

Blues Traveler

"Spinning Spiraling Machine"

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Spinning, spiraling machine
Tumble and toil in my command
Imagination, be my eye
Bring your vision to my hand

Spinning, spiraling machine
I've a prayer for you to hear
Let not your gear wheels fly away
Bringing cause for me to fear

For in this world of grand illusion
Muscles tear and muscles heal
And muscles have their own perception
And muscles need to know the real

It's a muscle that beats and pumps the blood flow
And hearts, they need a chance to grow
Nourished on a chance to understand them
The progress comes out ever slow
Like a flash of lightning to a blind man
A coat of paint upon the wall
You never let them see my horrible pain
You never let them see the fall

I will not care if points a finger
I will not care if called insane
It's in the storm I will find shelter
If lost and lonely I'll complain

Spinning, spiraling machine
You spin and spiral in my head
Tis up to me if I'm to love you
Tis up to me if I'm to dread
Tis up to me if I'm to love you
Tis up to me if I'm to dread

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