

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