

Julia Stone

"The Memory Machine"

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I miss you
And the memory machine
And the factory where we make
Something of dreams
And we wandered around your street
With sewn on button eyes
Our ears become our memories.

The blind loving the blind
And our voices became our fingers
And you touched me with your song
You touched me all night long

I miss you
I miss you
And the memory machine
Making whiskey from the things
We no longer need
And you kissed me
But I was too drunk to really know
That you loved me
Enough to watch me go
I miss you

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