

## The Dead 60s

### "Mechanical Orchestra"

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I keep a set of matches safely encased inside my ribs.  
Beside my lungs and lack of common sense for times  
like this.

Hold your fire. Hold your fire.

The orchestra of a million great deceivers

Are broadcasting on every t.v. screen!

This will rattle your bones. This will rattle your bones.

As the violins swell, the corridors fill with carosine

And we weep with each stroke of their strings.

We are all mechanical.

I got pockets full of day stars and my guts lay strewn  
across the floor.

My hearts crept up inside my throat, and I think I like it.

This means more than you'll ever know, and I hope you  
like it.

The orchestra of a million great deceivers

Are broadcasting on your t.v. screen!

As the violins swell, the corridors fill with carosine

And we weep with each stroke of their strings.

We are all mechanical.

We pathetic ones, we cerebral ones.

Lovely, lovely ones. Lonely, lonely ones.

Hold your fire, hold your fire.

They will remember me after this,

They will remember me after this.

Cause I played this crowd like a harp from hell, like a  
harp from hell.

And I played them well, and I played them well.

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