

## 13 Bastardi

### "Perpetual Motion Machine"

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Perpetual motion machine, it came to me in a dream  
Let's catch some air, that's if you dare  
I'm only sixteen but you're my queen  
It's a bright, bright morning, the road stretches far  
The corn on the right, the wheat on the left  
There's a hill up ahead, let's catch some air

Perpetual motion machine, I picked up a magazine  
Poor aimless, poor aimless, poor aimless me  
Aimlessly  
Now look at the fireball extinguish the sun  
My daddy would perish if only he knew  
Hundred and forty, air feeds the fire

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