

British Sea Power, Machineries Of Joy

We're primitive abolition
Like a hobbyist of deranged proportion
Or the wait is yours and we've failed again
The fleshy existence you keep to yourself,
Insecure

We are magnificent machineries of joy
We are magnificent machineries of joy
Machines of joy, we meant some
Machines of joy, we meant some

We are a vision of extraordinary contortion
An athletic form of home distortion
And the trial it shows, we lose again
The fleshy existence you keep to yourself,
Insecure

We are magnificent machineries of joy
We are magnificent machineries of joy
Machines of joy, we meant some
Machines of joy, we meant some

You are a vision, you are a vision, a vision
Tell me what he said, it doesn't really matter
Just tell me what he said, and I don't really care
It's only what he said,
We can make it back to
Tell me what he said, no I don't really care

Help is on the way, help is on the way
Help is on the way, we all go

We are magnificent machineries of joy
We are magnificent machineries of joy
Machines of joy, we meant some
Machines of joy, we meant some.