

Machine

The Tragically Hip

I write about words, I find treasure or worse
I watch the end of man and, and I dream like a bird
I remain aloft and I forget a lot
I try not to try and I can remember or not
I'm a real machine, it follows
You're a real machine, fed on shadows
I'm a real machine. Follow?
You're a real machine, we're fed on shadows
I return your gaze and I wait in the rain
All inchoate desires, I do what I hate
I remain aloft and I forget a lot
Then I try not to try and I can remember, or not
You're a real machine, it follows,
I'm a real machine. Follow.
I'm a real machine, it follows
You're a real machine, fed on shadows.
I'm a real machine, it follows
You're a real machine. Fed on shadows