

Red Hot Chili Peppers, Victorian Machinery

Jaded, you're my victorian machinery
Leave yourself to lie
Later
Your tender shape is pinning like the scenery
Ride you like a bike

You be the sailing baby, I'll be the rudder
We could make it all in
?Till it turns into butter
I saw your face
A seminal pleasure, I will love you forever
When I heeded your call in every heavy endeavour
I'll keep your place

Jaded, coming down the mouth, you're like a buffalo
in your eyes
Crazy
But then again, I'll cook you like your you know
Makes up for her size

You be the sailing baby, I'll be the rudder
We could make it all in
?Till it turns into butter
I saw your face
A seminal pleasure, I will feel you forever
When I heeded your call in every heavy endeavour
I'll keep your place
Be yourself
When I
You be the shark (shack)
and baby I'll be the desert
There is nothing to like
when (or ?and?) there is nothing to measure
it?s all our space

You are my victorian machinery
nah nah nah nah nah
Jaded
Make a fist and knock me on the mood again
Leave yourself to lie
Later
Make me feel like I want more than you again
Rock me like the vibe
Crazy
Sing along just like they do in Budapest
on the rise

You be the shark (shack)
and baby I'll be the desert
There is nothing to like
when there is nothing to measure
it?s all our space