

The Dismemberment Plan

"Memory Machine"

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Red wire: right temple Black wire: left temple Red wire:
right temple Black wire: left temple There are times I
think eternal life ain't such a bad gig Smoke all you
want and see the planets If and only if they find a way
to cure the longing The distant panic Someday, I'm
telling you They'll make a memory machine To wax our
hearts to a blinding sheen To wash away the grief
Someday, I'm telling you They'll make a memory
machine To wax our hearts to a blinding sheen To wash
away the grief There are folks that say to have a soul
you've got to suffer Well lately I've had my RDA of that
And call it fascist but I know that someday happy Will
be all that matters Someday, I'm telling you They'll
make a memory machine To wax our hearts to a
blinding sheen To wash away the grief Someday, I'm
telling you They'll make a memory machine To wax our
hearts to a blinding sheen To wash away the grief
Poetry, Aldous Huxley, yeah, yeah, yeah, it'll be a
relief If they can make machines to save us labor
Someday they'll do our hearts the very same favor The
wails of ruined lives brought to a halt By the serene
hum of computers in air-conditioned vaults Red wire:
right temple Black wire: left temple Red wire: right
temple Black wire: left temple

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