

Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds "Record Machine"

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Help me
Define the light that's shining on me
To get back what they've taken from me
And build a little fire where it's cold

Show me
The path that leads to all the glory
The words that tell a sacred story
And build a little fire where it's cold

I wanna live in a dream
In my record machine
I wanna piece of the world
And everyone inside my mouth
And all the money I waste
Is it a matter of taste?
I wanna piece of the world
And you can't make me spit it out

Take me
Back from the darkness
Where they sent me
Give hope to places
Where it can't be
And build a little fire where it's cold

I wanna live in a dream
In my record machine
I wanna picture the world
And everyone inside my mouth
And all the money I waste
Is it a matter of taste?
I wanna picture the world
And you can't make me spit it out

You cannot give me no reason
I don't need one to shine
You can't give me no feeling
If it's already mine
You've got one in a million
And if the sun won't rise on my soul
Then I'll go

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