

## **The Secret Machines "Pharaoh's Daughter"**

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Hold on, the recent exchange  
Is just another face arranged  
By the knife edge of time  
And just another waste of mine

I wonder was that the Pharaoh's Daughter  
Or the wealth I still remember?

We were dressed in uniforms left over from the war  
A tourniquet, an iron vest, our emblem was a star  
The younger ones looked frightened left unguarded by  
the clouds  
While sons of fire with trembling hands burned heroes  
to the ground

I wonder, was that the famous daughter  
Of the well heeled revolving oh so fine?  
While we were building caskets  
For boys with leather jackets

The girl's quite familiar

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