

Bush, Machinehead

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in
Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in
Tied to a wheel, my fingers got to feel
Bleeding through a tourniquet smile
I spin on a whim, I slide to the right
I felt you like electric light
For our love, for our fear
For our rise against the years, and years, and years

Got a machinehead, it's better than the rest
Green to red, machinehead
Got a machinehead, it's better than the rest
Green to red

I walk from my machine
I walk from my machine

Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in
Deaf, dumb and thirty, starting to deserve this
Leaning on my conscience wall
Blood is like wine, unconscious all the time
If I had it all again I'd change it all

Got a machinehead, it's better than the rest
Green to red, machinehead
Got a machinehead, it's better than the rest
Green to red, yeah

I walk from my machine
I walk from my machine

Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe out
Breathe in, breathe in, breathe in

Got a machinehead it's better than the rest
Green to red, machinehead
Got a machinehead, it's better than the rest
Green to red
Better than the rest
Better than the rest
Machinehead, head, head, head, head, head

I walk from my machine
I walk from my machine