

Sista Mannen På Jorden

"Machines"

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Machines, machines they keep
right on going
Machines, machines they keep
right on going
But I am weak; well I want to go
on home
To tired to speak, but they won't
let me alone
O yea, o yea, o yea

Machines, machines they keep
right on going
Machines, machines they keep
right on going
Well I got, to find, a place to rest
my head
Machine he smile at me and say I'm
gonna be you dead
O yea, o yea, o yea

Machines, machines we made them
to serve us
Machines, machines we built them
to serve us
But 'till the day, when I'm buried
in my grave
Just right until that day I know I'm
gonna be a slave
A slave, a slave, a slave

Machines, machines they keep
right on winning
Machines, machines they keep
right on winning

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