

# Electric President, Grand Machine No. 12

This damn machine, this damn machine, this broken head doesn't work.  
So they're selling it off again.  
These crooked legs, these twisted arms, these tired feet lost their worth.  
Soon they'll dismantle them.

But we're all just part of some giant grand machine.  
Too big to really understand.  
But we'll do our jobs till we break down and fall.

Now we just sleepwalk. We drift through the week.  
A dead procession always dragging its feet. Well, come on.  
Our hands are swollen. We all need to sleep.  
But there's no time, just stitch us up so we'll keep.

We're all just part of someone's elaborate plan.  
Chess pieces in some grandiose scheme.  
But we'll do our jobs till we break down and fall