

## Warm Machine

Bush

I memorize the basics  
Making strange faces  
There's a thousand miles to go  
Without blinking

Gravitate spacewards  
Find a home for the head  
From my basement  
No darkness ever left

This is the night  
This is the sound  
Here comes the warm machine  
Such a warm machine

Some days are playful  
Making play faces  
But we will not let it through  
The darkness and the sense  
Or being born to lose

This is the night  
This is the sound  
Her comes the warm machine  
Such a warm machine  
This is the life  
This is the sound  
Here comes a warm machine  
Such a warm machine

If I never know we can only feel  
I'll take the help  
I'll take a slice  
Warm alright now  
Cos I feel alright

I memorize the basics, basics, basics

This is the night  
This is the sound  
Here comes the warm machine  
Such a warm machine Such a warm machine Such a warm  
machine, machine, machine: