

Tin Machine

"Tin Machine"

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David Bowie/Tony Sales/Hunt Sales/Reeves Gabrels)

Tin machine

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Take me anywhere

Somewhere without alcohol

Or goons with muddy hair

Tin machine

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The zombies that I pass

The guy that beats his baby up

The preachers and their past

Tin machine

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Baby doll

Baby doll

Clarity and power

There's more than money moving here

There's mindless maggots glare

Working horrors-humping Tories

Spittle on their chins

Carving up my children's future

Read 'em pal and grin

Raging raging raging

Burning in my room

C'mon and get a good idea

C'mon and get it soon

I'm waiting on the fire escape

I'm not exactly well

I'm neither red nor black nor white

I'm grey and blown to hell

Tin machine

Tin machine

Make some new computer thing

That puts me on the moon

Not this psycho-time-bomb planet

Poised to meet it's maker

Shake a leg

Tin machine

Tin machine

One sick deathless duty to remain endangered species
They reach right out to touch someone
Then wash their crusty hands
Tin machine
Tin machine
Baby doll
Baby doll
Blue suede tuneless wonders
Mass confusion-faithless blues
Night that spews out watchmen
Mopping up another fortune
Fractured words and branca-sonic
Anger trapped behind locked doors
And right between the eyes

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