

# Steve Lukather, Broken Machine

Of rags and bones  
Rusty old wheels on a cobblestone street  
Everything I own  
Follows me round like a ghost that won't leave me alone  
Even sticks and stones  
Can't leave a mark on this spirit  
Eel  
Have you really grown  
When you come back bleeding from your love torn battles  
Wish I could feel bad for you  
Or sympathize after all I've been through  
I'm not as strong as I seem  
While your heart is beating  
I've got this broken machine  
Those days have gone  
Took so long just to pick myself up, and try to walk alone  
No more afraid to let the sun stare at my face  
See what you have done  
Nuts, bolts and parts of dark days of broken dreams  
Take so long to replace  
As for your falling apart at the seams  
Wish I could feel bad for you  
Or sympathize after all I've been through  
How come you're not as you seem  
You've got your problems  
Your self-esteem  
Wish I could feel bad for you  
Or feel anything after all I've been through  
I'm not as strong as I seem  
While your heart is beating  
I've got this broken  
Machine