

Immoor

"Unit 371"

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There's a minor complication in the product report,
That 371 has a problem of sorts,
It seems to be malfunctioning.

It was traced in a cube under fluorescent lights,
There's a simple small error in construction design,
Was it in the blueprints or a matter of time?

It'll take time just to make a repair,
It's an obvious sign of complacent despair,
Is it anything that we can use around here?

There must be a world outside of this,
A place where all these pieces fit,
Somewhere I'll find out,
The parts and gas won't be enough to lift me out of
where I'm coming from.

Well I heard that I'm the target of selection crews,
When my function was removed from production use,
The figures show my parts are obsolete.

Well I'd rather not be dismantled here,
I've been chosen to be shaped into cans for beer,
To keep costs down and earnings up this week.

Well it's getting to late to plan an escape,
I guess I should accept my mechanical fate,
And try not to think about decisions I didn't make,
But still I wish I were another design,
Resistant to the rain so I could go outside.

There must be a world outside of this,
A place where all these pieces fit,
Somewhere I'll find out,
The parts and gas won't be enough to lift me out of
where I'm coming from.

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