

# Virginia Coalition, A Bright Machine

Look at me, I'm a bright machine  
Look at me, I'm old and green  
Look at me, I'm 23  
Standing on the ground  
There's a different kind of darkness now  
That fills the room right now  
And there's a childhood that no longer needed me

And I hope that you don't feel the same  
And Alleluia is her name  
Sunday morning will never change for me  
And I hope that you don't feel the same  
And Alleluia is her name  
Sunday morning will never change for me

Look at me, I'm a bright machine  
Look at me, I'm old and mean  
Look at me, I'm 53  
Lying on the ground  
There's a different kind of meaning now  
That fills this room right now  
Makes the days a little longer  
And the years go on and on and on

And I hope that you don't feel the same  
And Alleluia, it is her name  
Sunday morning will never change for me  
And I hope that you don't feel the same  
And Alleluia, it is her name  
Sunday morning will never change for me

Look at me, I'm a bright machine  
Look at me, I'm old and mean  
Look at me, I'm 103  
And I'm buried in the ground  
There's a different kind of darkness now  
That fills the sky at night  
And I'll sit here by the wayside  
And let the angels take me home

And I hope that you don't feel the same  
Alleluia, it is her name  
Sunday morning will never change for me  
And I hope that you don't feel the same  
And Alleluia, it is her name  
Sunday morning will never change for me

And a young man, he went walking  
From the hills of Alabama  
And he settled on a highway girl  
From north Louisiana