

## **Bell X1**

# **"Pinball Machine"**

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Tear that trickles from your eye to your ear  
Like a pinball machine  
Arm that melts over me  
Like Salvador's dream  
Light that spits across the ceiling  
'Cos someone burst the stitches on the curtain of night

Maybe it's all about sowing my seed  
But subject to conditions and not while you bleed

I follow you at a distance  
Bounced through others eyes  
Like a pinball machine  
Dressed as Mr. Walker  
But in disguise  
I could have been a contender  
But instead I'm content with  
The gin and tonic dressing gown I lament  
One night only  
The great and the glory  
Let's see if it sticks

You still love me  
I believe  
If push came you'd shove me  
I believe you share my bed  
You share the blame  
I believe

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