

Bowie David

"Tin Machine"

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Tin machine
Tin machine

Take me anywhere
Somewhere without alcohol
Or goons with muddy hair

Tin machine
Tin machine

Tin machine
Tin machine

The zombies that I pass
The guy that beats his baby up
The preachers and their past

Tin machine
Tin machine

Tin machine

Baby doll
Baby doll

Clarity and prayer
There's more than money moving here
There's mindless maggot glare
Working horrors-humping Tories
Spittle on their chins
Carving up my children's future
Read 'em pal and grin

Raging raging raging
Burning in my room
C'mon and get a good idea
C'mon and get it soon
I'm waiting on the fire escape
I'm not exactly well
I'm neither red nor black nor white
I'm grey and blown to hell

Tin machine
Tin machine

Make some new computer thing
That puts me on the moon
Not this psycho-time-bomb planet
Poised to meet it's maker
Shake a leg

Tin machine
Tin machine

One sick deathless duty to remain endangered species
They reach right out to touch someone
Then wash their crusty hands

Tin machine
Tin machine

Baby doll
Baby doll

Blue suede tuneless wonders
Mass confusion-faithless blues
Night that spews out watchmen
Mopping up another fortune
Fractured words and branca-sonic
Anger trapped behind locked doors
And right between the eyes

Raging raging raging
Burning in my room
C'mon and get a good idea
C'mon and get it soon
I'm waiting on the fire escape
I'm not exactly well
I'm neither red nor black nor white
I'm grey and blown to hell

Tin machine

Tin machine
Tin machine Tin machine Tin machine Tin
machine Take me anywhere

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