

# Elegant Machinery, Love To Cry

Through endless streets of hope  
I tried to pave my way  
to find somebody who could operate  
my fading world in grey  
Through concrete dreams I ran  
discarding all I knew  
when this smiling girl with plastic flowers  
told me what to do  
I love to cry  
when her tension holds me down  
when Im imprisoned by her soft words  
controlled in every move  
how I love to cry  
She taught me how to live  
enslaved me by her side  
like a little boy in a concrete dream  
she took me for a ride  
I lost my sense of time  
as her illusions changed my past  
my image broke when she touched my mind  
and I knew it had to last  
I love to cry  
when her tension holds me down  
when Im imprisoned by her soft words  
controlled in every move  
how I love to cry