

In Tokyo

Studio Killers

In a strictly guarded industrial facility
In the outskirts of the city
Where the future is made of iron and plastic
I experienced something fantastic

Down in Tokyo
I made out with a robot
It felt gentle, but robust
I made out with a robot
Down in Tokyo
I made love to a robot
It felt gentle, but robust

It had the strength of a man
But the sensual touch of a woman
With its entire processing power harnessed to give pleasure
beyond human measure
In its capriciousness it did not appear neutral
This robot had read its Kama Sutra

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