

# Tin Machine

## "Baby Universal"

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Now that he has no sense of destination  
Now he's running for the love of speed  
When the child goes bad, it's no cause for celebration  
Like Jimmy Dean he don't talk back to me

Failures as fathers, mothers to chaos  
No baby, no baby, no baby, no

Hallo humans, can you feel me thinking?  
I assume you're seeing everything I'm thinking  
Hallo humans, nothing starts tomorrow  
I'm the baby now

Baby Universe, Baby Universe, Baby Universal  
A speck of dust has settled in my eye  
It doesn't matter I've seen everything anyway

Failures as fathers, mothers to chaos  
No baby, no baby, no baby, no

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I assume you're seeing everything I'm thinking  
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