

Chris Whitley, New Machine

My love don't know from nothing
My love from out of town
Well I'm running Where they lay her favor down
Drill and driver
Burn my blankets on the ground
On the ground
Well I hear no motor scraping
And I don't hear no engine sound
All them gears and engineers [Incomprehensible]
New machine is all around
New machine is all around
New machine is all around