

# British Sea Power, Machineries Of Joy

We're primitive abolition  
Like a hobbyist of deranged proportion  
Or the wait is yours and we've failed again  
The fleshy existence you keep to yourself,  
Insecure

We are magnificent machineries of joy  
We are magnificent machineries of joy  
Machines of joy, we meant some  
Machines of joy, we meant some

We are a vision of extraordinary contortion  
An athletic form of home distortion  
And the trial it shows, we lose again  
The fleshy existence you keep to yourself,  
Insecure

We are magnificent machineries of joy  
We are magnificent machineries of joy  
Machines of joy, we meant some  
Machines of joy, we meant some

You are a vision, you are a vision, a vision  
Tell me what he said, it doesn't really matter  
Just tell me what he said, and I don't really care  
It's only what he said,  
We can make it back to  
Tell me what he said, no I don't really care

Help is on the way, help is on the way  
Help is on the way, we all go

We are magnificent machineries of joy  
We are magnificent machineries of joy  
Machines of joy, we meant some  
Machines of joy, we meant some.