

# Buck 65, The Suffering Machine

Hey boys, I've come a long way  
Along in the sun and the rain

What am I doing here, no-star hotel  
Wasting my wealth telling myself to go to hell  
Arm in a cast, heart like a corncob  
Do not disturb sign hangin' on the door knob  
Brain unplugged, my whole life in my luggage  
My cruelty is dependable and my ugliness is rugged  
Smoke still slow dances out of my barrel  
In the distance I can hear a kid singing a Christmas carol  
And this is terrible, gorgeous and sinister  
The pillow still smells like the secrets of my visitor  
Nobody needs to know about this kind of thing  
Blood on my back from the attack of her diamond ring  
Me of all people, my mind's in a tail-spin  
I'm just a door-to-door encyclopedia salesman  
Part of me feels like dirt, the rest doesn't  
She said I'm a way better lover than her husband

I've had a whole lot of fights  
Along in the sun and the rain

Where am I going, backwards to nowhere  
In another man's shoes instead of my own pair  
I promised discretion and to be at her beck and call  
I look like a dandelion and feel like a wreckin' ball  
I ran out of wishes and then she came to offer hers  
Lookin' at myself in the mirror, I'm at a loss for words  
I'm good at my job, goin' out of my mind kinda  
Holding my face in my hands like fine China

I've seen a whole lot of towns  
Along in the sun and the rain

We met up again, went undercover literally  
I told her about Cuba, I told her about Italy  
Physics and photography, a little Russian history  
Everything about her to me was such a mystery  
I gave her the once over, she gave me the blood blister  
She had no idea that I was falling in love with her  
Call me mister, crucial inspiration  
All she wanted was my lust and useful information  
What am I putting myself through this crap for  
Feels like I'm standing on top of a trap door  
Lost at sea, tangled up in golden hair  
Scavenger-hunter, my life is a folding chair  
My daily routine is down to a system  
I give regular people truth and wisdom  
That's what I do, it's my job, the prophet, profit  
I can see the future and make money off it

I've kissed a whole lot of lips  
Along in the sun and the rain