Space Robot Five

Brave Saint Saturn

So far, so good, or so they say from mission control,
The deep of space is no place for a fragile human soul.
The rockets burn as servos click and turn,
and fall into their place.
Robots can't cry,
don't laugh,
can't die,
In the darkness of space.
He is strong, made of steel with the graphite lining,
Watch his eyes flicker slow like the batteries are dying.

Chorus
Space Robot 5,
Is he alive?
So very alone,
So far from home.

Three strands of wire,
Threefold the tie that binds.
She is the one thing on the earth for which he still pines.
To his heart she was life,
So he prays to his Maker with a sigh,
As his fire sputters out,
Because robots never cry.

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!