

Millencolin, Machine 15

Drop the gun, the one that's stuck to my head
It's just begun, you're gone, you came walking free
The machine is turning fifteen

No one ever thought that I invented the wheel
All I ever went through was something real
Creativity is still my gasoline
Oh, have you seen Scooby gaping after this machine?

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The machine is turning fifteen

No, I'm not optimistic and I'm through this for you
I'd rather battle my own canal
This is not a tune, or a simple device
No, this is the Machine 15, to be precise

Now, I've got official calculation
That will offer you the song
It's got a hoise cartridge
So what's the motivation, now?
What motions this circle?
And this has just begun
You better drop the gun

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