Robots

Dan Mangan

Oh I don't know what you've been told
But I don't get out much these days

Waking young and feeling old
The days are no longer my own
To piss away the waking hours

But don't, don't don't, don't let them go
Oh don't, don't don't, don't let them go to waste

The fire in my eye is fleeting now
Your robot heart is bleeding

Tried to be the Robot King
And settled for the robot boy

Ring the bells that still can ring
And sing your stupid head off
To the ones who are not listening

But don't, don't don't, don't let them go
Don't don't, don't don't, don't let them go to waste

The fire in my eye is fleeting now
Your robot heart is bleeding out

And I spent half of my life
In the customer service line
Flaws in the design
A sign of the times

And that little voice
In the back of your mind
Just wants you to know
Just hopes that you know

Robots need love too
They want to be loved by you
They want to be loved by you
They want to be loved by
...

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