

Well, Well

Pickwick

The machines are breathing
They turn my fashion to songs
The TV is singing to me
A no nature song
The poetry of stained glass windows is gone
The candy wrappers have won
The precision of a metaphysical bomb
Composed by machine
It's my time, I'm on time, I make time
Time is the next thing I will sing to control
I love my time, time, time
The shelves of my memory remind me
Of a drug store aisle
The artificial colors give my eyes a reason to see
What is not to love about my shopping list?
All the beautiful symbols
The impossibilities of time and space
The Eiffel Tower's pure air
I'm just a billboard
You can compose me like an electric song

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>