

Immaculate Machine

"Broken Ship"

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We are sailing on a broken ship
And only one of us can survive
I don't wanna go
I don't wanna go
I don't wanna go
If it means you die

Grab that railing tight
With all your might
Until we sink into the sea
Cello, play us off
Cello, play us off
Violin, play us off dramatically

The streets are not my home
The streets are not my home
They'll never be my home
Never be my home

You take nothing
Turn it into something
Or we're sleeping on the floor
Just so you can see
Just so you can see
Just so you can see
What you never saw before

Grab that lever
Stick it to receiver
And your art is on the ground
A message just for you
A message just for you
A cryptic message falls
Without a sound

The streets are not my home
The streets are not my home
They'll never be my home
Never be my home

The streets are not my home

The streets are not my home
They'll never be my home
Never be my home

Try to explain
But you don't understand
That I'm just not ready
To make those kinds of plans
And now that you're here
With your head in your hands
If it never really started, how can it be over?

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