

# Machines Of Loving Grace, Serpico

Sick of the song  
Sick of the soul  
Sick of the band  
And the lack of control  
Sick of the sound  
Sick of the friends  
Something's gone wrong  
I thought I heard the old man say  
As the insides spilled out  
Into the cold mountain air  
And I never thought I would feel  
Never thought I would feel this way  
He'd been dying or dead for years  
And this was just his way of saying  
Let them hear it in the night