

David Bowie "Tin Machine"

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Tin machine, tin machine
Take me anywhere
Somewhere without alcohol
Or goons with muddy hair

Tin machine
Tin machine

Tin machine, tin machine
The zombies that I pass
The guy that beats his baby up
The preachers and their past

Tin machine
Tin machine
Tin machine

Baby doll, baby doll
Clarity and prayer
There's more than money moving here
There's mindless maggots 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
C'mon and get a good idea
C'mon and get it soon

I'm waiting on the fire escape
I'm not exactly well
I'm neither red or black or white
I'm grey and blown to hell

Tin machine, tin machine
Make some new computer thing that puts me on the
moon
Not this psycho, time-bomb planet poised to meet it's
maker

Shake a leg

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

Tin machine
Tin machine

Baby doll, baby doll
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

Raging, raging, raging
Burning in my room
C'mon and get a good idea
C'mon and get it soon

I'm waiting on the fire escape
I'm not exactly well
I'm neither red or black or white
I'm grey and blown to hell

Tin machine
Tin machine, tin machine
Tin machine, tin machine

[Incomprehensible]

Tin machine, tin machine
Take me anywhere

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