

# I Want to Be a Machine

Ultravox

I found the bones of all your ghosts  
Locked in the wishing well  
While birdsong gourmets dragged empty nets  
I slumbered in my shell

[Im Mitternacht, die Mensch-Maschine]  
Kissed me on my eyes  
I rose and left the fire-ladies  
Glowing lonely in the night  
With all the pornographers  
Burning torches beneath the sea

I want to be a machine  
I want to be a machine  
I want to be a machine

I stole a cathode face from newscasts  
And a crumbling fugue of songs  
From the reservoir of video souls  
In the lakes beneath my tongue

In flesh of ash and silent movies  
I walked that boulevard again  
A nebula of unfinished creatures  
From the lifetimes of my friends

I howled your innocence has depraved me

I want to be a machine  
I want to be a machine  
I want to be a machine

Broadcast me, scrambled clean  
Or free me from this flesh  
Let the armchair cannibals take their fill  
In every cell across wilderness

We'll trip such a strangled tango  
We'll waltz a wonderland affair  
Let's run to meet the tides tomorrow  
Leave all emotion dying there  
In the star cold  
Beyond all of your dreams

I want to be a machine  
I want to be a machine  
I want to be a machine

Ah!