

## Immaculate Machine

### "On/Off"

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I wish it could last  
But the moment slips into the past  
I blink and it moves beyond my grasp  
And then it's gone

What does she expect?  
There's no way I can be perfect  
Now I'm trying to forget  
That she is gone

I wish it could last  
But the moment slips into the past  
I blink and it moves beyond my grasp  
And then it's gone

I can't see in black and white  
Instead it's different shades of grey  
It's hard to let go of yesterday  
When you're hanging on

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