
Say they see right through me,
This Machine, thinks I'm to blame.

Whoah oh oh ooh,
Whoah oh oh ooooh,
Cause you're living in your head now,
Whoah oh oh ooh,
Whoah oh oh ooooh,
Cause you're living in your head.

This Machine, can't anticipate,
This Machine, can't stipulate.

Yeah they say that they know my kind,
Say that they know my kind,
It just seems, can't be late.

Whoah oh oh ooh,
Whoah oh oh ooooh,
Cause you're living in your head now,
Whoah oh oh ooh,
Whoah oh oh ooooh,
Cause you're living in your head.

The messenger, the way you see,
Your broken heart, an empty seat,
Is what you hear, the go between,
Can't get enough.

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