

She's My Ever Lovin' Machine

Bobby Bare

Well friends you know once I was took in by a girl with a twinkly eye
But the first time that I wasn't lookin' she ran off with a handsomer guy oh my
But I'm an inventin' type feller so as soon as my brain got uncurled
I tiptoed right down to my cellar and built a mechanical girl
Oh her arms are iron her legs are steel her hips are on wires attached to a wheel
And her spine is a coil that I now and then oil she's my ever lovin' machine
She's always right there when I need her and she's very easy to please
And hardly cost nothing to feed her just some water and oil and grease
She never complains when I stay out all night she never complains that I ain't rich
And each time I want her just to cuddle me up tight
I just reach out and turn on 'er switch
Oh her arms are iron...
She has no trouble makin' her mind up cause friends I did not give her a mind
And her heart is a clock that I wind up so I know that she'll love me in time
She always did what she was supposed to right up to this evening but then
She had an affair with a toaster and they ran off and left me again
Oh her arms were iron her legs were steel her hips were on wires attached to a wheel
And her spine was a coil that I used to oil she was my ever lovin' machine
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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