

Princess Superstar, My Machine

If you had a machine that can make you into anything you wanted to be
Like anything, what would you be, hmm, let's see

I wanna be the queen, no, I wanna be nineteen
Wait, no, I wanna be that horrible thing I saw last night in my dream
I know, I wanna be a supermodel, she's European
A lean sex fiend, oh thank God I can finally fit in those dumb jeans
Poof, then it was me, I was her
I waited for something fabulous to occur, something marvellous and absurd
I waited, there was nothing, but I was something
Gorgeous, crazy, wealth, and I could always reach the top of the supermarket shelf
All of a sudden I was no longer the model or myself
I must have thought about being the stupid box of cereal up on that stupid shelf
Boring, wondered whether I would wait forever
I guess I was a brand that wasn't adequately advertised on TV ever
But it got better, apparently a parent and a child threw me in a cart
It was hard I was smothered covered by a world of pop tarts
And a part of the newspaper that scared me, I think it was the pop charts
And I wish I was a cereal that, that wasn't so smart

Do you wanna step inside my machine

We all got home and they put me right in the fridge
Damn why don't they keep their cereal out so I could at least see where they lived
But I could hear them and it seemed like they were happy
When the kid wasn't napping she was always laughing, I felt jumpy, my bran was crackling
I was grabbed along with the milk and put in a bowl
It was dark, a black hole, must have been the kid's mouth, I don't know
And in I went down the throat, passed the tongue, by her heart, by her lungs
And I could see that she might be dying young
So I tried to patch it up with an old piece of gum that was there
But the damage was done, disease had won, it wasn't fair
But I wasn't gonna be the one that lost her
I wasn't a doctor and I wasn't a name on the list of somebody's roster
Why bother, and by that time I was already at the other end
In the toilet with milk, you know, my old friend from the fridge from way back when
And then we got sucked down into the pipes
What a crappy life, machine that's really not right

Do you wanna step inside my machine

I can't stand it, I said machine why are we here
And it paused and said 'to play video games and drink beer'
That's weird, you're subversive, I thought we had a deeper purpose
Underneath the surface, why do so many of us feel worthless
The machine said don't ask me, ask your magazines
People in Teen and loads of shit people don't need
I started to bleed and said just make me into a bandaid
The size of a giant pancake, wrap me round the whole world to heal the heartache
And if anyone's hungry, well they could just eat me
Or I'll be a peace treaty and no one could ever defeat me
It said chill out girl, you remember being up on the shelf
I seem to remember you kinda just wanted to be yourself
No, I wanted someone to pick me, to love me
To be the greatest brand, I don't understand, I was just tryna comprehend man
Oh you wanted the grand scheme, the big plan, the answer
Well here it is, ah

And then it turned off, and that was it
Because you see, the machine never really did exist

Would you wanna step the machine

Would you be a doctor, would you be a rocker

Would you be a parka keeping someone warm in a lock-up
Would you be a marker that signed the constitution
Would you start a revolution or just play some pro-soccer
How about a stalker, if you were a father
Would you be good at all or would you even bother
Be a beautiful girl or someone that could call her
Would you be a good talker, a stealth bomber
What about Osama, just to see what it feels like
Cause we all love to live in drama
Be a big movie star, fancy ass houses and a big car
Doing lots of drugs, fucking up and break laws
Be a fat man, plumber's butt hangin' out the drawers
Would you fight for a cause, chew on people like Jaws
Instigate wars, push the button would you be somethin'
Or middle-class average with an okay marriage
One-point-three baby carriage and a two-car-garage
Would you be president, would you be American
Would you be better than everyone else as a representative
Would you be a monkey, would you be lucky
Would you be a big giant dick always fucking
Would you be a pumpkin
Would it be your brain inside a vegetable or would you feel nothing
Would you manage or would you suffer
Would you be a lover, be a fighter
Or would you just be alright, could you just be alright
Could you just be alright, could you just be alright

And if all this could come true
Would you be ready, well I'd be ready if I was you