13 Engines "Perpetual Motion Machine"

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(Jim Hughes)

Perpetual motion machine, it came to me in a dream Let's catch some air, that's if you dare I'm only sixteen but you're my queen It's a bright, bright morning, the road stretches far The corn on the right, the wheat on the left There's a hill up ahead, let's catch some air Perpetual motion machine, I picked up a magazine Poor aimless, poor aimless, poor aimless me Aimlessly

Now look at the fireball extinguish the sun My daddy would perish if only he knew Hundred and forty, air feeds the fire

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