

Immaculate Machine

"So Cynical"

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It's not the end of the world just because the sun is
burning out
It's not the end of your dreams when you wake up in
the morning
You're so cynical
You're so cynical

It's not the end of the world just 'cause the sun is slowly
burning out
We've still got time to take the world in our hands and
shake it 'til it gives us what we want

So we'll ride our bikes down empty streets
Wind in our face and the night flying by
We've still got time let's use it up
I'll play you a song that I just wrote
I don't know what it means but it really doesn't matter
There's plenty of time to sit on the roof of the Rialto
And talk and talk 'til the sun comes up
Don't wait inside your prison of a mind
Talk to me
You're so cynical
You're so cynical
Talk to me
You're so cynical...

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