

Perpetual Motion Machine

13 ENGINES

Perpetual motion machine, it came to me in a dream
Let's catch some air, that's if you dare
I'm only sixteen but you're my queen
It's a bright, bright morning, the road stretches far
The corn on the right, the wheat on the left
There's a hill up ahead, let's catch some air

Perpetual motion machine, I picked up a magazine
Poor aimless, poor aimless, poor aimless me
Aimlessly
Now look at the fireball extinguish the sun
My daddy would perish if only he knew
Hundred and forty, air feeds the fire