Astro Boy

Buckcherry

All of those wild american bilinguals
Who talk to you in paris of their lonely lives
School days and last days out there in the midwest
They climb on their liners and rejoin their wives

Walking down boulevards electric eyes
Would gaze at the waveforms and gasp at their size
Let them be lonely and say you don't care

Astro boy, I'm watching the proles on parade
Astro boy, I'm watching the proles on parade

Una with long hair will stand by your side
And the friends who were hungry could swallow your pride
Chromium pets that video screens would show
Pictures of helplessness old kings and queens
Radio stations that fade as in dust

All their transmitters are crumbling with rust
Let them be broken and say you don't care

Astro boy, I'm watching the proles on parade
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Astro boy, I'm watching the proles on parade
Let them be broken and say you don't care
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