

Tin Machine

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Take me anywhere
somewhere without alcohol
Or goons with muddy hair

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The zombies that I pass
The guy that beats his baby up
The preachers and their past

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Baby doll
Baby doll

Clarity and power
There's more than money moving here
There's mindless maggot glare
Working horrors-humping Tories
Spittle on their chins
Carving up my children's future
Read 'em pal and grin

Raging raging raging
Burning in my room
Come on and get a good idea
Come on and get it soon
I'm waiting on the fire escape
I'm not exactly well
I'm neither red nor black nor white
I'm gray and blown to hell

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Make some new computer thing
That puts me on the moon
Not this psycho-time-bomb planet
Poised to meet its maker
Shake a leg

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One sick deathless duty to remain endangered species
They reach right out to touch someone
Then wash their crusty hands

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Baby doll
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Blue suede tuneless wonders
Mass confusion-faithless blues
Night that spews out watchmen
Mopping up another fortune
Fractured words and branca-sonic
Anger trapped behind locked doors
And right between the eyes