

# Sugar, Slick

I was crazy to think crazy to chase  
Chasing this automobile  
I tend to think were you ready to race  
Racing this automobile  
It's a machine it's the one in my dreams  
It's taking me out of control it slips  
Through my hands on the wheel  
Don't you know how it feels  
When you're driving your dreams  
Through a pole

I hate your face I hate the wall  
I'm sick of staring at the wall  
I hate the mirror with alcohol  
There is no wall

All I remember is the sound  
Of squealing tires  
The road disappeared only to be  
Replaced by the sound of twisted steel  
The collision was swift  
And the next thing I knew  
Was that I might be dead  
All my life passed before my eyes  
When I opened my eyes  
I was looking at you

They sent you here to take care of me  
I don't know your name  
I can't hear your voice  
I can't speak  
And all I do is wait for you to feed me

They said the road was slick  
I said I've been feeling sick  
My head went through the mirror  
Why did they send you here

I want to get up and shake you loose  
I want to be free of these machines

I want to be released from this dream  
I want to be another machine