

Presidents of the United States of America, The "Clean Machine"

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You've been kickin' on me
I've been kickin' on you
You've been kickin' my tree just to suck on the fruit
Mop up my troubles and you throw the old sad days
away

I've been pickin' your fleas
You've been pickin' my fleas
I've been pickin' this guitar underneath your lovin' tree
Sittin' on this star of ours showin' me a cloud-free
galaxy

You're a clean machine
You sparkle in the sun
You're a clean machine
A diamond in the mud

You're a clean machine

I been losin' my brain,
You've been loosenin' my brain
Slicin' off the sour so the good parts remain
Handin' me a band-aid perfect for a soul-sized bullet
hole

Down, I've felt that before
Too flat to bounce back
I've been shovin' you around and defending your
attack
Attack it like a leaky sack of sugar with a sweetness I
can taste

You're a clean machine
You sparkle in the sun
You're a clean machine
A diamond in the mud

You're a clean machine

