

Tin Machine, Sacrifice Yourself

Some days he feels so empty
Just a talking head
Married to a Klingon
Who could cream him in the press

God could detonate him
God's the one we pick to curse us
And 35 years pass him
Like an evening at the circus

Don't sacrifice yourself
Sacrifice yourself
Surprise yourself
Don't sacrifice yourself

There it is, the look, the winner you
Once talked of being
Give her one last kiss and
Dive right out the window screaming
No truth decent, It was summer from the waist down
She blew the troops right off your feet
She tells you she's God's grammy

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Her, the only game in town, a queen of competence
Blind in front of mirrors, proving nothings says a lot
Wham bam thank you Charlie
Vanity is all
You wander lonely to the scene
A crawling up the walls

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