

# Nora, That's A Good Looking Machine

You look cold and you look tired  
You look cold and beaten  
You look cold, spent, and broken  
You look cold, you look like me  
Isn't it hard to look outside  
With these eyes that won't stay closed?  
Ever wonder why they gave us eyes?  
Ever wonder what keeps us alive?  
Why can't this be good enough?  
Maybe we could stop the blood  
Heal the wounds and make the best of it  
I can't find the instructions  
I never learned how to fly  
Woke up today with a hole in my soul  
I never learned how to die  
Manufactured hope and postcards?  
Pretty pictures of a better place (or is this it?)  
Can we make the best of it?